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THE

POLYANTHOS.

VOLUME IV.

We shall never envy the honours which wit and learning obtain in any other cause, if we can be numbered among the writers who have given ardour to virtue, and confidence to truth.

Dr. Johnson.

Me in silvam abstrudo densam atque asperam...*Cicero.*

Boston:

PUBLISHED BY J. T. BUCKINGHAM,

WINTER-STREET.

1807.

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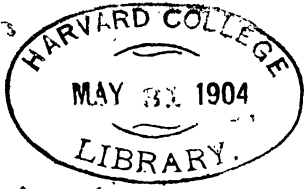

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REV. MATHER BYLES.

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THE

POLYANTHOS.

DECEMBER, 1806.

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF THE *REVEREND MATHER BYLES, D. D.*

FEW departments of literature are more interesting and instructive than biography; yet the task of writing the histories of the lives of the most celebrated men is seldom performed by those, who have the best opportunities of knowledge, and are endowed with the greatest accuracy of observation. The memoirs of literary and professional gentlemen commonly consist of dates only, and we are not often told of them much more, than where they were born, what schools and colleges admitted them to their honours, where they lived, whom they married, and when they died. The progress of the mind in strength and knowledge, the formation of habits, and the gradual acquisition of character, are seldom delineated; and although we are sometimes made well acquainted with the author and the

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publick man, we are rarely introduced to the (perhaps more important) knowledge of the private individual, his peculiar habits, propensities, talents, amusements, prejudices, opinions, and conduct in the ordinary occurrences of life. The writer of this short sketch in particular, who was not contemporary with its subject, regrets that he has not materials to fill up and complete the outline he has formed.

The Rev. MATHER BYLES was descended from a respectable family, and was born in Boston on the fifteenth day of March, 1706, O. S. His father was a native of England, and died within a year after the birth of his son. By his mother's side he descended from the Rev. Richard Mather of Dorchester, and the Rev. John Cotton of Boston. The Rev. Dr. Increase Mather was his maternal grandfather.

In early life Mr. Byles discovered a taste for literature, and after passing reputably through the common schools, was admitted into Harvard University, and in the year 1725 received the Bachelor's degree at that seminary.

After leaving college, Mr. Byles selected the profession of Divinity for the employment of his life, and divided his time between the studies of theology and literature. In the month of December in the year 1732, he was ordained to the pastoral care of a new church in Hollis-street in Boston.

About this time Mr. Byles, besides his professional eminence, was distinguished by the

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publication of several pieces in prose and verse, many of which were reprinted in England, and some of the poems were afterwards collected and published in a volume in this town. He also wrote a number of essays, which were printed in the New-England Weekly Journal. His signature was one of the letters composing the word CELOTA.

Mr. Byles was favoured by the Muses, and his poetical talents have often amused and delighted his friends. Ease, harmony, and wit were the characteristicks of his verse. He however esteemed his poetical talents only as instruments of innocent amusement, and never permitted them to withdraw his attention from more serious and profitable objects. He never attempted any great production in verse, but sounded his lyre only as inclination prompted or occasion seemed to require.

The fame of Mr. Byles's professional and literary character extended to Europe; and in the year 1765 the King's College at Aberdeen conferred on him the degree of Doctor of Divinity.

The abundance of his wit in common conversation, and the smartness of his repartees, some of which are almost daily repeated in our social circles, had contributed to the spreading of his fame; and were it proper in this place, many instances might be produced of the fertility and quickness of his fancy, and the severity and justness of his satire. Wit is a dangerous instrument; its exercise is pecul-

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larly agreeable; but its pleasures are short and fleeting, while its wounds are seldom forgiven, and are never forgotten. It usually makes many enemies where it delights one friend; and it has been said that Dr. Byles was too sensible of its pleasures and did not always sufficiently regard its consequences. But to this it may be replied, that many things have been attributed to him, which were not his productions, and perhaps his reputation has suffered more for what he did not say, than for any thing said by him.

The literary merit of Dr. Byles introduced him to the acquaintance of many men of genius in England, and the celebrated names of Pope, Landsdowne and Watts, among others, are found among his correspondents. From the former he received a copy of an elegant edition of the Odyssey in quarto. Dr. Watts also sent him copies of his works as he published them; and the family have in their possession a Letter, *purporting* to be from Lord Landsdowne, a copy of which we will insert, leaving the reader to judge of its merits and of the courtly politeness and complimentary talents of the English Nobleman.

To the Reverend Mr. Mather Byles, *London, July* 1, 1731.

Reverend Sir,

Your Letter dated from Boston, New-England, Dec. 15, 1730, *is but this moment come*

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to my hands; so singular a favour deserves my earliest acknowledgments.

As much a stranger as it is my misfortune to be to your person, I am no longer so to your genius; the specimen you have sent me of your Poetry is sufficient to make me judge of your merit.

I have been in pain for some time to know what was become of the Muses; they have disappeared a great while from this part of the Old world; your Poems inform me of their retreat into the New, and I consider with pleasure that their residence, however remote, is still within the British dominions.

I am with great truth,

Reverend Sir,

Your most affectionate

Humble servant,

LANDSDOWNE.

Dr. Byles was twice married. His first wife was Mrs. Anna Gale, niece of the late Governour Belcher. By this lady he had six children, only one of whom survived him. He is now rector of Trinity church, St. John's, New-Brunswick. The second wife of Dr. Byles was Miss Rebecca Taylor, daughter of the late lieutenant-governour Tyalor, by whom he had three children. The eldest died in infancy; two daughters are still living.

Dr. Byles continued to live happily with his parish in the honourable and useful discharge of his parochial duties, until the late Revolu-

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tion began to create distrust and animosity between the different parties that existed in the country prior to the war. Many good men, who, like Dr. Byles, fell under the imputation of being *Tories*, suffered more severely at first, than he did; but the jealousy and violence of the times separated him from his parish, to which he was never afterwards re-united. Dr. B. was accused of attachment to Great-Britain. The substance of the charges exhibited against him was, that he continued in Boston with his family during the siege; that he prayed for the king and the safety of the town; and received the visits of the British officers.

In May, 1777, he was denounced in town-meeting, as a person inimical to America; after which he was obliged to enter into bonds for his appearance at a publick trial before a special court on the second of June following, and of the charges exhibited against him, which were similar to those for which his parish dismissed him, he was pronounced guilty, and sentenced to confinement on board a guard-ship, and in forty days to be sent with his family to England. When brought before the Board of War, by whom he was treated respectfully, his sentence seems to have been altered, and it was directed that he should be confined to his own house, and a guard placed over him there, which was accordingly done a few weeks, when the guard was removed. A short time afterwards a guard was again placed over him, and again dismissed. Upon this oc-

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casion the Doctor observed with his usual cheerfulness, that he was *guarded*, *reguarded*, and *disreguarded*. Sometime before this, upon being asked, why he did not preach *politicks*? He replied, "I have thrown up four breast-works, behind which I have entrenched myself, neither of which can be forced: In the first place, I do not understand politicks; in the second place, you all do, every man and mother's son of you; in the third place, you have politicks all the week, pray let one day in seven be devoted to religion; in the fourth place I am engaged in a work of infinitely greater importance; give me any subject to preach on of more consequence than the truths I bring to you, and I will preach on it the next Sabbath."

Dr. Byles formed no new connection with any parish after the revolution nor during the war. In the year 1783 he was seized with a paralytick disorder, and on the fifth day of July, 1788, he died, in the eighty-second year of his age.

In person Dr. B. was tall and well proportioned, had a commanding presence, and was a graceful speaker. His voice was strong, clear, harmonious, and modulated with facility to the subject of his discourse.

In conversation and repartee he excelled. Some of his friends have applied to him a passage from his own poems.

Thy conversation!—here the muse could stay,
And in sweet pleasures smile the hours away.

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If in grave words you sacred thoughts bestow,
A deep attention sits on every brow;
If through the sciences your fancy strays,
With joy we follow through the flowery maze;
Or if you mirth and humorous airs assume,
An universal laughter shakes the room;
Each comes with pleasure; while he stays admires;
Goes with regret, nor unimproved retires.

Of the theological tenets of Dr. Byles the writer is unable to give a description. He leaves that subject, with all others he may have omitted, to the pen of some more competent biographer.

Boston, Dec. 1806.

FOR THE POLYANTHOS.

Lucubrations of Nehemiah Notional.

N°. II.

"Ludere qui nescit, campestribus abstinet armis."

"Some have at first for wits, then poets past,
"Turned criticks next, and proved plain fools at last."

MR. EDITOR,

A CANDID and judicious critick is one of the most valuable members of the literary community. By his sentence the fate of every production, worthy of notice, is deter-

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mined. His correct judgment and good taste, matured and refined by extensive reading and information, make his opinion a standard, by which the publick ascertain the merits and demerits of our authors. 'Tis true, that a faithful performance of his duty leads him rather to censure than to praise, to point out defects than to select beauties. Yet possessing candour, that characteristick of a well informed mind, he condemns without insult; and a young author may be confident that, though his vanity should sometimes be humbled, his feelings will never be intentionally wounded by the result of a critical examination.

It would be well, did all who assume the important office possess the qualifications of a critick. But unfortunately most of those, who undertake to determine the merits of a writer and graciously communicate *their opinion* of him to the world, are blind; or, if they can see, use a smoked glass, which prevents their being dazzled by his splendour, while it enables them to discern with ease his most trifling blemishes. The learned, divided into political and religious parties, labour under prejudices, which make their judgment illiberal and unjust. Their standard of excellence is continually fluctuating, or rather they have no standard; for they form their opinions under the influence of party spirit, and generally judge not the author, but the man.

This want of integrity must make genuine criticism blush and hide her head. She must

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sincerely regret, that passion and prejudice gain such influence in the minds of the best of men. With what indignation then must she see beardless ignorance usurp her authority, and presumptuously pronounce sentence upon authors in *her name*. Ridiculous as it must seem to every one, the court of criticism, as it is most falsely called, is chiefly composed of boys!

I am told there is a society of young Notionals formed to abash modest merit and crush humble genius.—A society, which prostitutes the name and disgraces the character of a critick by its *attempts to criticise*. This honourable body so bedaubs its favourites with unqualified approbation, that their most intimate friends would in vain attempt to recognize them; and even the subjects of their fulsome panegyricks are doubtful whether to attribute them to irony or adulation. Extravagant in praises, they are despicably illiberal in their censure, which is indiscriminately poured on all, their cronies excepted. They spare neither the failings nor feelings of any one, who is so unfortunate as to be arraigned at their bar. Predetermined to condemn, their inquiry is not, what fault has he? but how shall he *word* his condemnation—Yet these apes of the manners of a generous censor conceitedly imagine that the opinion of the town is under their control!

For the honour of common sense I hope this information is false; yet certain circumstances induce me to think it true. There is a young relation of mine, who devotes half of

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that time, which should be employed in the business of life, to giving the publick his opinion of authors and actors. He spends his time and money in purchasing and reading new publications; frequents the theatre, where he talks loudly, is foremost in a hiss, and when there is no danger, engages in a riot. He neglects his business and his friends &c. and spends most of his evenings with several young men, who, I suspect, form this aforementioned literary society, scientifick association, club of criticks or whatever they please to call themselves.—The boy is in a sad case, I assure you.

Freedom of opinion is a privilege enjoyed by all. Every individual, however unqualified, has a right to form and express his judgment of whatever comes within the reach of his observation; that is, no one has a right to hinder him. Propriety however should keep every man in his own sphere. Had she this influence in society, we believe that Criticism would have no reason to complain that her courts are thronged by beardless boys.

L...

Boston, Dec. 1806.

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FOR THE POLYANTHOS.

CONTEMPLATOR....N°. 6.

Μελιγλάσσων ἀοιδὴν ἄνθεα.

One excellence of the Bards of Scotland is accuracy of description, couched in words appropriate and elegant, and numbers truly harmonious. But his chief beauty we think is that art with which he interweaves, many little episodes, whose elegance charms the mind, and whose pathos touches the heart. Of this we have already given one example, we now present the reader another which is in our opinion equally excellent.

From day to day as blow the hawthorn flowers,
That canopy the "Merlie's" home of love;
The plumage of the younglings shoots and spreads,
Filling with joy the fond parental eye.
Alas! not long the parent's partial eye
Shall view the fledging wing; ne'er shall they see
The timorous pinion's first essay to flight.
The truant schoolboy's eager, bleeding hand,
Their house, their all, tears from the bending bush;
A shower of blossoms mourns the ruthless deed!
The piercing anguished note, the brushing wing,
The spoiler heeds not; triumphing, his way
Smiling he wends: The ruin'd hopeless pair,
O'er many a field follow his townward steps,
Then back return; and, perching on the bush,

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Find nought of all they lov'd but one small tuft
Of moss and withered roots. Drooping they sit,
Silent: Afar at last they fly, o'er hill
And lurid moor, to mourn in other groves,
And soothe, in gentle grief, their hapless lot.

But what *their* wretchedness, parents or young,
Compared to that which wrings the human breast
Doomed to lament a loss, than death more dire,—
The robbery of a child! Aye, there is wretchedness!
Snatch'd playful from the rosy bank, by hands
Inured to crimes, the innocent is borne
Far, far away. Of all the varying forms
Of human woes, this the most dire! To think
He might have been now sporting at your side,
But that, neglected, he was left a prey
To pirate hands! To think how he will shudder,
To see a hideous, haggard face attempt
To smile away his tears, caressing him
With horrible embrace, the while he calls
Aloud, in vain to you! Nor does even time,—
Assuager of all other woes,—bring balm
To this: Each child, to boyish years grown up,
Reminds you of *your* boy! He might have been
Like this, fair, blooming, modest, looking down
With most engaging bashfulness. But now,
Instead of this, perhaps, with sable mask
Begrimmed, he feebly totters 'neath a heavy load,
More fitted to his cruel master's strength.
Perhaps to manhood come, allured to sell
His life, his freedom, for some paltry pounds,

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He now lies 'mong the numbered, nameless crowd,
That groan on gory fields, envying the dead.

The following extract bespeaks a heart glowing with that ardour of genuine piety as well as poetry, which so eminently distinguish the Sabbath; besides presenting a specimen of a difficult rhetorical figure, conducted with inimitable art and success. Every heart will assent not only to its beauties but its sentiments, that has ever admired the awfully grand and elegantly minute in nature, or has ever been warmed with a single spark from the altar of devotion.

O nature! all thy seasons please the eye
Of him who sees a Deity in all.
It is his presence that diffuses charms
Unspeakable, o'er mountain, wood, and stream.
To think that *He*, who hears the heavenly choirs,
Hearkens complacent to the woodland song;
To think that He, who rolls yon solar sphere,
Uplifts the warbling songster to the sky;
To mark his presence in the mighty bow,
That spans the clouds, as in the tints minute
Of tiniest flower; to hear his awful voice
In thunder speak, and whisper in the gale;
To know and feel *his* care for all that lives;—
'Tis this that makes the barren waste appear
A frugal field, each grove a paradise.
Yes! place me 'mid far stretching woodless wilds,
Where no sweet song is heard; the heathbell there
Would sooth my weary sight, and tell of Thee!

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There would my gratefully uplifted eye
Survey the heavenly vault, by day,—by night,
When glows the firmament from pole to pole;
There would my overflowing heart exclaim,
The heavens declare the glory of the Lord,
The firmament shews forth his handy work!

The poet bidding farewell to "the harmless bill," the "green wood, and the welkin sing," thus commences his description of the birds of prey in the beginning of his third part.

The o'erfolding beak,
Incurvated; the clutching pounce; the eye,
Ferocious, keen, full orbed; the attitude
Erect; the skimming flight; the hovering poise;
The rapid sousing stroke;—*These* now I sing.

We shall close our extracts from this poem by one more example, taken from the third part; and which is eminently beautiful; especially in the close, where the poet has introduced one of the most beautiful songs of the celebrated Burns. And he who can read the description of the wounded soldier and his mistress without emotion, can have little claim to feeling and sensibility.

Well does the raven love the sound of war.—
Amid those plains, where Danube darkly rolls,
The theatres, on which the kingly play
Of war is oftenest acted, there the peal
Of cannon mouths summons the sable flocks
To wait their death doomed prey; and they do wait.

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Yes, when the glittering columns, front to front
Drawn out, approach in deep and awful silence,
The raven's voice is heard hovering between.
Sometime upon the far deserted tents,
She boding sits and sings her fateful song.
But in the abandoned field she most delights,
When o'er the dead and dying slants the beam
Of peaceful morn, and wreaths of reeking mist
Rise from the gore dewed sward; from corpse to corpse
She revels, far and wide; then, sated, flies
To some shot shivered branch, whereon she cleans
Her purple beak.—
Ah, who is he
At whose heart welling wound she drinks,
Glutting her thirst! He was a lovely youth;
Fair Scotia was his home, until his sire
To swollen monopoly resign'd, heart wrung,
The small demesne which his forefathers ploughed;
Wide then dispersed the family of love.
One son betook him to the all friendly main:
Another, with his aged parents, plied
The sickly trade, in city garret pent;
Their youngest born, the drum and martial show,—
Deluded half, and half despairing,—joined;
And soon he laid the food of bird and beast.
Long is his fate unknown; the horrid sum
Of dead is named, but sad suspense is left,
Enlabyrinthed in doubt, to please itself
With dark, misgiving hope. *Ah, one there is,*

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Who fosters long the dying hope, that still
He may return. The live long summer day
She at the house and sits: and oft her wheel
Is stopt, while on the road, far stretched, she bends
A melancholy, eye-o'erflowing look;
Or strives to mould the distant traveller
Into the form of him who's far away.
Hopeless and broken hearted, still she loves
To sing, "When wild war's deadly blast is blown."

☞

FOR THE POLYANTHOS.

ANALECTA....No. II.

"Undique collatis membris."
BURNS.

Burns was the true poet of nature. Unacquainted with the Greek or Roman writers, except through the medium of translation; he could neither purloin their beauties nor imitate their excellencies. His sentiments were the result of observation; and his descriptions copies from nature. Though his Scottish dialect to the eye of a foreigner may veil many of his beauties and excellencies, yet the beams of his genius still burst through the darkness and exhibit the fire of genuine poetry. He was, like the immortal Shakespeare, possessed of those keys which

"Can unlock the gates of Joy,

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"Of Horrour and of thrilling fears,
"Or ope the sacred source of sympathetick tears."

For he can at will excite fear or horrour, joy or mirth, tenderness or pity. But he excels in the latter. And if ever poet excited in the sympathetick heart the glow of tenderness, or the melancholy emotions of grief—it is Burns.

Some of his poems are perhaps too local to give much entertainment. But they are generally pleasing. He who can read his *Tam O Shanter*, his *Cotter's Saturday Night*, or his *Mountain Daisy* without emotions of lively pleasure, is rather to be pitied as wanting a sense that to be reasoned if he attempts to justify his insensibility by argument.

ICELAND.

THREE years after the discovery of this island,* Gadar a Swede was driven on its eastern coast by a storm, where he passed the winter. The reports and exaggerated description of Gadar excited Flokka a noted pirate of Rogaland in Norway, distinguished by birth and valour, to sail in quest of this new country. With this view he constructed a vessel; and, to assist him in directing his course, he resolved on the curious expedient of carrying with him some crows. Having sailed into the wide sea, he loosed one of his birds, which rising to a considerable height, directed his flight to the land

* It was discovered in 861 by a Norwegian pirate, and received from him the name of *Snowland*.

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he had quitted; from which he concluded he was nearer to that than any other coast. Some time after a second crow was loosed, which having risen to excessive height without being able, as it was supposed, to discover land, returned on board the vessel. Flokka steered a steady course according to the best conjecture, till the third crow, having towered like the former, took a direct flight, which served him as a guidance to the eastern shores of Iceland. He navigated completely round the island, and from the accumulation of ice, which floated into the northern bays in the spring, he gave the country the name of Iceland, which it has ever since retained.

MISERIES OF LIFE.

What relish can there be for enjoyment in this body; assailed by desire and wrath, by avarice and illusion, fear and sorrow, envy and hate, by absence from those we love, by union with those we dislike, by hunger and thirst, by disease and emaciation, by growth and decline, by old age and death.

We see this universe tending to decay, and even as these biting gnats and other insects; even as the grass of the field, and trees of the forest, which spring up and then perish.

Vast rivers have been dried, mountains torn up; the pole itself moved from its place; the whole earth deluged with water; and even the angels hurled from their stations.

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In such a world what relish can there be for enjoyment.—Thou alone art able to raise us up; thou only O Lord art my refuge,—thou only art my refuge.

GRAY.

To the lovers of that glowing, fervid, and metaphorical style, which characterizes many of our modern publications, and which appears to be a great favourite in our country, and to have many aping imitators; we present the following description of Mr. Gray's poetical powers, extracted from an edition of that poet, by the profound though unfortunate scholar, Gilbert Wakefield.

Mr. Gray's Pindarick odes have a much greater resemblance to the odes of the Theban bard than any thing of the kind in our own, and probably in any other language. Wildness of thought and irregularity of verse, had usually been esteemed the only way to resemble Pindar. The characteristick excellencies of Pindar's poetry are, sublimity of conception, boldness of metaphor, dignity of style, rapidity of composition, and magnificence of phraseology. If a fair judgment can be formed upon these few specimens, which the desolations of time have spared, in grandeur of imagery and regularity of thought, he is surpassed by Mr. Gray. These sublime and elaborate productions chastised by learning, and of learning invigorated by genius, are from their natures by

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no means calculated to please the generality of readers, especially upon a single acquaintance. —The spirit of lyrical inspiration which they breathe; that divine glow of pathos, which at the same time melts and inflames the reader, cannot operate with their full effect, but on a congenial soul, attuned to the bold vibrations of enthusiastick poesy.—He who can continue amidst the blaze of splendour that bursts around him, amidst the torrent of sublimity that pours along, sedately speculating upon petty blemishes, is certainly a stranger to those sensations which animated Pindar and Mr. Gray.

SCANDAL.

With brow austere the martial maid
Spoke, and majestick trod the glade.
To that fell cave her course she held,
Where Scandal, bane of mortals, dwelled;
Outstretched on filth the pest she found,
Black fetid venom streaming round;
A gloomy light just served to show
The darkness of the den below.
"The maiden," with resistless might,
Soon dragged him from his darling night;
The snakes that o'er his body curl'd,
And flung his poison through the world,
Confounded with the flash of day,
Hissed horrible a hellish lay;
His eyes, with flames and blood suffus'd,
Long to the etherial light unus'd;

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Fierce in their gory sockets roll'd,
And desperation made him bold;
—Pleas'd with the thought of human woes,
On scaly dragon feet he rose.

SPECTATOR.

NOTWITHSTANDING the imperfections discernible in the Iron Chest of Mr. Colman, we frequently meet with striking beauties. The following speech of Sir Edward Mortimer gives us at once the outline of his character, and strongly prepossesses the reader or spectator in his favour.

O Honour!
Thy pile should be so uniform, displace
One atom of thee, and the slightest breath
Of a rude peasant makes thy owner tremble.
For his whole building.

Books,
My only commerce now, will sometimes rouse me
Beyond my nature. I have been so warm'd,
So heated by a well turn'd rhapsody,
That I have seem'd the hero of the tale
So glowingly described. Draw me a man
Struggling for fame, attaining, keeping it,
Dead ages since, and the historian
Decking his memory in polish'd phrase,
And I can follow him through every turn,
Grow wild in his exploits, myself himself,
Until the thick pulsation of my heart
Wakes me to ponder on the thing I am.

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CURIOSITY.

When castigating plagues are hurl'd on man,
Stands lean and lynx-eyed Curiosity,
Watching his neighbour's soul. Sleepless himself,
To banish sleep from others. Like a Leech,
Sucking the blood-drops from a care-worn heart,
He gorges on't—then renders up his food,
To nourish Calumny, his foul-lung'd mate,
Who carries Rumour's trumpet; and whose breath,
Infecting the wide surface of the world,
Strikes pestilence and blight.

HUMANITY.

The poor are men
And have their feelings.—
One of the best that we can show, believe me,
Is mildness to a servant. Servants, brother,
Are born with fortune's yoke about their necks,
And that is galling in itself enough;
We should not goad them under it. The master,
Should rather cheer them in their servitude,
With kindly words—not too familiar neither;
But utter'd with that air which true benevolence
Imparts to dignified nobility.

LOVE.

Love has a fleeter messenger than speech,
To tell love's meaning. His expresses post
Upon the orbs of vision, ere the tongue
Can shape them into words. A lover's look

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Is his heart's Mercury. O! the eye's eloquence,
Twin-born with thought, outstrips the tardy voice
Far swifter than the nimble lightning's flash,
The sluggish thunder peal that follows it.

If the soliloquy of Capt. Fitzharding after the elopement of Wilford, should excite a smile, we shall think the time spent in copying it not entirely lost.

This lodge is little Babel:
And Spleen and Sickness are the household gods,
In this my brother's castle of confusion.
The hue and cry is up! I am half tempted
To wish the game too nimble for the dogs,
That hunt him at the heels. Dishonest! well,
Ill ne'er trust looks again. His face hangs out
A goodly sign; but all within it seems,
Is dirty rooms, stale eggs, prick'd wine, sour beer,
Rank bacon, musty beef, and tallow candles.
I'll be deceiv'd no more,—I'll mix with none
In future, but the ugly: honest men,
Who can out grin a Griffin; or the head
Carved on the prow of the good ship Gorgon.
I'm for carbuncled, weather-beaten faces,
That frighten little children, and might serve
For knockers to hall gates.

I have a kind of movement, still, for Wilford,
I cannot conquer. What can be this charge
Sir Edward brings against him? Should the boy
Prove guilty!—well; why should I pity guilt?

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Philosopers would call me driveller. Let them.
Whip a deserter, and Philosophy
Stands by, and says he merits it. That's true;—
But wherefore should Philosophy take snuff
When the poor culprit writhes? A plague on
stoicks!
I cannot hoop my heart about with iron,
Like an old beer butt. I would have the vessel
What some call weak: I'd have it ooze a little.
Better compassion should be set abroach,
Till it run waste, than let a system monger
Bung it with logick; or a trencher cap
Bawl out his ethicks on it, till his thunder
Turns all the liquor sour.

We shall make but one more extract from this Play, and that is a speech of Helen, to Sir Edward, at the beginning of the third act.

I'll mimick the physician—wise and dull—
With cane at nose, and nod emphatical,
Portentous in my silence; feel your pulse,
With an owl's face, that shall express as much
As Galen's head, cut out in wood and gilt.
I would distil
Each flower that lavish happiness produced,
Through the world's paradise, ere Disobedience
Scatter'd the seeds of care; then mingle each
In one huge cup of comfort for thee, love,
To chase away thy dulness. Thou shouldst wanton
Upon the wings of Time, and mock his flight,

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As he sail'd with thee towards Eternity.
I'd have each hour, each minute of thy life
A golden holiday; and should a cloud
O'ercast thee, be it light as a gossamer,
That Helen might disperse it with her breath,
And talk thee into sunshine.

MERIT.

I REMEMBER poor Merit, that ill-fated youth
Was the offspring of Wisdom and nurtur'd by truth;
As patient he sail'd down life's varying stream,
He felt not the warmth of the Sun's genial beam:
Like a floweret on Nature's great desert he lay,
Which the weeds that surrounded had hid from his ray;
Its fragrance unknown, none the loss will deplore,
For he droop'd in the vale, and was thought of no more;
Chill Penury's hand drew the child from the womb,
Attended his being and wept o'er his tomb.
Full oft he attempted to call upon Fame,
But the children of Vice had extinguish'd his claim:
Indignant they drove the meek youth from the throng,
Suppress'd his ambition, and fetter'd his song.

FATE OF GENIUS.

THE fate of supreme genius is, generally speaking, unenviable.—Many a wise head, and

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many a worthy heart, are doomed to ache with the pressure of human sufferings, living in misery, and dying in obscurity and want, while the duller worms of mortality fatten on the marrow of prosperity, living to themselves alone, with minds incapable of expanding, and forbidden by sordid principles to do good and benefit mankind.—The following melancholy list proves the justness of a remark which wounds sensibility.

Plautus turned a mill; Terence was a slave; Boethius died in a gaol; Paolo Borghese had fourteen different trades, yet starved with them all; Tasso was often distressed for a marvedie; Bentivoglio was refused admission into an hospital he had himself erected; Cervantes died of hunger; Camoens ended his days in an alms house; Vangelus left his body to the surgeons to pay his debts! Galileo was persecuted and tortured because he had more wisdom than his enemies; and Lovelace, Butler, Otway, and Chatterton perished for lack of bread!

HISTORICAL ACCOUNT,

Of the memorable EARTHQUAKE *that happened in Canada, in* 1663.

[From Herriot's History of Canada.]

"ON the 5th of February, about half an hour past four in the evening, a great noise was heard, nearly at the same time, throughout the whole extent of Canada. That noise seems to

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have been the effect of a sudden vibration of the air, agitated in all directions. It appeared as if the houses were on fire, and the inhabitants, in order to avoid its effects, immediately ran out of doors. But their astonishment was increased when they saw the buildings shaken with the greatest violence, and the roofs disposed to fall, sometimes on one side, and sometimes on the other. The doors opened of themselves, and shut again with a great crash. All the bells were sounding, although no person touched them. The pallisades of the fences seemed to bound out of their places; the walls were rent; the planks of the floor separated, and again sprung together. The dogs answered these previous tokens of a general disorder of nature, by lamentable howlings. The other animals sent forth the most terrifick groans and cries, and, by a natural instinct, extended their legs to prevent them from falling. The surface of the earth was moved like an agitated sea. The trees were thrown against each other, and many, torn up by the roots, were tossed to a considerable distance.

"Sounds of every description were then heard; at one time like the fury of a sea which had overflowed its barriers; at another like a multitude of carriages rolling over a pavement, and again like mountains of rock or marble opening their bowels, and breaking into pieces with a tremendous roar. The thick clouds of dust, which at the same time arose, were taken for smoke, and for the symptoms of an universal conflagration.

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"The consternation became so general, that not only the men, but the animals, appeared as if struck with thunder; they ran in every quarter without a knowledge of their course, and wherever they went they encountered the dangers they wished to avoid. The cries of children, the lamentations of women, the alternate successions of fire and darkness in the atmosphere, all combined to aggravate the evils of a dire calamity which subverts every thing by the excruciating tortures of the imagination, distressed and confounded, and losing in the contemplation of the general confusion the means of self preservation.

"The ice which covered the St. Lawrence, and the other rivers, broke into pieces which crashed against each other; large bodies of ice were thrown up into the air, and from the place they had quitted a quantity of sand, and slime, and water spouted up. The sources of several springs and little rivers became dry; the waters of others were impregnated with sulphur. At sometimes the waters appeared red, at others of a yellowish cast; those of the St. Lawrence became white from Quebeck to Tadoussack, a space of thirty leagues: the quantity of matter necessary to impregnate so vast a body of water must have been prodigious. In the mean time the atmosphere continued to exhibit the most awful phenomena; an incessant rushing noise was heard, and the fires assumed every species of form. The most plaintive voices augmented the general terrour and alarm. Por-

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pusses and sea-cows were heard howling in the water at Three Rivers, where none of these fish had ever before been found; and the noise which they sent forth resembled not that of any known animal.

"Over the whole extent of three hundred leagues from east to west, and one hundred and fifty from south to north, the earth, the rivers, and the coasts of the ocean experienced, for a considerable time, although at intervals, the most dreadful agitation.

"The first shock continued without intermission for half an hour: about eight o'clock in the evening there came a second, no less violent than the first, and in the space of half an hour were two others. During the night were reckoned thirty shocks."

AN EASTERN TALE.

In the neighbourhood of Mecca, lived an industrious peasant, whose name was Aboukir; he had three sons, named, Almeradin, Dagendi, and Halif; they were educated in a religious observance of all the precepts of the law; they shared with him in all his labours, and by their joint endeavours, they all four procured a subsistence adequate to their desires. Aboukir, when he was dying, called his three sons to his bed side, and addressed them in the following words: "My sons, live in constant un-

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ion, and cultivate with care the farm I leave you; it will abundantly supply you with all the necessaries of life; let the book of glory be your chief study, the delight of your souls, and the chief object of your attention: In all the various casualties of life, depend upon it alone; my life draws near its end; I already behold the angel of death approach; farewel; remember the advice I have given you; adore the great Creator of the universe, and revere Mahomet his prophet. Having uttered these words, he expired, and his sons buried him with true filial piety. For some time they followed the wise advice he had given them; but one day as they were to work on their farm, a question was agitated among them; the dispute was concerning what was most desirable, and what would be the first wish of each. Almoradin, as he was of an aspiring temper, declared that power was the chief object of his desires. Dogandi, who was of a more sordid turn of mind, owned that his wishes centred in the possession of wealth, and Halif sighed for the enjoyment of beauty. No sooner were these different wishes uttered than a genii appeared to them, and addressed them as follows; sons of Aboukir, your wishes were heard; I am a genii, he that presides over fortune, and will engage to procure you the accomplishment of your wishes; if you do not wish to retract them, as mortals often wish, for what in the end proves the cause of their destruction.—The three brothers persevering in their wishes, the

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genii presented them each with a talisman, whereon was engraved certain magick characters, and bid them repair to Bagdad. Almoradin, had not long resided there, till by virtue of the talisman, he attracted the notice of the Caliph Haroun Al Raschid, and was by him sent to govern a distant province, which being attacked by the Tartars, he defended it bravely, and repulsed them with great slaughter; this raised the jealousy of the Vizier, who afterwards found means to persuade the Caliph, that the intention of Almoradin, was to make himself a party, and shake off the yoke of obedience. Hereupon Al Raschid, who was extremely jealous of his authority, sent for him to Bagdad, and without hearing him speak in his own defence, caused him to be beheaded.

Dogandi, after having acquired great riches by commerce, at last perished in a voyage which he made in quest of new gain.

The fate of Halif was perhaps more wretched than either of the two brothers; he married the beauteous Rouschern, and for some time their felicity was mutual and extreme; but the fiend Jealousy, which so often changes the happiness of lovers into bitterness, at last put an end to their bliss.

One of the chief persons in the court of Bagdad, Ogloufcan, having seen Rouschern, and being enchanted with her beauty, found means by corrupting the slaves of Halif, to procure several interviews with his wife, who, dazzled by his elevated station, forgot her fidelity to her husband.

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Halif having one day seen Ogloufcan retire from his wife, fell upon her in a transport of rage, plunged a dagger in her breast, and immediately after stabbed himself in despair. Thus did these three brothers owe their destruction to the completion of their own wishes.

The moral of this tale teaches us, that we should always adhere to the precepts and admonitions of our parents, and not presume of ourselves, to direct the Almighty, by wishing for a change from the situation wherein he has thought proper to place us, and such as he has judged us fit for.

TALKERS AND HEARERS.

"——He flies the spot—alarm'd with dread,
Lest Thirsis should begin to read."——

So unwilling are men to be *hearers* in society; and we find, invariably, throughout society, that it is precisely those who will not listen one moment to the narrations of another, who require the most profound attention, and unwearied nods of approbation, for their own.

The *perfect* hearer should be composed by the same receipt the Duc de Sully gives for making a great statesman. He should have little feeling—and no passions.

The hearer must never be drowsy; for nothing perplexes a talker, or reader of his own works, like the accident of sleep in the midst of his harangues. And I have known a French

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talker *rise up and hold open* the eyelids of a Dutch hearer with his finger and thumb.

An hearer *must not squint*. For *no lover* is so *zealous* as a *true talker*, who will be perpetually watching the *motion of the eyes*, and always suspecting that the attention is directed to that side of the room to which they point.

An hearer must not be a *seer of sights*. He must let an hare pass as quietly as an ox; and never interrupt a narration by crying out at the sight of an highwayman, or a mad-dog. An acquaintance of mine *lost a good legacy* by the ill timed arrival of a coach and six, which he discovered at the end of an avenue, and announced as an acceptable hearing to the pride of the family. But it happened to be at the very time the lady of the house was relating the critical moment of her life, when she was in the greatest danger of breaking her vow of celibacy.

An hearer *must not* have a weak head; for though the talker may like he should drink with him, he does not choose that he should fall under the table till he himself is *speechless*.

He must *not* be a *news-monger*; because *times past* have already furnished the head of his patron with *all* the ideas he chooses it should be stored with.

Lastly, and principally, an hearer must *not* be a wit. I remember one of this profession, being told by a gentleman, who, to do him justice, was a very good *seaman*, that he had rode from Portsmouth to London in four hours, asked "If it was by *Shrewsbury* clock." It

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happened that the person so interrogated had not read Shakespeare, which was the only reason I could assign why the adventurous querist was not immediately sent aboard the Stygian tender.

Silence, in the opinion of a talker, is not merely the suppression of the action of the tongue: it is necessary that every muscle of the face, and member of the body, should receive its motion from no other sensation than that which the talker communicates through the ear.

An hearer must *not* have the fidgets. He *must not* start if he hears a door clap, a gun go off, or a cry of murder. He must not sniff with his nostrils if he smells fire; because, though he should save the house by it, he will be as ill rewarded as Cassandra for her endeavours to prevent the flames of Troy, or Gulliver for extinguishing those of Lilliput.

[*Mirror.*]

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF MRS. JONES.

Selected from the Theatrical Censor.

Mrs. Jones was one of three daughters of a respectable physician in London, of the name of Granger, who, dying while she was young, left her in the care of a mother and grandmother, Mrs. Booth of Drury-Lane His circumstances at his death not being flourishing, the grandmother took this daughter under her

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own care, and introduced her, at an early age, as a singer at the theatre where she was herself engaged. She is said to have played several musical parts with success; but we have seen no publick mention of her performances. About six years since, she married Mr. Jones, comedian, and embarked for America. Her first engagement was at Philadelphia, where she and her husband played three seasons, but without acquiring any extraordinary share of approbation. Thence she went to Boston, where her talents first began to expand, under the management of Mr. Powell. But domestick disquiet entered their dwelling, which ended in her husband's leaving her and her four children, for Charleston, where he performed one season, and where he died in August last.

[☞ *The writer of the preceding article in the Censor is under a mistake, which we take the liberty to correct. Mr. and Mrs. J. were first engaged by Mr. Whitlock, and performed here through the season of* 1800—1801, *when that gentleman was manager of the Boston Theatre. Mrs. J. made her first appearance in America, Oct.* 19, 1800, *as Miss Blandford, in Morton's then new comedy of "Speed the Plough," and was the principal favourite of the audience during the whole season*...Polyanthos.]

All, who have witnessed the charming exhibitions of this favourite of Thalia, will acknowledge the justice of the opinion, that, in her death, the New-York theatre has lost its principal female attraction and ornament. In

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the JORDAN line, she never had an equal, in this country; and, when we consider, that, to her comick talents, she added, what neither Mrs. JORDAN nor Mrs. C. KEMBLE (Miss DE CAMP) possess, extraordinary powers in opera, it may be doubted, whether even the London stage can boast of her superiour. In the ballad and pathetick style of Musick, she was unrivalled. Her voice had a heart-felt sweetness peculiar to herself, and its flexibility was wonderful. She could

Dwell on the note, and die along the strain,

without the appearance of labour to herself, or giving uneasiness on her account to the auditor. Her cantabiles were executed with a neatness, a taste and a grace, never before heard on our boards.

In her comedy and farce, she was equally extraordinary; always chaste, yet never deficient in spirit; always true to nature, yet never, for a moment, flat or insipid: she had a gay vivacity of manner, and archness of look, tempered with modesty, that never failed to win upon every spectator. Let the success with which she repeated her favourite parts, during the last winter, amounting to a number never known on the American stage, attest her talents. Let the universal applause with which, in every character, on every night, she was greeted, attest them also. But, the lasting impression of regret, which she has left on the memory of all who ever saw her, affords the best testimony of her uncommon excellence. It may tru-

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ly be said, that it will be a misfortune to any actress to be obliged to appear before the New-York audience, in one of her conspicuous characters.

After all, she had but stepped upon the threshold of her fame. Possessed of a strong and cultivated understanding, with a turn for study; a tolerable person, a countenance, not handsome, but very expressive; a strong, clear and well modulated speaking voice, with a pronunciation the most unexceptionably correct and elegant that I ever heard, and an easy and graceful carriage, she would, in the course of a few years, have become a theatrical wonder. Yet, with all these endowments, she could not escape envy. What do I say? Those endowments it was which excited envy; the envy, cruel and never-to-be-conciliated, of the Green-room. Calumny and malice followed all her steps, misrepresented all her actions, and endeavoured to poison every enjoyment of her life. But, she is removed to where neither malice nor envy can reach her!

Place, under her head, a turf, or a stone,
'Tis all one; 'tis all one.

In her private deportment, report speaks of her as amiable, benevolent, and charitable to distress, to the utmost of her power. It has been said, by those best acquainted with her, that, with all her provocation, she had the rare virtue of never speaking ill of any one, nor impertinently meddling in any one's concerns; and notwithstanding the large share of publick

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admiration testified to her whenever, and on the first moment, she appeared, yet she bore *her faculties so meekly*, that the lowest underling of the theatre was more presuming than Mrs. Jones.

I should do but half my duty, did I not mention the poor unfortunate little-ones she has left behind; one boy and three girls, the oldest of the three only five years of age. With her husband, she left England, and all her natural friends, about five years since. Her husband died last summer, at Charleston; and, now, she being gone, these four children are left, strangers in a strange land, without a single relation on this side the Atlantick, of whom they can ask for a morsel of bread. May that merciful Being, who *tempers the wind to the shorn lamb*, expand for them the hand of benevolence!

SELECT SENTENCES.

Our pleasures are destroyed by the most trifling things:—and may be compared to beds of flowers, among which some will undoubtedly be crushed—and *one* crushed flower is sufficient to disquiet us.

Wedded pairs, who have opposite dispositions, and are perpetually squabbling with each other, make one think of the union between the *swallow* and the *snipe*. The first, says the fable, was never pleased in *winter*, the latter never was displeased but in *summer*.

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POETRY.

To the EDITOR *of the* POLYANTHOS.

SIR,

I OFFER *you the following Poem with diffidence. As to subject it has neither beginning, middle, nor end, and its verse is rough, unpolished and unmusical; but should its sentiments or descriptions meet your approbation, and in any degree counterbalance those defects, you will greatly favour me by inserting it in the Polyanthos.* *Yours, &c.*

NOVEMBER RAMBLE.

O rus quando te aspiciam? quandoque licebit,
Nunc veterum libris, nunc somno & inertibus horis
Ducere solicitæ jucunda oblivia vitæ? HOR.

How much I love, while dark November clouds
Obscure the firmament, alone to rove—
(Escap'd from city smoke and city cares)
Amid your much lov'd walks, ye leafless woods!
Now whilst the low'ring clouds withhold their stores,
Save frequently the pattering drops I hear
Upon the withered leaves, which strew the ground,
Or see them twinkling on the mossy spray.

How dreary every thing around; where late
With keenest view, I could not penetrate
A foot, to seek the flower of fairest hue,
With which to decorate the auburn hair,
Or swan like bosom of the nymph I love,

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So thick the foliage was;—the eye can now
See to its utmost ken, save where oppos'd
By hoary rock, or boughs thick interwin'd.
Nought's left to tell of rosy spring or summer,
But a few sear'd yellow leaves, which still
Hang to the bough, or spots of verdant moss,
With which the fair would choose to ornament
Her storm hous'd shrubbery, her sweet employ.

See yon huge oak, how sorrowful he stands!
Has winter's chilling blast 'reft thee of beauty,
Or mournest thou for him thy brother,
Fall'n at thy foot, by the keen biting ax?
Ye were of equal size, together long
Have buffetted the storms, which fierce in vain
Assail'd your iron limbs, while they have torn,
Like vice attacking young unrooted virtue,
Your haughtier, prouder brethren of the shade.
—So falls the monarch, when the storm of war
Pours o'er the land, and tears him from the throne,
While those, who leagu'd with him in freedom's cause
Stand by appall'd, and view the mighty ruin!
Whilst fear, more potent than the northern frost,
Enchains their limbs, and freezes every heart.
O Freedom! when wilt thou awake in might,
And call the warlike children of the north
To deeds, would honour their great ancestors.
When wilt thou raise thy mighty voice, and rouse
The spirits of old Frederick, Adolphus, Charles?
Have honied words of flattery entranc'd thee,

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Or wast thou prisoner made at Austerlitz,
And carried captive at the conqueror's heels?

But turn, and see this vine, twisting his boughs
Around the sturdy elm; what is *that* like?
As black, and crooked as his soul, and deeds,
Who round the heart of a free people twines,
And promises to cherish, ornament,
What time he fondly hopes his creeping shoots,
Will top their highest bough; his foilage thick,
Keep off the fostering rays of liberty;—
And thus, as Hercules Antœus did,
To strangle freedom in his arms.

How pensive is the note of yon poor robin,
Who sits upon the bough as if forlorn!
Anon, he lightly hops upon the ground,
Searching for food amid the withered leaves,
Which sweet spring sow'd for him, as grateful
For his sweet song melodious; good bird,
Thou dost not leave these groves while winter fell
Pours out adversity upon them.—
They will reward thee, and when youthful spring,
Clothes them anew, commanding playful zephyr
Kissing, to ope their tender gems and flowers,
They'll give thee for thy simple nest, a seat
The fairest, most secure amid the grove.
I was not bred in learn'd Linnæus' school,
Or I could tell your names, ye winged little ones,
Who dwell with winter too, but well I know,
And bless your artless song, though it be short;

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For so my listening ear 'tis sweeter far,
Than all the long drawn trills of vocal art.

But lo! that silver footed Naiad, bent
All melancholy o'er her crystal urn;
Her swollen tide mingled with yellow leaves;
The icicle her sceptre; and her brows
Circled with crown of melancholy sedge!
—Once, in the golden reign of rosy spring,
The velvet moss, green bush, and lovelier flower,
Were hers to boast; which by their beauty
Pay'd her sweet tribute for their nourishing.
And I remember, for I lov'd to view
Her limpid waters glide beneath my feet,
When rushing o'er the rocks which choak'd her channel;
And sweetly wimpling through the meadow ground,
Widening, she form'd a glassy mirror smooth,
Heavenward reflecting the sweet form of things,
Which thence deriv'd their origin.—
But now alas! her wave rolls murmuring,
As if complaining of dread winter's reign.—
And joining with the river's monarch wave,
Is slowly borne unnoticed to the sea.

Like to the virtuous man, who marching down
The rugged path of life, saw flowers of joy,
Of plenty, of content, and gratitude
Arise where'er he came, 'till closing calm,
A life of goodliness, is smoothly borne
To the unknown ocean of eternity,
Bless'd by his fellow men, his country, and his God.

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—And such the high renown, O KNOX, which praise
Shall waft thy name from all her altars.
For thou like some good spirit, cas'd in flesh
To do kind deeds to mortals, wide diffus'd
A flood of blessings o'er the barren waste,
And made it blossom like the rose; while every eye,
Now wet with tears of anguish and despair,
Pour'd o'er thy timeless urn, beam'd gratitude,
And bless'd their God, that such a man was made
For them, for theirs, and for his Country.—
And long as liberty shall bless our shores,
And plenty pour her horn, so long, O KNOX,
Shall thy name live, for thy good deeds have rais'd
A monument* more durable than brass,
—A nation planted by thy hand!—

But death is ever at our side,—who so wise
To 'scape the blow aim'd by his fatal hand?
And meditation says, as fall these leaves,
So pass the flitting moments of man's life;
And soon, full soon will they depart, and death
His winter soon o'ertake him, leaving
Nought but a leafless, withered, worthless trunk.
—But hast thou mortal borne such goodly fruit
As thy fair spring did promise, has not vice
Nipt them ere fully ripe?—'Tis well for thee,
If such be not thy lot,——well hereafter!

BION.

Boston, Dec. 1806.

* Exegi monumentum ære perennius. HOR.

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For the Polyanthos.

TO MELANCHOLY.

O! sweetly soothing Melancholy,
Thou calmer of the human breast,
Who fly'st the haunts of noisy Folly,
To seek the lonely and distrest;

Tho' Fashion's giddy sons despise thee,
Preferring Pleasure's crowded train,
Above their fancied joys I prize thee,
And bless thy tranquil, pensive reign.

SELECTED.

The following delicate effusion of morality is selected from Literary Hours, *by Dr. Drake,* Vol. III.

TO BLOSSOMS.

Fair pledges of a fruitful tree,
Why do ye fall so fast?
Your date is not so past,
But you may stay yet here awile,
To blush and gently smile;
And go at last.

What, were ye born to be
An hour or half's delight,
And so to bid good-night?
'Twas pity nature brought ye forth
Merely to shew your worth,
And lose you quite.

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But you are lovely leaves, where we
May read how soon things have
Their end, tho' ne'er so brave:
And after they have shewn their pride
Like you awhile: they glide
Into the grave.

THE SAUNTERER.

By James Mercer, Esq.

Full of the dream of keen delight,
In youth a thousand toils we prove,
We climb ambition's fearful height,
And seek, thro' midnight gloom, the bow'r of love.
But with the ensuing morn
The proffer'd bliss we scorn,
And throbs of new desire our rest annoy;
Distemper fires the veins,
The fev'rish thirst remains,
And passion's bitter dregs pollute the cup of joy.

Then happier far, in life's decay,
If neither gout nor stone assail,
If conscience, at the close of day,
With angel visitation bid us hail;
When frantick hopes are past,
We taste repose at last,
And reap sincere delight from homely cheer;
For, by the mossy cell,
Where quiet loves to dwell,
The streams of comfort rise, and run forever clear.

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Assembled round the social hearth,
When winter holds his rigid sway,
We share the fruits of temperate mirth,
Nor fail to charm the dreary hours away—
And O! the joy that streams
Amid the coming gleams,
When blossoms ope, and birds are on the wing;
What time by musick led,
The garden path I tread,
And meet the balmy breath of renovating spring.

But not to formal walks confin'd,
While yet the jocund seasons reign,
I leave the garden wall behind,
With all the green enclosures of the plain:
And sights, and sounds of joy,
My wand'ring steps decoy
Still farther on, in quest of something new;
'Till past the bushy rill,
I mount yon shelving hill, [in view.
Where distant spires are kenn'd, and ocean rolls

There, as on rapture's dazzled eye,
The wonders of creation throng,
Devotion wakes, and wafts a sigh
To tracts beyond the limits of my song;
Till, fore'd by growing heat,
I quit the lofty seat,
And hide me from the sun's meridian glare,
Down in some elfin nook,
Beside the pebbly brook, [care.
Whose sound incessant brings forgetfulness of

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Let sullen fools forever hide—
At ev'n I gain the peopled road;
Or, led by friendship, turn aside,
To greet my neighbour in his thatch'd abode.
With him I pace the fields,
Learn what his harvest yields,
And see his children pass in playful drove;
I know the urchins all—
On me by name they call,
And flatter wrinkled age with many a mark of love.

As thus my daily rounds I go,
Still some kind office breeds delay—
My mite I cheerfully bestow,
To cheer the wand'ring beggar on his way:
And should the buxom lass,
Of yonder hamlet pass,
Fresh blooming, and of harmless favours free;
Safe from her roguish smile,
I hand her o'er the stile,
And pray that she might meet with livelier lads than me.

ODE TO THE CROW.

Say, weary bird, whose level flight,
Thus at the dusky hour of night
Tends thro' the midway air,
Why yet beyond the verge of day
Is lengthen'd out thy dark delay,
Adding another to the hours of care?

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The wren within her mossy nest
Has hush'd her little brood to rest;
The wood-wild pigeon, cock'd on high,
Has coo'd his last soft note of love;
And fondly nestles by his dove,
To guard their downy young from an inclement sky.

Each twittering bill and busy wing,
That flits thro' morning's humid spring,
Is still;—list'ning perhaps so late
To Philomel's enchanting lay,
Who now, asham'd to sing by day,
Trills the sweet sorrows of her fate.

Haste, bird, and nurse thy callow brood,
They call on heav'n and thee for food,
Bleak—on some cliff's neglected tree;
Haste, weary bird, thy laggish flight—
It is the chilling hour of night;
Fit hour of rest for thee!

THE UGLY LOVER.

Imitated from Buchanan.

How lucky is yon silly fop!
Though ugly is the elf,
He has no rival in his love,
For why?—He loves himself.

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THE DRAMA.

ESSAY ON DRAMATICK COMPOSITION.

BY T. HOLCROFT.

Continued from vol. 3, p. 141.

Of the Different Species of Dramatick Writing.

THOUGH tragedy and comedy appear to have formed the two grand classes of the dramatick art, it is nevertheless true that, among all modern nations at least, there have continually been other branches, which, though of the same tree, are distinct, in their nature and often in extent. To *mysteries*, *moralities*, *masques*, *intermedes*, and *interludes*, have succeeded *comick operas*, *farces*, *speaking pantomimes*, and particularly *plays*, or serious *dramas*: beside an innumerable progeny of *ballets*, *dumb pantomimes*, and *spectacles*, in many of which the eye and the ear are chiefly consulted. Into the nature and end of these different classes it will be good to inquire, and, by inquiry, to endeavour to afford some light that may guide the adventurer, in paths which confusion and indecision have often darkened.

Of the Moral Nature of Tragedy.

Of all the works of man, it may be doubted whether there is any species of an equally impressive and dignified moral nature as tragedy. The epick poem might equal, if not surpass it, in the closet; but as epick poems cannot be represented before multitudes, by whom from their nature they have little chance of being read,

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their moral influence must be greatly and inevitably less. Every thing that is noble, in the heart and actions of man, is the proper subject of tragick composition. All the dreadful errours into which his passions can lead him are there necessarily contrasted with the purest emanations of his soul; the consequences of each are developed, and, while terrour and compassion, at the portraits which it gives of vice, seize the heart, that heart is relieved, delighted, and embued, by the purity and dignity of virtue, as well as by its comparative and everlasting tendency to happiness. It is scarcely possible to compose a tragedy, so as to be received and applauded by the publick, without more or less producing this beneficial result.

Unless this can be denied, it follows that the duties of the tragick poet are among the most sacred which the human mind has conceived, and his rank and office of the highest nature. It should however be added, the more unassuming he shows himself, in society, the better proof he gives of his poetick dignity. True genius will neither affect hypocritical modesty nor be debased by any symptoms of inflated pride.

BEAUTIES OF THE DRAMA.

Scene from THE SAILOR'S DAUGHTER, *a comedy by Richard Cumberland.*

Hartshorn and Mrs. Hartshorn.

Harts. All this is well; all this is as it should be. Didn't I tell Lindsay we were the happiest couple in creation? and behold we are so!

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Good humour is a blessed thing; good humour in a wife, my dear Dolly, is like gold leaf upon a pill; it does not alter the dose, but it makes it go down.

Mrs. H. Very true, my dear Sam.; very well compar'd. And when I see a smile upon my husband's face, as I do now, it seems to me like sunshine in a prison; it does not set me free, but it makes confinement bearable.

Harts. You are right, it does all that; and I shall always smile when you look kind.

Mrs. H. 'Tis your own fault whenever I look otherwise.

Harts. Not always, Dolly.

Mrs. H. Always, Mr. Hartshorn.

Harts. Come, come, lambkin, there are faults on both sides; but we'll not talk of faults: we will forget them.

Mrs. H. But you do talk of faults; aye, and you commit so many, 'tis impossible to forget them.

Harts. What faults have I committed just now? you have such a gentle way of bringing them to my recollection, I shall not be sorry to be told of them.

Mrs. H. Look at your pretended partner, Lindsay. What do you think of him? What does he know of his business? Have you ever examin'd him?—Not you. Are you sure he is what he pretends to be?—I much doubt it. Not one feature of the apothecary can I see in his face, not one trace of the hospital in his conversation and appearance.

Harts. What then do you take him to be?

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Mrs. H. A very handsome fellow he certainly is; and without any compliment to his understanding, I take *him* to be very capable of outwitting you, and making off with your modest and immaculate Miss Julia. He is much more likely to be her partner than yours.

Harts. Say no more; I'll be up to him. Outwit me indeed! No, no, he'll not do that.—Mum! not another word.

Sentamour enters.

Glad to see you, brother doctor; glad to see you.—Dolly, my love, my life, we are upon business. *(exit Mrs. Hartshorn.)* There! do you see that? A word, a look, a motion of my eye does it. Docile and obedient as a tame she bear. Now to business. I can assure you, Mr. Lindsay, my expectations are raised very high by the terms in which captain Sentamour and others have reported you to me. I flatter myself I shall not be disappointed.

Sent. I am vain enough to think you will not.

Harts. Very good; very good. A little self-confidence in our way is not amiss—but to the point. My practice, Mr. Lindsay, you observe, comprises all the three branches, surgery, pharmacy, and the obstetrick department:—In the two former well established—full employment; in the latter, rising, growing, mending every day. Now there it is, brother Lindsay, there it is that I must look to you. When ladies cry out, the young and able should attend the call, and take that duty from the old and feeble.

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Sent. With reason, Mr. Hartshorn, and they commonly do.

Harts. Good; very good again. Then you'll turn out when Obadiah comes full tilt upon the coach-horse, and I'll keep snug the whilst.

Sent. Yes, I'll turn out if I hear him; but I am us'd to sleep in a ship. Noises don't easily awake me.

Harts. Not such noises perhaps as you are us'd to in a ship: but there are some that I am us'd to in this house will do it effectually, if others fail. You are handy enough, no doubt, in mixing up medicines, labelling phials, rolling up pills, construing prescriptions, weighing out drugs, and infusing them in their proper vehicles.

Sent. O yes, all that is very easy.

Harts. I am glad you find it so: I can't say I always do. Of chemicals and galenicals I need not speak diffusely.

Sent. You need not speak a word about them. We'll agree to pass them over.

Harts. We'll agree to no such thing. Pass them over indeed! I hope you understand their several powers, properties, and proportions; their compositions and decompositions, acids and alcalis, bracers and relaxers, quickeners and quieters, tonicks and anti-tonicks—

Sent. Understand them all—What is an apothecary that does not?

Harts. What is he?—why he is what many apothecaries are; what I have been, and what I am now—puzzled.

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Sent. I perceive it; instead of puzzling me, brother Hartshorn, you have puzzled yourself.

Harts. D—ce, if I know whereabouts you are. Apothecary, or no Apothecary—will you turn out, and take the round of patients with me this afternoon.

Sent. As I can be no manner of service to you or them, I had rather be excus'd.

Harts. You had rather be excus'd! What the pestilence did you come here for?

Sent. For an experiment.

Harts. I'm obliged to you—You came for an experiment? Be so good to try the experiment of going away again.

Sent. Bear with me a little longer, and I will give you perfect satisfaction.

Harts. Give me the satisfaction of getting rid of you. If you will not go out and visit the patients, go out and visit where you like, only don't let me be favour'd with your company any longer.

Sent. If I were Sentamour, wou'd you say this?

Harts. No, d—ce, no! To Sentamour my arms are open'd thus, as wide as I can stretch them—To Sentamour I say—Here is my heart, command it; it is yours!

Sent. I take you at your word, for I am Sentamour. Forgive me, my dear fellow. I was anxious to know the real character of Julia. I wish to see her under no restraint, and sound the secret feelings of her heart. I borrowed Lindsay's name, not in the hope I cou'd

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impose on your sagacity, but as a cover only for the moment, 'till I cou'd find how her affections stood, and where they pointed.

DRAMATICK ANECDOTES.

A French actor, accustomed to perform the part of Achilles, wished to have his portrait taken, and desired it might be in that character, stipulating to give the painter forty crowns for his work. This son of Melpomene had been a journeyman carpenter, and the painter, who was informed that he was a bad paymaster, thought proper to devise a mode of being revenged should Achilles play him any trick; he therefore painted the figure in oil, the shield excepted, which was in distemper. The likeness was acknowledged to be great; but the actor, that he might pay as little as possible, pretended to find many faults, and declared he would only pay half the sum agreed upon. "Well," replied the painter, "I must be content; however, I will give you a secret for making the colours more brilliant. Take a sponge, dip it in vinegar, and pass it over the picture several times." The actor thanked him for this advice, applied the sponge, washed away the shield of Achilles, and instead of that hero, beheld a carpenter holding a saw.

It is a common practice in Paris, to read new theatrical pieces in private assemblies, were they are supposed to undergo a kind of primary ordeal, and over each of which a lady

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always presides. A tragedy called *Alzaide*, by *Linaut*, had been read at one of those societies, and obtained great praise; however, it had no success on the stage, which greatly afflicted this previous tribunal. Being assembled the day after its performance, there was a general silence; but the lady, who had first given her favourable suffrage, spoke at length and said—"The piece however was not hissed."—"How the deuce could it?" replied a stranger, who happened to be present; "people cannot gape and hiss both at once."

When *Dancourt* gave a new piece, if it were unsuccessful, to console himself he was accustomed to go and sup with two or three of his friends, at the sign of the Bagpipes kept by *Chevet*. One morning, after the rehearsal of his comedy called the *Agioteurs*, or Stock-brokers, which was to be performed, for the first time, that evening, he asked one of his daughters, not ten years of age, how she liked the piece? "Ah papa," said the girl, "you'll go to night and sup at the sign of the Bagpipes."

Boyer, a French dramatick author, had been fifty years writing and never successfully. That he might prove whether his condemnation might not be imputed to the prejudice of the pit, he gave it to be understood that the new tragedy of Agamemnon was the production of *Pader D' Assezan*, a young man newly arrived at Paris. The piece was received with general applause, and Racine himself, the

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great scourge of *Boyer*, declared in favour of the new author. "And yet it is by *Boyer, Mons. de Racine,*" exclaimed *Boyer* himself, from the pit. Imprudent man! The next day the tragedy was hissed.

THEATRICAL RETROSPECT,

FOR DECEMBER, 1806.

How hard is the lot to admonish our neighbours
When hatred 's the fruit we receive for our labours!
For the mind is oft panged when the frame's unresisting,
And like vipers new bruised, frets existence by twisting.

BOSTON THEATRE.

Nov. 28. *Venice Preserved* and *Two Strings to your Bow.*

Of the performance of *Venice Preserved* this evening, little can be said, without repeating former remarks. We noticed the novelty of Mrs. Stanley's costume in *Belvidera*. Though we have been accustomed to see Belvidera in plain black or white, we can make no reasonable objection to her wearing foil and spangles. That she possessed rich and costly raiment there can be no doubt; for *Jaffier* tells *Priuli* that "out of his little fortune" he had treated her with "place, distinction, and observance;" and we afterwards hear *Priuli* bid him

"Reduce the glittering trappings of thy wife,
"To humble weeds, fit for thy narrow state."

Dec. 1. *The Honey Moon* and *No Song no Supper.* This elegant and popular comedy attracted a numerous and fashionable audience, who were highly gratified with its representation. Mr. Usher in *Duke Aranza* made very near approaches to excellence. Though "appearances are against him," we

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are confident he possesses talents, which, when he has had time and opportunity to mature them, will render him a fair candidate for dramatick honours.

Mrs. Dykes is entitled to much credit for her performance of *Zamora*. Her appearance in the habit of a boy was modest and diffident, her conception of the whole character clear, and her execution pleasing. Mrs. D. gives promise of becoming a chaste and pleasing actress in the sentimental line.

The principal characters had their last year's representatives, who gained their usual portion of applause.

The silly entertainment of *No Song no Supper* has been so often and so badly done, that its very name creates dislike.

Dec. 3. *The Jew* and *High Life below Stairs*. We have long esteemed Mr. Bernard's Jew as one of his best performances; it is the most complete counterfeit in voice and action we ever witnessed. No look, no word, no step escaped, to let the spectator know that he who had so often tickled his lungs in *Nipperkin* and *Diddler* was concealed under the long coat and beard of *Sheva*. In many scenes he was eminently pathetick. He who could not be pleased with it, may boast of Stoicism, but can never "bring his heart into repute" for sensibility.

Mr. Fox in Charles Ratcliffe, though not perfect, was not destitute of merit.

Frederick, by Mr. Downie, had very slender claims to approbation.

Mr. Dickenson's *Jabal* was laughable enough; and now and then excited a smile at the expense of his fellow-servant *Dorcas*.

The only female part which merits notice was *Eliza Ratcliffe*, by Mrs. Powell, which was truly excellent.

Dec. 5. *The School of Reform* and *The Romp*. This comedy is the latest production of Mr. Mor-

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ton, well known as the author of *Speed the Plough*, *Cure for the Heart Ache*, &c. Our opinion of it corresponds so nearly to that of Mr. Holcroft, as well as other reviewers, that we cannot do better than to transcribe his own language.

"The piece Mr. Morton has last produced, like most of those which he formerly wrote, is a strong mixture of the serious and pleasant, or might, perhaps, more emphatically be called a tragi-comedy. Voltaire, in his Preface to 'The Prodigal Son' *L'Enfant Prodigue*, has given an opinion more liberal than is customary with French criticks, and which perhaps he would not have given had it not been applicable to his piece, which opinion ought to be generally adopted. Speaking of dramatick pieces, he says, "Were I required to pronounce which species is the best, I should answer, that which is the best executed." Were this rule made the test of merit by criticks, we should hear less of the unities, and more concerning the excellence or of the failure of effect, and its causes.

"There is indeed a unity which, when it is observed, never fails of receiving its due reward; and this may be either called the unity of action, or more properly perhaps, the unity of story, or fable. When every scene and incident, throughout a dramatick piece, contribute to produce one effect, it must be very strange if that effect should be feeble. Should an audience be made to laugh and cry, at various passages of the same piece, this, instead of being a defect cannot but justly be considered as effecting the best purposes of dramatick poetry, whose double province is the imagination and the passions of man.

"These effects however should be produced by natural and probable, and not by forced, incongruous and impossible events. When writing *The School of Reform* these simple means were not suf-

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sciently present to the mind of the author; at least, he has failed in imagining and giving them a due arrangement. He has most judiciously been intent on producing the planned and double reform of his two heroes, but he has not scrupled, to employ very romantick suppositions for that purpose. The crowded and multifarious events which make up the plot, are nearly impossible, and yet the play, on the whole, produces continual and strong effects on the passions. There are two species of probability; the probability of events, and the probability of the passions and emotions of the human mind. To the first of these probabilities Mr. M. has been very defective, but to the last he has been delightfully true and therefore deservedly triumphant.

"Mr. Morton has declared himself the enemy of the German plays; yet he is eminently, and almost devotedly, a student in the German school. That there is a mixture of virtue and vice in all men is true; but virtue and vice ought not to be confounded. When servants, bailiffs, jailors, and all classes of people, are described as sentimental and generous, those precious qualities become too common; and the danger of being false to nature is imminent. When such people are really so, they should be given as exceptions, and be drawn with force and at full length."

Among other inexplicable events, we cannot see how there came to be folding doors before an altar, nor how a lady procured admittance to place herself in an attitude behind them.

In speaking of the performance of this play, it will be impossible to recollect the excellent acting of Mr. Bernard without bestowing on it the highest approbation. The character of *Tyke* was so justly conceived and so finely executed, that it can hardly be too much admired. Mr. Caulfield had a heavy, *up-hill* part in *Lord Avondale*, but acquitted himself

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respectably. Perhaps the author might here be accused of immorality. He has made Avondale a villain, hateful to himself, but by no means to the audience. To them he is the second hero of the piece, and is much too fair a character to excite in the mind that detestation of vice, which strict morality enjoins.

Mr. Dickenson in the old *General* was "perfect to a letter."

Mr. Usher was tolerably successful in *Frederick*. It is not one of those characters in which he is seen to most advantage.

Mr. Fox exhibited *Ferment* in a terrible state of fermentation. A little less dancing and a little more moderation in speaking, would have added a little to the dignity even of *Ferment*.

Mrs. Powell appeared very well in *Mrs. Ferment*. It is the principal female character in the piece and Mrs. P. made it lively, interesting and amusing.

Mrs. Usher did what little she had to do with propriety.

Mrs. Downie ought to have credit for so often and so elegantly introducing into the part of the housekeeper, "a fiddlestick's end," which the author unluckily forgot.

We have reserved the character of *Mrs. St. Clair* for the last and most conspicuous place in our remarks, that we might do ample justice to the superlative merit of Mrs. Shaw. So much ease and dignity of action, such exquisite pathos in execution, such admirable knowledge of the author, added to elegant orthoepy, we venture to assert have never before been seen united in one person. Of this latter accomplishment, gentle reader, take a specimen.

"Ah! do I again behold the place which gave me birth; where I fondly *gambl'd* round my parent's knees! Alas, how changed! For the lowly cottage, I see the gaudy *pallus!* 'Stead of the mod-

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eat woodbine, tangling its *eglaments* [*ligaments*] on the humble thatch,—behold the proud exotick—just *emblum* of its imperious master."

Dec. 8. *School of Reform* and *The Quaker.*

Dec. 10. *School of Reform* and *All the World's a Stage.*

Dec. 12. *School of Reform* and *The Jew and Doctor.*

Dec. 15. *School of Reform* and *Harlequin's Frolicks.*

Dec. 17. *Provok'd Husband, Dr. Last's Examination,* and *Dermot and Kathleen.*

It is one of the greatest pleasures a critick feels to bestow on genius and talent the well-earned meed of approbation. This pleasure we feel, though not without some particles of alloy, when we recollect Mrs. Stanley's personation of *Lady Townly.* "Grace was in every step, in every action dignity"—The effect of her speaking was sometimes injured by that sameness of sound, which we have before condemned. From this censure, however, justice demands that we exempt the last scene of the play, in which she far exceeded any *Lady Townly* we have before seen.

Mr. Dickenson made a pretty good *Sir Francis,* though he once or twice forgot his Yorkshire dialect.

We were pleased with Mr. Bernard's *John Moody.* He certainly has a very modest way of telling an immodest story.

Mr. Morgan seldom appears in any character of more importance than a letter carrier, and even then he only irritates the nerves of the spectator. But for once we must acknowledge, (and he is welcome to the compliment) that he appeared more respectable as an actor than some who had characters of more consequence.

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The gentlemen who personated *Lord Townly* and *Mr. Manly*, seemed, "to dumb forgetfulness a prey," and the best retaliation we can make them is *to remember to forget* the pain they gave us by their dull performances.

Lady Wronghead belongs to that class of characters in which we have ever professed ourselves the *real* admirers of Mrs. Shaw.

Miss Jenny by Mrs. Poe was well. The hoyden is Mrs. Poe's forte.

Dec. 19. *Every One has his Fault* and *The Sultan*—*Irwin*, Mr. Caulfield; *Sir Robert Ramble*, Bernard; *Solus*, Dickenson; *Harmony*, Fox. *Lady Eleanor*, Mrs. Powell; *Mrs. Placid*. Mrs. Shaw.

The performances of this evening were for the benefit of the orphans of the late Mr. and Mrs. Jones. The receipts of the house amounted to 765 dollars.

A crowded and brilliant audience testified by reiterated plaudits their approbation of Mrs. Powell's Lady *Eleanor*, and Mrs. Stanley's *Roxalana*.

Dec. 22. *School of Reform*, *The Ghost*, and *Dermot and Kathleen*.

No essential difference has been observable in the repeated representations of this play. We review it with the same feelings of pleasure, indifference and disgust, as on the first evening. We are still delighted with the incomparable acting of Mr. Bernard in *Tyke*, still gratified with the enchanting spirit and good humour of Mrs. Powell in *Mrs. Fermont*. And Mrs. Shaw still continues to torture feeling with the artificial heavings of her breast, and grate the ear with her *gambles*, her *eglaments* and her *emblums*.

Dec. 23. *As you like it* and *The Four Seasons*.

The Jaques of Mr. Caulfield is sufficient alone to pronounce him an actor of superiour powers. We have seen this melancholy hero played by Messrs.

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Barrett, Chalmers, and Cooper, in succession; but, without derogating from the general merit of those gentlemen, we must say their performance will not, stand the test of a comparison with Mr. C. In his description of the wounded stag, and also of his meeting with the fool, he put in large claims for critical applause. His "seven ages" was given in a masterly style, marked with strong emphasis, feeling and discrimination. His

Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing,

was irresistibly affecting. We could not but regret that he should think proper to deprive us of the pleasure of a single line of his part, when it was in his power to have given it complete. In the following passage the lines marked by Italicks were omitted.

And then he drew a dial from his poke,
And looking on it with lack-lustre eye,
Says, very wisely, "It is ten o'clock:
"*Thus we may see*," *quoth he*, "*how the world wags:*
"'Tis but an hour ago since it was nine;
"And after one hour more 'twill be eleven;
"*And so, from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe,*
"*And then, from hour to hour, we rot and rot,*
"And thereby hangs a tale."

Mr. Bernard in *Touchstone* pelted us with the broad wit of Shakespeare, if not to the "breaking of shins," yet almost to the bursting of our ribs.

Orlando, by Mr. Fox, was good; compared with some of his acting, it was "very excellent good."

Mr. Dickenson, in *Adam*, gave a faithful portrait of a feeble good old man.

Mrs. Stanley's *Rosalind* justified the high opinion entertained of her comick powers. She pronounc-

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ed the epilogue with much spirit, which operated like electricity on the audience, and received on the dropping of the curtain, six rounds of universal approbation.

The other parts, though not here particularized, were done with propriety, and merit approbation.

Dec. 26. *The Finger Post* and *Lodoiska.*

The new comedy of *The Finger Post or Five Miles off*, was performed for the first time, and notwithstanding the unpleasant weather to a respectable audience. Mr. Bernard's *Calendar* was the foremost figure in the picture, and produced an universal laughter. Mr. Dickenson's *Flourish* was the next figure and made a most ludicrous appearance. Mr. Powell discovered some comick traits in *Spriggins*, as did also Mrs. Usher in *Jenny*. Mrs. Shaw in the old maid left us nothing to regret, except that she ever appears out of that line.

The following song by Mr. Dickenson was loudly applauded.

Yea, I fell in the pit of love,
With a ti tum ti,
The spirit then began to move,
With a ti tum ti;
Quoth I, "Fair maiden, ne'er deride,
For verily, when thou'rt my bride
Lo I will cleave unto thy side,
With a ti tum ti."

"Behold," said Ruth, "there is a grove,
With a ti tum ti,
Where birds, called turtles, coo and love,
With a ti tum ti."
Lo! then I thought her truly mine,
But when of love she gave this sign,
She proved a cruel Phi-lis-tine,
With a ti tum ti.

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For she another suitor had,
With a ti tum ti,
Prophanely called a flashing lad,
With a ti tum ti;
And when I reached the grove assigned,
He came before I Ruth could find,
And kick'd me ruth-less-ly behind,
With a toe tum ti.

NEW-YORK.

Nov. 28. *Venice Preserved* and *High Life Below Stairs*. The curiosity of the town had been so successfully excited, to witness the *debut* of the gentleman announced for *Pierre*, that the house was filled and crowded before the curtain rose. When he appeared, he was greeted with the warmest and most encouraging reception, from every quarter.

In person, he is of a commanding height, (as tall, we should judge as Fennell), and well proportioned in his body and limbs. Nor were we without a degree of surprise, at the ease with which he assumed the step and air of a buskined hero. His face is inclining to round rather than oval; his forehead high and well proportioned, with well-placed, very dark thick and flexible eye-brows. His eye is black and expressive; his nose rather diminutive, for a distant view; the only feature in the face to which exception can be taken. The mouth well-proportioned, with well-made, fleshy lips, and a fine set of teeth. Were his cheeks a little more lank, his appearance would certainly be more tragick, if not more comely: but this is a fault (if it be a fault) may soon be cured. Nothing is wanting, but a continuation of that intense and unwearied application to his profession, which alone can ensure him the enviable eminence, to which his ambition, doubtless, aspires, and to which, we are credibly informed, he has already devoted himself. Indeed, when we consider

that this gentleman is from an interiour country-town in Massachusetts, and that already (after only a few weeks training, under Mr. Cooper) his pronunciation is nearly cleared of those provincialisms, which are so immediately apparent, and so offensive, to an inhabitant of the metropolis, we may presume, that he has been no idler. The name of the young candidate is Morse; he seems to be about two or three and twenty years of age. He was educated at Cambridge, and has since been introduced at the bar in his native state; but, though, it is said, he never witnessed ten theatrical exhibitions in his life, an enthusiasm seems to have seized upon him to try his fortune on the stage, and he very judiciously placed himself under the instruction and patronage of one the most capable of initiating him into the science of his profession, and forwarding his views.

If his personal appearance, his movements and attitudes in *Pierre* created immediately an impression in his favour, the mellow tones and strength of his sonorous voice were equally calculated to enforce and fix it. He supported the long and arduous task of *Pierre* in a manner not merely creditable, but so as to unite the whole audience in the opinion, that never was so much applause so justly bestowed on a first appearance. When we consider that he sustained himself in a manner to acquire a great share of approbation, standing beside the *Jaffier* of Cooper, it must be thought an extraordinary performance, and justifies us in forming the highest hopes of his future eminence. Mr. Cooper's *Jaffier* was in his best style of acting. The novelty of his costume excited some surprize, nor was it without difficulty that we became reconciled to it. Hitherto it had been played in black in America, and, until Kemble introduced the change, in England also. The circumstances of *Jaffier*, however at the beginning of the play, a spendthrift with his gaudy hangings, his *ball filled with lazy vermin*, his wife bedecked in

glittering trappings, &c. may well justify the actor in dressing *Jaffier* sumptuously; and so far the costume may be defended by a critick; but, we submit to Mr. C's good sense and just taste, whether if he could contrive to change his dress for sable, in the course of the play, the effect in the latter scenes would not be heightened?

Mrs. Darley, in the *Little Trembler*, excited the sympathy of every spectator. In all but the strong and vehement scenes, she was impressive, and in the highest degree interesting.

[*Theatrical Censor.*]

PHILADELPHIA.

THE New Theatre, Philadelphia, opened on the first of December with the *School for Scandal*. It is under the management of Mr. Warren.

Dec. 3. Mrs. Mills from the Theatre Royal, Manchester, made her first appearance on this stage in *Rosina*. She gave no extraordinary interest to the part. Her person is not remarkably fitted for it. Her speaking voice is pleasing, her action much better than singers usually display; and on the whole, she is, if not a splendid, a useful addition to the company.

Dec. 5. Mr. Mills, made his first appearance on the Philadelphia stage in *Robert Tyke*. He bears a strong resemblance, both in features and expression, to his sister, Mrs. Woodham, has a good voice and person, and appears to be familiar with the boards.

[*Ibid.*]

THE COLUMBIAN MUSEUM

Is becoming once more a place of fashionable resort. Messrs. BOWEN and DOYLE, the proprietors, have lately erected an elegant and spacious building for this purpose, and made many large and valua-

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ble additions of Natural Curiosities, Paintings, Wax Figures, &c. to their former Collection. Amongst other productions of nature is a large collection of *American Birds*, in a fine state of preservation, containing almost all the various kinds found in North-America. Also various foreign Birds, Fish, Insects, &c. The upper end of the Hall, opposite the entrance, is decorated with an elegant painting, by an Italian artist representing the Fountain at Versailles. The gallery of the Hall is enriched with a handsome collection of Prints from SHAKESPEARE, on which the lovers of Poetry and Painting may revel with delight. Those representing the Seven Ages are peculiarly striking and elegant, as are two from the Tragedy of *King Lear*. *Launce instructing his Dog*, and *Falstaff relating his escape*, are irresistibly ludicrous. Amongst the Paintings we noticed with pleasure a well-finished portrait of His Excellency Governour *Strong*.—Some of the Wax Figures are brilliant and reflect credit on the ingenuity of the artist who executed them. We cannot however, speak in very high terms of one said to represent General WASHINGTON, which bears little or no resemblance to that illustrious person, at least in latter part of his life.

The whole collection cannot fail of affording an evening's amusement, and we have no doubt the proprietors will be remunerated for their trouble and expense. We take the liberty of recommending to them to increase their collection of *Portraits*, rather than their *Wax Figures*. We generally look with pleasure at the picture of a man, whose character we contemplate with respect and veneration. Our country affords many such, and Messrs. B. and D. would do well to enrich the Museum with their portraits.

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Mrs. Stanley

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THE

POLYANTHOS.

JANUARY, 1807.

FOR THE POLYANTHOS.

Lucubrations of Nehemiah Notional.

N°. III.

THOUGH I have many relatives, the number of my correspondents has hitherto been small. My letters have ever been confined to a few select friends, whose feelings and taste correspond with my own. I have never had an inclination, and very seldom an opportunity, to enlarge this small but well chosen circle. Necessity however has lately compelled me to add several names to my list of correspondents, and I must own that I am pleased with their attention, as I know them to be rational men, though they belong to the Notional family—to be men whose experience has been great and well improved. Their letters shall occasionally mingle with my own lucubrations.

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In the following letter I recognize the writing and style of a friend whom I have long valued. His sentiments appear to be the result of experience and observation, and I think, that I cannot more effectually accomplish my design than by inserting them in his language.

Mr. Nehemiah Notional,

Sir,

As I have the *honour* of belonging to the family of the Notionals, and am far from opposing your design to diminish its number, I have taken the liberty to write to you. I am a talkative old man, Sir, and shall say much, though little to the purpose. But as I have had considerable experience in the world, I flatter myself that my opinions will generally agree with yours, even if they are not expressed in the refined style of modern days.—I heartily agree with you that the Notional family is very numerous, that it has acquired an undue influence in society: And I think that instead of attempting to knock them down with the cudgel of reason and argument, you have very wisely endeavoured to exalt them on the pillory of satire, that they may be exposed to derision and contempt.

Business which I could not avoid compelled me to visit this metropolis, from which I have been absent many years. I have been but a short time in Boston, but short as the time has been, I have discovered thousands of our

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brethren in every place—Yes, I find swarms of our relations in this centre of refinement.—I must candidly confess to you a strange notion I had formed, though I have since been grievously disappointed in it. As I seldom visit the gay circles of fashion, my desire was great to enjoy the society and conversation of people of taste in this enlightened age. I have read with delight of the learned characters composing Johnson's club, of the accomplished ladies, who visited Mrs. Montague, where wit, good humour, and vivacity reigned triumphant. The anticipation of my introduction was pleasure, but the reality disgust indeed. I was formally introduced to the people of taste of whom I had heard so much, and must confess that their scrutinizing stare fairly made me blush. The disagreeable business of introduction over, I expected to be at ease and to enter into conversation. Instead of which I was obliged to keep closely wedged in my place, as stiff, silent, and woe-begone as an old Egyptian mummy. Their jargon was to me as unintelligible as Arabick. And I assure you, Sir, that though the pretty tattle of the ladies and the frothy prattle of the gentlemen might be pleasant and agreeable enough to themselves, I was right glad to escape from them.—Is this a fair specimen of your modern society, says I to a wise and observing, though young and apparently fashionable gentleman.—It is, alas, said he, it cannot be denied. What pleasure or entertainment

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then, much less improvement, can be gained from intercourse with such people. Their whole stock of conversation lies in remarks on the pleasantness of the day, the shifting of the winds, or the gloominess of the weather. The turning of a weather-cock, furnishes them with remarks for a whole evening and the change of fashion for a month, if the fashion lasts so long. At such assemblies we learn the most newly imported fashions, who makes the most routs, who dresses most elegantly and fashionably, who has been sick the week past. And besides this *all important* information we learn the art of talking an hour upon nothing, and moreover the art of setting an hour and hearing another talk upon nothing. Too true, alas, rejoined the gentleman I had spoken to. But fashion must be borne. We must invite friends, not for the sake of their company, but to show our fashion, elegance, and wealth; and the chief object of these visits seems to be—to ascertain who can carry folly, flummery and formality to the greatest excess.

If this alone be the object of fashionable company, may I be allowed in peace to enjoy my leisure, uninterrupted by idle compliments or vain invitations. *I am, yours, &c.*

OBADIAH ODD.

I have another letter, which comes from my cousin Nebuchadnezzar, and demands early

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attention, as it gives me an opportunity of removing any false impressions which may have been made by my second number.

Mr. Notional,

I AM very sorry that any of your 'Lucubrations' should give offence; but permit me to tell you that a 'Society of Gentlemen' in this town consider themselves greatly aggrieved by some observations in your last essay. A friend of mine who is closely connected with this Society, observed to me the other evening, somewhat angrily, that 'the *pointed* satire of Nehemiah Notional was very far from being a proof of his good manners.' As I have some family pride in my composition, I could not bear to hear you, cousin, or your writings spoken of with a sneer, especially as I knew there was no occasion for it. I was therefore at some pains to obviate his insinuations. Is it possible, said I, that my cousin would call your Society a club of *young* Notionals, a set of *beardless boys*, when I dare say that every one of you have seen twice his years, and have beards much longer, thicker, and more respectable than his own? Besides, you have just boasted that your Society is more than half composed of the *great guns* of the law and the *canons* of the church; and I am sure that cousin Nehemiah knows too well the respect due to age and office, to speak of either with indignity, *est enim disertus puer*, for he is an ac-

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complished young man, I assure you.—All this however was to little purpose, unless it were to irritate him still further. He asserted plumply to my face, that he knew Nehemiah Notional better than I did; that instead of being a cousin of mine as I pretended, a young man of education, and the like, he was nothing more nor less than *a disappointed old woman*? one who had several years ago published three volumes of something, which had never been read, except by the printer, and he invariably fell asleep over the proof-sheets; that being *galled* by the repeated lacerations of criticism, she was *wincing* out her lamentations under the assumed name of Nehemiah Notional. As I immediately knew who my friend hinted at, I could not avoid smiling, that he should mistake a young man of twenty for an old lady of sixty. Finding however that all altercation with him would be vain, I thought it most prudent to change the subject of conversation. We shortly after shook hands and parted—each 'as his business and desires might call.'

From your loving cousin till death,

NEBUCHADNEZZAR NOTIONAL.

I cannot but feel obliged to cousin Neb. for his zeal in my defence, but must confess that, had I been in his situation, I should have done little more than repeat the old adage, 'If the coat fits you, you may wear it.' Though I

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did not intend to portray any particular individual, or 'Society' of individuals, I sincerely believe the picture I drew in my last number resembles many. If any 'great guns' of the law or 'canons' of the church can discover in it a resemblance of themselves, I am sorry—not for myself, but for them. I shall however continue to prove my *want of good manners*, by persecuting folly and vice wherever I find them. They are common enemies, which ought to be detected and exposed, let them assume what shape they may. Folly is not less foolish because she appears dressed in a parson's gown, nor vice less detestable because she wears a lawyer's wig.

Jan. 16, 1807.

FOR THE POLYANTHOS.

CONTEMPLATOR....N°. 7.

Μελιγλώσσαν ἀοιδὴν ἀνθεα.

THE object of the present number is to call the attention of our readers to a poem, which we are surprised to observe has excited far less curiosity and commendation than its real and intrinsick excellence ought to demand. Pot while multitudes of poetical works which now swarm in the regions of literature, baneful to the flowers of taste, are sought and read

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with avidity, that truly excellent and original poem, *The Village Curate*, is passed by unnoticed and almost unknown. Of the author, the Rev. J. Hurdis, B. D. we know but little, save that he was Professor of Poetry in the university of Oxford, and which alone may justify us in forming a high opinion of his talents. His first work, the one now before us, appeared anonymously in 1788, and was well received. Since then he has published an octavo volume of poems, which, though not equal in merit to his first production, yet display correct taste and superiour genius; and 'Sir Thomas More,' a tragedy, written in the genuine spirit of poetry. As a divine, he has also published a few sermons, and critical remarks upon some parts of Genesis. The reader may perhaps recollect him as a correspondent of the poet of Weston, and will excuse us if we introduce an extract containing a compliment, not only honourable to the writer, but justly due to the merit of Mr. Hurdis.

'I have always entertained,' says Mr. Cowper, 'and have occasionally avowed a great degree of respect for the abilities of the unknown author of *The Village Curate*; unknown at that time, but now well known, and not to me only, but many. For before I was favoured with your obliging letter, I knew your name, your place of abode, your profession, and that you had four sisters; all which I learned, not from your bookseller, nor any of

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his connexions; you will perceive, therefore, that you are no longer an author incognito. The writer indeed of many passages that have fallen from your pen, could not long continue so. Let genius, true genius, conceal itself where it may, we may say of it as the young man in Terence of his beautiful mistress, *Dis fatetur ipsa forma.*'

It may perhaps be said, that this praise is rather the offspring of warm friendship than rigid criticism. But we can produce an opinion that is decisive; the opinion of those, at whose bar every author is amenable, and who, though they severely condemn those who appear before the publick without merit to claim its approbation, yet are willing when true genius appears, to bestow the highest applause. 'The present,' says an English reviewer in his remarks upon this poem, 'like every preceding age, abounds in verse-makers; and the brethren of the trade, though they differ in some circumstances, have certainly much in common among them. One may possibly finish more neatly than his neighbour, but in general they collect together the same old materials, and work away with the same blunt instruments.

'Poets on the contrary, true poets, are very sparingly scattered; but when they do appear, they are easily distinguished from the scribbling herd. Fortunately the present author is entitled to this distinction. He knows the secret

ments of others, but he gives us his own. Instead of lamenting that there is little chance for originality, he is original; instead of unmeaning, though perhaps well measured lines, he presents us with a poem, where the sense is prominent and the language is expressive; and instead of dispiriting us by gloomy representations of misery which never existed, he exhibits a pleasant view of life, and, by rendering us contented with ourselves, fits us for bestowing happiness on others.'

Thus, without placing dependence upon our own opinion and judgment, are we able to bestow the praise of excellence upon this poem; and without indulging ourselves in the high strain of panegyrick and eulogy, can we venture to wonder that the work has received such little attention and applause from the literary world. As to the poem, it is descriptive, the plan simple, and the author, as he confesses, frequently rides his rambling Pegasus without a rein. But there is an *originality*, a *purity of moral*, and a *beautiful* yet *manly simplicity*, which pervades this work, and which cannot fail to interest and charm.

Of this work, the only copy we have been able to procure or even see is a most miserable one, printed at Newburyport. We therefore take the liberty of recommending it to our booksellers, while they are reprinting the poetical productions of Strangford, Moore, Walpole, &c. not to let the *Village Curate* languish

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in obscurity. We can assure them it is an object much more worthy the American press, one which will do more honour to their taste and judgment, and be a highly valuable present to the publick.

In our next number we shall present our readers with a few extracts. ☞

FOR THE POLYANTHOS.

ANALECTA....No. III.

"Undique collatis membris."

ROBERT MERRY, Esq. A.M.

THIS gentleman was a member of the famous Della Cruscan Academy; and although his poetry has been severely satirized by Mr. Gifford, and although guilty of a false glitter, negligence and obscurity, yet his pretensions to poetical merit are often great and striking; while the spirit of liberty and benevolence which breathe through his writings seem ardent and sincere. His Poem "The Pains of Memory," has by some been preferred to the "Pleasures of Memory."—His pieces in the British Album have the greatest claim to distinction of any, found in that work. As a proof of this, as well as his great poetical talent, we refer the reader to those two excellent productions, "Diversity," and "Ambitious Vengeance."

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MARRIAGE.

An old Grecian in one of his pithy epigrams, observes, that *he* is the happy man, *who owes nothing*

Εὐδαίμων——ὁ μηδὲν μηδὶν ὀφείλων,

Then *he* who is unmarried. And in the third place the *man*, who is without children. If, he adds, the married man be mad, he may boast of *some* advantage; but, if he *immediately* buries his wife he has had indeed a *great dowry*.

Ταῦτ' εἰδὼς σοφὸς ἴσθι.

He is a wise man who knows these things.

TRANSLATION OF JUVENAL.

In 1804 was published a new translation of Juvenal, by the Rev. William Heath Marsh, A. M. It seems an arduous undertaking to give the world a new version of this poet, after the excellent translation of Mr. Gifford. But Mr. Marsh observes that he was entirely ignorant of the design of Mr. G.; and that his own was entirely completed before he saw that rival version. Truth, he adds, requires of me this avowal, that the present publication may not be imputed to improper motives, by which I was never actuated. For though I have not the presumption to suppose that I possess the power to injure an author of such established reputation, yet I would not unjustly be suspected of

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the attempt; since the intention is the same, whether the hostile spear be launched with the firm vigour of Achilles, or feebly thrown by the palsied hand of Priam. Of the merit of the present translation I shall say nothing, my only design is to present the reader a short extract, in which he will observe not only handsome versification, but two celebrated passages *well* rendered. Sat. 3d.

Produce a witness of unsullied fame,
A Scipio, Numa, or His honoured name,
Who sav'd Minerva from the flaming pile—
If *poor*, these virtues but excite a smile.
"What is he worth? What can he well afford?
How many lazy lacqueys grace his board?
How many acres can he call his own?
What pomp, what splendour at his feasts are shown?"
These are important subjects—but how wise,
How good, how just, are questions they despise.
Credit and wealth are pois'd in even scales;
An oath most solemn nothing here avails;
The poor, 'tis said, live only by deceit,
The gods wink at them, as the rogues must eat.
Besides, what theme for laughter and for scorn!
The vest is sullied, or the cloak is torn;
The worn out leather shews the naked foot,
Or clumsy stitches cobble up the boot.

O POVERTY! OF OF ALL THY NUM'ROUS TRAIN
OF ILLS, NONE WOUND US LIKE THE WORLD'S DISDAIN.

—Who for his daughter will the youth approve,
With merit only, and with virtuous love?
When do the poor inherit? What pretence
To civil honours, poverty and sense?
Our fathers, bless'd with little, once before
Fled, but to Rome should ne'er have ventured more.
NEGLECTED GENIUS BOWS TO FATE'S CONTROL,
WHERE WANT, PALE SPECTRE, CRAMPS TH' ASPIRING SOUL.

PITY.

As the passion of Sorrow proceeds from the loss of what we have loved, it may imperceptibly dispose—in persons where passions are strong but very transient—to the affection of love towards the object commiserating our loss. No one can appear so worthy of the transfer, as the friend, who sympathises deeply with the affliction. The poet has justly observed that 'Pity is akin to love.' In these moments, the commiserator forgets every fault, even where he knows that they exist; and brings forward every good quality, which in his opinion renders the afflicted less deserving of their suffer-

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ings. We may also add that the gratitude which this pity inspires, is accompanied with the most favourable sentiments of the human disposition, and has a tendency to produce a predilection for the person of the sympathizer. In short, whatever gives birth to any of the kindly affections, may be productive of personal predilections, and terminate in love both as an affection and a passion. Othello says of Desdemona,

> She lov'd me for the dangers I had pass'd,
> And I lov'd her that she did pity them.

LUDICROUS IDEAS.

NOTHING so effectually subdues the violence of anger, as the fortunate suggestion of ludicrous ideas. Whatever excites a smile or a laugh, excites a sensation totally imcompatible with rage, or with deep resentment. It has often happened that something ridiculous in the ideas or conduct of the offender has averted the punishment due to his carelessness or inadvertency; or that some gay and cheerful thought has at once obliterated resentment against a conduct not entirely trivial. We are told by fabulists, that when Apollo was about to shoot Mercury disguised as a herdsman, incensed at this thievish deity for having stolen some cattle which Apollo was destined to watch, he applied to his quiver for an arrow that he might revenge the offence; but discovering

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that the arch thief had prevented the effects of his anger by previously stealing all the arrows, he was so diverted at the jest that his anger immediately subsided, *Iracundiam voluptate superanit.*

In the quarrel between Jupiter and Juno, Homer represents the Queen of Heaven terrified into silence, and attempting to suppress the signs of a resentment which she could not subdue. But he informs us that it was the jest of Vulcan in taking upon him an office, for which he was so ill qualified, and becoming cup bearer, which effectually restored mirth and good humour among the celestials.

Vulcan with awkward grace, his office plies;
And unextinguished laughter shakes the skies.

ASSOCIATION.

EVERY passion or affection which has been indulged to a considerable degree, seems to change the complexion of every surrounding object. Places in which we have been happy, strike us as if they were both witnesses and participants of our bliss; and distress invariably diffuses a gloom over locality itself, and every circumstance that reminds us of what we have felt. Nor can we call to our recollection any place in which we have enjoyed peculiar satisfaction, without feeling an affection for that spot; or recollect scenes of unhappiness, without feeling something like resentment against

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the theatre of our sufferings. The traveller, who has been made happy in a foreign country contracts a partiality for every thing belonging to it; if he has been ill received and ill treated, the gayest scenes and the most advantageous circumstances belonging to that country, upon recollection inspire him with disgust and horrour.

This principle is also extensive in its influence. It renders the spot where the lover enjoys the company of his mistress, a paradise in his sight, however different its aspect may be to another. The slightest present as a token of affection inspires exquisite delight; a trinket or a lock of hair are to him of more worth than a kingdom. It is this principle which enstamps an inestimable value upon the relicks of saints and martyrs, and empowers fragments of their garments, their very teeth and nails, to work miracles in the opinion of the devotee. In its more moderate exertions, it inspires a strong attachment to every thing which was once our friend's. It is this principle of association, which so easily implants in the religious and devout mind a veneration for the place destined to the office of religion; and inscribes holiness upon the edifice devoted to sacred purposes.

CHARACTER OF THE *TRUE POET.*

The favour'd BARD,
Who nobly conscious of his just reward,

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With loftier soul, and undecaying might,
Paints what he feels in characters of light.
He turns: and instantaneous all around
Cliffs whiten, waters murmur, voices sound,
Portentous forms in heaven's aërial hall
Appear, as at some great supernal call.
Thence oft in thought his steps ideal haste
To rocks and groves, the wilderness or waste;
To plains, where Tadmor's regal ruins lie,
In desolation's sullen majesty;
Or where Carthusian towers the pilgrim draw,
And bow the soul with unresisted awe,
Whence Bruno, from the mountain's pine-clad brow,
Survey'd the world's inglorious toil below;
Then, as down ragged cliffs the torrent roar'd
Prostrate great Nature's present God ador'd,
And bade, in solitude's extremest bourn,
Religion hallow the severe sojourn.

To HIM the Painter gives his pencil's might;
No gloom too dreadful and no blaze too bright,
What time to mortal ken he dares unveil
THE inexpressive FORM in semblance frail,
To the strain'd view presents the yawning tomb,
Substantial horrours, and eternal doom.
To HIM the Pow'rs of harmony resort,
And as the Bard, with high commanding port,
Scans all th' ethereal wilderness around,
Pour on his ear the thrilling stream of sound;

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Strains, from that full-strung chord at distance swell,
Notes, breathing soft from musick's inmost cell,
While to their numerous pause, or accent deep,
His choral passions dread accordance keep.
Thence musing, lo he bends his weary eyes
On life and all its sad realities;
Marks how the prospect darkens in the rear,
Shade blends with shade, and fear succeeds to fear,
Mid forms that rise, and flutter through the gloom,
'Till Death unbar the cold sepulchral room.
Such is the Poet: bold, without confine,
Imagination's "*charter'd libertine!*"
He scorns, in apathy, to float or dream
On listless Satisfaction's torpid stream,
But dares ALONE in vent'rous bark to ride
Down turbulent Delight's tempestuous tide;
While tho'ts encount'ring tho'ts in conflict fierce
Tumultuous rush, and labour into verse,
Then, as the swelling numbers round him roll,
Stamps on th' immortal page the visions of the soul.

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BIOGRAPHY.

SKETCH OF *JOHN JAY.*

JOHN JAY is well known to be one of the most illustrious characters in the American revolution. He is descended from one of those French protestants, whom the revolution of Henry the fourth's edict compelled to seek a refuge in foreign countries. These exiles spread themselves throughout all the protestant parts of Europe, and a little colony, somewhat more adventurous than their brethren, sought an asylum among the forests and morasses of the new world in the west. They settled on the shore of Long Island sound, where their language and manners are far from being quite extinct, even at this day.

Mr. Jay was trained to the law, that profession which constitutes, in America, the surest road to political eminence, and whose members generally took the lead in the opposition made to the claims of Great Britain by her colonies. Mr. Jay was equally conspicuous for his zeal and his abilities. His talents however were exerted in the diplomatick, rather than in the legislative field. As the revolution was chiefly indebted for its successful establishment to the countenance and aid of foreign powers, the statesman and patriots of America were as usefully and arduously employed at foreign courts,

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in the service of their country, as in the domestick legislature. Mr. Jay resided at the court of Spain several years, till the end of the war, as the representative and advocate of the new states, and his conduct in that capacity has secured him the highest praise.

An unfortunate difference which arose between Mr. Jay while in Spain, and a young man by the name of Littlepage, whom at the entreaty of the youth's friends, he took under his guardianship, occasioned an appeal to the publick, on some points of his private conduct, after his return home. The issue of this controversy was highly favourable to Mr. Jay, and showed that he was capable of a right decision in points of social conduct extremely delicate. Littlepage was a young man of brilliant parts, and contrived to involve his patron in difficulties, from which nothing but a great deal of moral rectitude, as well as a most perspicacious judgment, could have extricated him.

After serving his country at home, for a few years, John Jay was selected by Washington as ambassador to England. He was charged with the important task of obtaining redress and compensation for the wrongs which our commerce had incurred from the British cruizers, and of securing our rights from future violation by a permanent commercial treaty. Every one knows the violent debates, not only in our legislative bodies, but among the people at large, which retarded the ratification of this treaty.

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As on all great national questions, these controversies were long and violent, and the merits of the treaty-maker were as loudly extolled by one party, as they were vehemently denied by the other. These altercations have long since given way to other disputes; time has allayed the fever of party rage, and experience has settled the merits of Mr. Jay's conduct on that occasion. Nobody ever questioned the uprightness of the ambassador's intentions, and, whether ultimate effects have jutified his friends or his enemies in their prognosticks, most certain it is that the true interests of his country constituted the only object of his labours.

After his return from this embassy, he was chosen governour of his native state, New York, in which post, or in one still higher, he would probably have now been found, if the balance of political parties had not since changed its position. He has for some years lived in peaceful and modest retirement, and is said to be, at present, engaged in a literary undertaking of great weight and importance. If a feeble and obscure voice could have any influence over the employment of his time, it would be exerted to persuade him to throw the light of his own recorded experience on the momentous history of the revolution, in which he was so important and illustrious an actor.

Lit. Mag.

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HISTORICAL ANECDOTES.

Mahometan History of the Creation and Fall of Man.

The Mahometans believe that the world was inhabited before the creation of man by the *genii*, and that God having ordered them to prostrate themselves before Adam, and acknowledge him as their superiour, the *Peris* or *good genii* obeyed, whilst the *bad genii*, or *Dives*, at the head of whom was *Eblis (the devil)* rebelled, in consequence of which they were driven from paradise, and have ever since continued the enemies of the human race. They say that God, when he resolved to create Adam, sent the angel Gabriel to the earth to bring seven handfuls of the different strata of which the terrestrial globe was composed, against which the earth remonstrated, under the apprehension that the creature for the formation of whom she was to furnish materials would rebel, and draw on her the wrath of God: Gabriel, moved with compassion, carried her remonstrance to heaven. Michael was then sent, and after him Asrafel, who both returning with reports of the earth's reluctancy, the Supreme being, displeased at her obstinacy, dispatched Azrael, who seized by force the seven handfuls of her mass, and bore them to heaven: in consequence of which, Azrael, who, in the execution of this office had dis-

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played the stern unfeelingness of his nature, had the charge consigned to him of separating the souls from the bodies or this new creation, and thence received the appellation of the *angel of death*. From the different colours and qualities of the earths made use of in the creation of man arise, say the Mahometans, the different colours and temperaments of his posterity.

Eblis, being full of resentment against this new creature, associated himself with the *serpent* and the *peacock*, who, after various arts, having at length prevailed upon Adam and Eve to eat of the forbidden fruit, the glorious robes with which they had been clothed immediately dropped off, when, struck with shame and surprise, they hid themselves among some fig-trees, where they did not long remain before they heard the awful voice of God pronouncing their banishment from paradise. They were all in consequence thrown headlong to the earth: Adam fell upon a mountain in the island of Serendib or Ceylon (now called Pico d'Adam); Eve at Gidda, on the Red Sea; Eblis at Missan, near Bissora; Hindostan received the peacock, and Ispahan the serpent. Adam, after suffering much, as a punishment for his disobedience, was at length admitted to meet Eve on Mount Arafat, from whence he conducted her to Serendib, where they passed the remainder of their lives.

The moral of this verse seems to recommend a cheerful enjoyment of the present hour, with-

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out indulging too great curiosity, or giving way to melancholy, by thinking too despairingly on the time to come; for Adam, not contented with the delights of paradise, but wishing to pry into futurity, was suddenly punished for his presumptuous folly, and banished for ever from those mansions of bliss.

PRESERVATIVE
AGAINST EARTHQUAKE AND THUNDER.

PHILLIP the second of Spain is well known to have expended enormous sums in the erection of the convent and palace of the Escurial. He very cautiously provided by the best means against all the ordinary accidents to which such a building was liable. There were two accidents, however, to which every edifice, constructed partly of wood, and raised upon the surface of the earth, is unavoidably exposed: and these are earthquake and lightning. After much reflection on the best method of averting these evils, the sagacious monarch and his counsellors at last hit upon expedients which they deemed infallible. One of these consisted in enclosing, with the utmost solemnity, certain small portions and splinters of the hair, nails, and bones which formerly belonged to St. Laurence, in the urns, placed along the roof of the building. This was to serve as a sure preservative against lightning, while earthquake was

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carefully averted by enclosing certain fragments of the oaken staff, woollen hose, and hairy mattrass of the same martyr, in the cubes and rhombs which formed the corner stones and buttresses of the edifice.

PLATO

Once made a voyage to Sicily, and was introduced to Dionysius, tyrant of Syracuse. Discoursing with him one day on happiness, justice, and real greatness, he maintained that no human being could be so abject and wretched as an unjust prince. Dionysius exclaimed, in a rage, 'You talk like a dotard.'—'And you like a tyrant,' said Plato. This had very nearly cost him his life. Dionysius would not suffer him to go on board a vessel returning to Greece, until the captain had promised either to throw him into the sea or sell him for a slave. He was sold, ransomed by his friends, and brought back to his country. Afterwards Dionysius, not wishing to lose the friendship of the Greeks, wrote to him, desiring him to spare him in his writings, and received this contemptuous answer: 'I have not leisure to remember Dionysius.'

SAPPHO.

Alcaus, the lyrist, conceived a passion for Sappho, and one day wrote to her: 'I wish

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to explain myself, but shame restrains me.' She answered—'Your forehead would not blush, were not your heart culpable.'

She used to say, 'I am actuated by a love of pleasure and of virtue; without virtue nothing is so dangerous as riches; and their union constitutes happiness.'

HERALDRY

Has ever been a favourite science; the early ancients cultivated it with avidity. It was communicated to the Europeans by the eastern nations, at their emigration at the decline of the western empire. In a very scarce book, written in the fifteenth century, by a prioress of Sopewell-nunnery, on Heraldry, the following curious paragraph occurs:

'Of the offspring of the *gentilman* Jafeth, come Habraham, Moyses, Aron, and the profettys, and also the kyng of the right line of Mary, of whom that *gentilman* Jhesus was born, very God and very man. After his manhode kyng of the land, jude and of Jews, *gentilman* by his moder Mary, prince of *cote-armour*,' &c. &c. &c.

FREDERICK THE GREAT

Was fully sensible of the contagious nature of liberty. He knew that the spirit of freedom was epidemical, and he did not choose to em-

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ploy his subjects in any mode that could put them in the way of catching the disorder. When Dr. Franklin applied to him to lend his assistance to America, 'Pray Doctor, (says the veteran) what is the object they mean to attain?' 'Liberty, Sire, (replied the philosopher) liberty—that freedom which is the birthright of man.' The King, after a short pause, made this memorable answer: 'I was born a Prince; I am become a King; and I will not use the power that I possess, to the ruin of my trade. I was born to command—and the people are born to obey.'

OBSERVATIONS

ON THE VICISSITUDES OF HUMAN LIFE,

Exemplified by an Historical Anecdote.

For the shortness of human life a variety of comparisons have been suggested; not only by general observers, but by the wisest of men; yet it would be difficult to find a simile perfectly applicable to the transitions which some characters are destined to undergo.

To behold a good man struggling with adversity, and, as it were, rising superiour to the poignancy of its shafts, is allowed to exalt the human character to the most dignified situation which it is possible for it to attain. Courage

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may enable a man to brave danger; apathy may render him regardless of life; for the heart, which is incapable of attachment, feels not the force of Nature's powerful ties. We, doubtless, are not born all with the same disposition and propensities; the same misfortunes are very differently felt; and a character destitute of sensibility is no more to be admired for bearing them with composure, than the immoveable rock, which the winds of heaven cannot shake. But when we behold a being born to an elevated station, endowed with feelings of the most lively and susceptible kind, piously submitting to the ordinations of a wise Providence, yet supporting the wants of nature by the exertions of his own hand; a kind of enthusiastick admiration seizes us, and we can scarcely find words to express the emotions it inspires.

These observations have been excited by the perusal of the following anecdote in a French work, entitled 'Letters to the Count de B——.'

Sir Thomas Moyle, a celebrated architect, having been employed to build a large castle in the parish of Eastville, had frequently been struck with the superiour language and manners of the master mason who superintended the work. When his mind was not occupied in directions to the labourers, he was always intent upon a book, which Sir Thomas at length contrived to obtain a glance of, and, to his astonishment, discovered it to be Virgil's Æneid.

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This discovery confirmed him in the opinion which he had previously formed; and by those little delicate attentions which excite friendly communication, he at length received from the lips of the mason the following extraordinary account.

'Until the age of sixteen I was boarded with a master, whose chief attention was devoted to the improvement of my mind; and during that period I was regularly visited by a gentleman, whose manners were extremely dignified, every three months. As my understanding expanded, the secrecy which was observed towards me excited a degree of anxiety in my mind; and I expressed to this gentleman the solicitude I suffered, and begged to be informed whether I was *not* his *son*. His conduct to me certainly was not calculated to give rise to this suspicion, for his attentions were always mingled with a degree of respect, which is not likely to influence the manners of a parent towards the being to whom he had given birth. In the strongest terms of assurance he denied being my father; acknowledged that a mystery hung over my head, which very soon would be elucidated to my entire satisfaction; but declined telling me more.

'In less than two months I had the pleasure of seeing my only acquaintance return, for I was kept in a perfect state of captivity; yet, from never having had my liberty, I knew not the gratification which arises from a communi-

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cation with the world. My heart however bounded with satisfaction, when this kind friend informed me I was to quit my abode, for the purpose of being introduced to a friend of my father's; but that after the interview I was to return. Of the nature of distance I could form no accurate idea; to me it appeared an amazing way; but at length the carriage drove up to a most superb building, and I was conducted through a suite of apartments furnished in the most elegant style.

'After placing a chair for me, in a room magnificently ornamented, my kind conductor took his leave, telling me my father's friend would soon wait upon me, which he did, before I had time to revolve these extraordinary circumstances in my mind. He approached me with extended arms, and pressed me to his bosom. *Mine* laboured with sensations language can never describe; but, to give a turn to those emotions evidently depictured on my countenance, he began to ask a variety of questions respecting the cultivation of my mind, with that air of tenderness and anxiety, which proved how deep an interest he took in my concerns. The dress of this stranger was truly magnificent. At the close of our conversation he presented me with a purse, filled with different gold coins, of which I scarcely knew the value; though still sensible they were of no small degree of worth. Upon this distinguished personage's departure my conductor

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made his appearance, and taking my reluctant hand, led me to the coach. Our journey was performed without an explanation; and my mind was tortured with a variety of suggestions to which this extraordinary interview had given rise.

'A few months after this singular circumstance, the friend of my infancy arrived at an early hour; he brought with him a rich dress, in which I was soon habited, and desired me to ascend a phaeton with six horses, which was waiting at the gate. We drove with a rapidity imagination could scarcely conceive possible, and at length arrived at Bosworth Field, and stopped at the tent of my lamented father, who was no less a personage than Richard the Third! 'Behold my son!' said he to the noblemen who surrounded him, at the same time pressing me fondly to his heart; when I instantly recognized the stranger who had excited such singular emotions at our interview a few months before. 'Tomorrow, (said he) my child, I shall fight for my crown and kingdom; if fortune favours the undertaking both will be yours; and if victory crowns my arms, I will openly proclaim you as my adopted heir, though illegitimate son. Should I be vanquished, carefully, I conjure you, conceal the secret of your birth; for you will be surrounded with a set of implacable enemies, who will drink the last drop of your blood!'

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'In vain I conjured him to let me share the fate of battle; on my knees besought him to let me *live* or *die* by his side; but no argument could induce him to comply with my wishes; and again I was entrusted to my conductor's care. 'To your hand (said he, turning to my companion) I commit a sacred and important trust;' presenting me at the same moment with a port-folio, and informing me its contents would prevent me from knowing the miseries of want. 'Go, my son, (continued he) fulfil your destiny;' at the same time embracing me with tears.

'At this command I remained motionless. My guide led, or rather forced me away; as my father's mind was too much occupied with the dangers which hung over him, to allow any length of time to be devoted even to a son. Early the next morning I was conducted to an eminence, where I had an opportunity of observing the dreadful carnage that ensued; and, shocking to relate, in the midst of the slaughter, I beheld the author of my existence fall. A sudden faintness overspread my faculties; my knees trembled; my eyes became dim; and casting an agonized look towards my protector, I fell senseless to the ground. How long I remained in this situation is uncertain. Upon recovering my recollection, I looked in vain for my friend; for, regardless of the sacred promise he had given to my father, he had sought his own safety by flight.

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This was not all; for he had secured the portfolio, and left me as destitute of the means of supporting existence, as a child newly born. I knew not even the place where my infancy had been nurtured, and had not a single friend in the world!

'My father's troops were flying in every direction. Conceive, if possible, the wretched state to which I was reduced. At that moment I fortunately perceived a horse without a rider, and mounted him. I soon found myself in the high road. Not to tire your patience by attempting to describe sensations which it would be impossible for the power of language to paint, I shall merely say that I remained some time in London, exposed to all the miseries of want. Chance at length directed my footsteps to a house of entertainment, which some masons used, with whom I entered into conversation, and enquired whether they would agree to find me in work. I had felt the wants of nature too powerfully not to rejoice at the means by which they were supplied. My assiduity soon obtained me the approbation of my master.

'At the expiration of some years, my knowledge of the business was so perfect, that my employer invited me to reside in his house, and treated me with as much friendship and kindness as if I had actually been his son. This gentleman had risen to the highest eminence in his profession; the suavity of his manners

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could only be equalled by the intelligence of his mind. And he had a daughter—but to attempt describing her various attractions, would be presumption; for in her person were assembled all the virtues and graces which have ever been ascribed to the sex.

'In the society of this lovely creature I experienced that refined gratification, which neither rank nor splendour ever could impart; but my happiness was destined to receive a dreadful interruption, by the sudden death of the author of her birth. Though I had carefully concealed from my beloved's father the secret of my own existence, I resolved to impart it to her; and forever resign those visionary prospects of future grandeur, which imagination frequently had formed. Tenderness and astonishment marked her expressive features, while she listened to the vicissitudes of my life; and, after pouring the balm of sympathy into my bosom, she amply compensated for all my sufferings by blessing me with her hand. By this angelick woman I have three children, who will forever remain strangers to the noble stock from whence they sprung; for, though no sigh for faded honours ever escapes my bosom, I cannot be answerable for the effect which a knowledge of their father's origin might have upon theirs.'

Sir Thomas listened to this singular recital with a mixture of emotion and astonishment, and immediately offered the son of England's

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Tyrant an asylum in his house, with full liberty to act as if he were its master; but this noble-minded man, with expressions of gratitude, refused; declaring he was perfectly satisfied with his present situation; but wished to build a small house for his family at the extremity of his friend's park.

Of the truth of these extraordinary circumstances little doubt can be entertained; and they are still more strongly impressed upon the imagination by the Parish Register of Eastville; which states, that on the 22d of December, 1550, the body of Richard Plantagenet was interred.

Upon this singular character's history I shall not attempt making any farther observation: no reader of sensibility will be able to peruse it with a heart totally unmoved; for though we admire the calm philosophy of his feelings, he doubtless regretted the splendours he had lost. [*Monthly Museum.*]

THE VOLUPTUARY'S SOLILOQUY.

I FIND myself in possession of fortune, youth, and health, and am determined to enjoy them. As pleasure is my object, I must contrive to make it lasting; it is evident, that if I throw away the means, I can no longer compass the end. I perceive that I must not game; for, though I like play, I do not like to lose what a-

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lone can purchase that, which I propose to enjoy; and I do not see, that the chance of winning other people's money, can compensate for the pain I must suffer in being deprived of my own. I have resolved therefore that I will not be a gamester; there is not common sense in the thought.

But if I give up gaming, I am determined to take my swing of pleasure. I must therefore ask myself the question, what is pleasure? Is it high living and hard drinking? There is nothing very elegant in it, I confess; a glutton is but a sorry fellow, and a drunkard is a beast; besides, I am not sure my constitution will bear excess. I shall get the gout, and grow out of all shape; I shall have a red face, full of blotches, a foul breath, and be loathsome to the women. I cannot bear to think of that, for I doat upon them. I prefer the favours of the fair, to the company of soakers, so farewell to drinking; I will be sober, because I love pleasure.

But if I give up wine, I will repay myself for the sacrifice; I will have the finest girls that money can purchase: money did I say? What a sound has that. Am I to buy beauty with money, and cannot I buy love too? for there is no pleasure even in beauty, without love; this unlucky question gravels me.

Mercenary love is nonsense; it is flat hypocrisy, and disgusting; I should loath the fawning caresses of a dissembling harlot, whom I pay for false fondness. It is impossible to feel

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the genuine passion of love for a harlot; she must be a modest woman; and when that befalls me, what then? Why then, if I am violently in love, and cannot be happy without her, there is no choice—I must marry her; for pleasure is my object, and marriage is my lot; I am determined therefore to marry, because I love pleasure.

As I have quitted all other women for a wife, I am resolved to taste this first of pleasures without alloy; I must be cautious therefore that nobody else takes the same pleasure too; for, otherwise, how have I bettered myself? I might as well have remained upon the common.

I should be a fool, indeed, to pay extravagantly for an article, and let others share it with me; I am therefore determined to keep her to myself, for pleasure is my only object; and this, I take it, is of a kind that will not admit of participation.

The next question is, how I must contrive to keep her to myself? Not by force, not by locking her up; there is no pleasure in that notion; compulsion is out of the case; inclination is the only thing; I must make it her interest, and her wish, to be faithful.

I will be kind and attentive to her, because I will not destroy my own pleasure; and I will be very careful of the temptations I expose her to, for the same reason. She shall not lead the life of your town ladies. I have a charming place in the country, where we will pass most

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of our time; there *she* will be safe, and *I* shall be happy. I love pleasure, and therefore I will have little to do with that intriguing town, London. I am determined to make my house in the country as pleasant as possible.

But if I give up the gaieties of a town life, and the club, and the gaming-table, and the girls, for a wife and the country, I will have the sports of the country in perfection; I will keep the best pack of hounds in England, and hunt every day in the week.—But hold a moment there; what will become of my wife, all the while I am following the hounds? Will she follow nobody? Will nobody follow her? A pretty figure I shall make, to be chasing a stag, and come home with horns on my own head. At least, I will not risk the experiment: I shall not like to leave her at home, and I cannot take her with me, for that would spoil my pleasure; and I hate a whipper-in in petticoats. I perceive, therefore, I must give up the hounds, for I am determined nothing shall stand in the way of my pleasure.

Why, then, I must find out some amusements that my wife can partake in; we must ride about the park in fine weather; we must visit the grounds and the gardens, and plan out improvements, and make plantations; it will be rare employment for the poor people.

That is a thought that never struck me before; methinks there must be a great deal of pleasure in providing employment for, and ad-

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ministering to the comforts and instruction of our poor neighbours. I shall like a farm for the same reason, and my wife will take pleasure in a dairy; she shall have the most elegant one in England. I will also build a conservatory, and she shall have the choicest collection of plants and flowers in the country. I have a notion I shall take pleasure in them myself.

Then, there are a thousand things to do within doors; it is a fine old mansion; I will give it an entire repair; it wants new furniture; that will be pleasant work for my wife; I perceive, I could not afford to keep hounds, and do this into the bargain; but this will give most pleasure, and my wife shall partake of it.

I have an excellent library; so that with musick, books, gardening, a few friends, and a young family, for we probably shall have children, I find there are a vast many pleasures in a county life: and what a fool should I be, to throw away my money at the gaming-table, or my health at any table; or my affections upon harlots; or my time upon hounds and horses; or employ either money, health, affections, or time, in any other pleasures or pursuits than these, which I now perceive will lead me to solid happiness in this life, and secure a good chance for it hereafter." *Mon. Mirror.*

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SELECT SENTENCES.

WHAT a strange compound is this frail being of ours! the sport of every passion, the slave of every opinion; governed not only by the events of life, but subject to the air we breathe, and the climate beneath which we live; sometimes elevated, as it were, above our nature, and sometimes depressed into an imbecility which is as far beneath it; now inflamed with rage, and then trembling with fear; alternately the object of praise and condemnation, of envy and of pity, of admiration and contempt.

IT should be a rule to *suspect* persons who insinuate any thing against the reputation of others, of that vice or errour with which they charge their neighbours; for it is very unlikely that their insinuations should flow from a love of virtue. The resentment of the virtuous toward those who are fallen, is that of pity—and pity is best discovered on such occasions by silence.

CONTEMPLATION generates what action diffuses—without the last the first is abortive, and without the first the last is defective.—St. Barnard compares contemplation to Rachel, who was the more fair; but action to Leah, who was the more fruitful.

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THE DRAMA.

ESSAY ON DRAMATICK COMPOSITION.

BY T. HOLCROFT.

Continued from page 53.

Of the Moral Nature of Comedy.

THERE may perhaps be rational doubts entertained, whether the moral effects of comedy might not be greater even than those of tragedy; in which case, comedy would deserve the preference. Tragedy appears to be better calculated to exhibit the grandest efforts of virtue, as well as the most fatal effects of vice: but, in the present state of morals at least, these grand efforts and fatal effects are less familiar, not so often required or seen, nor so productive of general benefit, as the subordinate but diurnal morality, which it should be the province of comedy to teach. It is indeed true, that, when the mind can be made to feel the higher virtues so impressively as that they can never be forgotten, it scarcely could be greatly erroneous in subordinate principles, and practice. Comedy, however, has a so much wider range, insinuates precepts by such familiar and multifarious means, and enforces them so powerfully by satire and ridicule, that it might become a most incomparable engine, for the destruction of vice, if properly employed in dramatick poetry.

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There is another point of comparison, which must not be overlooked. Of the different powers required for the tragick and the comick poet, it seems difficult to pronounce which are required to be the most numerous and the highest, supposing that, in each of them, perfect specimens were to be demanded: but, if we except SHAKESPEARE, the powers of the tragick poet, with respect to invention, variety, and knowledge of the human heart, seem generally to have been inferiour to those of the comick. To both, this knowledge of the human heart is the source of power. It is true, there are a few tragedies, besides those of SHAKESPEARE, among which *Venice Preserved* is perhaps the first, which contain so fine a volume of this knowledge that the candid might be inclined to doubt which way they ought to decide: but, on a summary view, perhaps, including the whole works of SHAKESPEARE, and especially taking MOLIERE into the account, we should say the comick muse has far outstripped her sister.

Of the Moral Nature of Plays.

BY plays is here understood all those theatrical productions, in which there is a prevailing tendency to be serious and declamatory, or tragical. Serious scenes may very properly find their place in comedy; but, when they overpower laughter, humorous incident, and comick character, the piece is properly classed among plays.

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Moral utility may be greatly promoted by every species of dramatick writing; but the authors of plays have often improperly claimed a superiority as moral teachers. It has been strangely maintained, by all adversaries of the drama, and even by some of its friends, that, because comedy is employed to exhibit *folly*, and pourtray *vice*, it is the *friend* of folly and vice. Even had authors any such intention, this would only be possible in a relative and inferiour degree. A relative and inferiour degree of vice and folly, is taught in the temples built and consecrated to the essence of virtue! for, unless the understandings of men were so correct, as accurately to discriminate *where virtue ends*, and where vice and folly begin, to this evil, whoever may be the teacher, those who are instructed must submit. Whatever the place, and wherever seen, vice, when known, is detested, and folly laughed at; and where with so hearty a good will, such branded shame, and such effectual contempt, as on the stage?

There is much laughter in life; and yet there are but few modes of exciting laughter. Some have maintained that the consciousness of superiority is its only source. Generally speaking, a thing laughed at is a thing despised; and who will intentionally imitate that which he despises? Where is there so incessant a fund of laughter to be found as the stage supplies? Or what writings contain, like a comedy, in so small a compass, so vast a volume of mo-

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rality? Could the manual of Epictetus be sufficiently familiarized to the unlettered, admirable as it is, it might exhibit a less mixture of errour, but would even then be of inferiour force; for, by the thoughtless multitude, it must still be read as a task: while they will always resort to the play-house as to a place of supreme pleasure. Even the sermon on the Mount, justly revered as it is by the most ignorant and the wise, perfectly comprehensible for the simplicity and truth of its precepts, and adored as an emanation from divinity, is yet seldom read, little remembered, and, when read, resorted to rather as an act of piety than a source of pleasure.

These considerations seem to decide in favour of the moral utility of comedy, over every other species of publick exhibition: plays can only enjoy the third rank; for though they may partake of tragedy and comedy, as they cannot so often produce the moral effects of laughter, nor can to the full, attain the dignified and elevated sentiments of tragedy, they must, as they generally are, be deemed inferiour.

Of the Moral Nature of the Comick-Opera.

Whatever contributes to the happiness of man is of a moral nature: pleasure, therefore, of every kind, which has no decided tendency to produce future pain, is a good that deserves cultivation, in proportion to its magnitude.

Of the mental pleasures, which society at large can enjoy, literature and the fine arts claim

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an undoubted precedency. Few indeed are the people who do not derive pleasure from musick; and by the lower orders, musick is seldom heard to such advantage as at the theatre. Their weariness is relieved, their passions soothed, and their hearts are delighted, while they listen. It seems indeed astonishing to recollect that the legislature continues to narrow, and in part to interdict, such sources of innocent delight, and such means of moral instruction.

As in an opera much of the time of performance is devoted to musick, and as likewise, in such productions, a strong portion of insipidity has always prevailed, the highest moral utility is still further lessened: when they are well written, however, this utility is not small; for, as musick itself produces the effects, already described, a just personification of the manners and follies of men may give such aid, to the part which is good, as to render the whole excellent.

BEAUTIES OF THE DRAMA.

SCENE *between Sir Edward Mortimer and Wilford, from the "Iron Chest," by G. Colman the Younger.*

Mort. Wilford, approach me.—What am I to say
For aiming at your life!—Do you not scorn me,
Despise me for it?

Wil. I! Oh, Sir!——

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Mort. You must.
For I am singled from the herd of men,
A vile, heart-broken wretch ;
Wil. Indeed, indeed, Sir,
You deeply wrong yourself. Your equal's love,
The poor man's prayer, the orphan's tear of gratitude,
All follow you :—and I !—I owe you all !
Mort. Mark me, Wilford.—
I know the value of the orphan's tear,
The poor man's prayer, respect from the respected :
I feel to merit these, and to obtain them,
Is to taste here below, that thrilling cordial
Which the remunerating Angel draws
From the eternal fountain of delight,
To pour on blessed souls, that enter heaven,
I feel this :—I !—How muft thy nature, then,
Revolt at him who seeks to stain his hand,
In human blood?—And yet it seems, this day
I sought your life.—O ! I have suffered madness—
None know my tortures—pangs !—but I can end them :
End them as far appertains to thee.—
I have resolv'd it.—Hell born struggles tear me !
But I have ponder'd on't,—and I must trust thee.
Wil. Your confidence shall not be ——
Mort. You must swear.
Wil. Swear, Sir !—will nothing but an oath then ——
Mort. Listen.
May all the ills that wait on frail humanity
Be doubled on your head, if you disclose
My fatal secret ! May your body turn
Most lazar-like, and loathsome ; and your mind
More loathsome than your body ! May those fiends
Who strangle babes, for very wantonness,
Shrink back, and shudder at your monstrous crime,

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And, shrinking, curse you! Palsies strike your youth!
And the sharp terrours of a guilty mind
Poison your aged days; while all your nights,
As on the earth you lay your houseless head.
Out-horrour horrour! May you quit the world
Abhorr'd, self-hated, hopeless for the next,
Your life a burthen, and your death a fear!

Wil. For mercy's sake, forbear! you terrify me.

Mort. Hope this may fall upon thee;—Swear thou hopest it,
By every attribute which heaven, earth, hell,
Can lend, to bind and strengthen conjuration,
If thou betray'st me.

Wil. Well I ——*(hesitating.)*

Mort. No retreating!

Wil. (after a pause.)
I swear by all the ties that bind a man,
Divine, or human,—never to divulge!

Mort. Remember you have sought this secret: —Yes,
Extorted it. I have not thrust it on you.
'Tis big with danger to you; and to me,
While I prepare to speak, torment unutterable.
Know, Wilford that —— damnation!

Wil. Dearest Sir!
Collect yourself. This shakes you horribly.
You had this trembling, it is scarce a week,
At Madam Helen's.

Mort. There it is.—Her uncle—

Wil. Her uncle!

Mort. Him. She knows it not—None know it—
You are the first ordain'd to hear me say,
I am —— his murderer.

Wil. O, heaven!

Mort. His assassin,

Wil. What, you that—mur—the murder—I am choak'd!

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Mort. Honour, thou blood-stain'd God! at whose red altar
Sit War and Homicide, O, to what madness
Will insult drive thy votaries! By heaven,
In the world's range there does not breathe a man
Whose brutal nature I more strove too soothe,
With long forbearance, kindness, courtesy,
Than he who fell by me. But he disgrac'd me.
Stain'd me,—oh, death and shame!—the world look'd on,
And saw this sinewy savage strike me down;
Rain blows upon me, drag me to and fro,
On the base earth, like carrion. Desperation,
In every fibre of my frame, cried vengeance!
I left the room, which he had quitted. Chance,
(Curse on the chance!) while boiling with my wrongs,
Thrust me against him, darkling in the street:—
I stabb'd him to the heart:—and my oppressor
Roll'd, lifeless, at my foot,
Wil. Oh? mercy on me!
How could this deed be cover'd!
Mort. Would you think it?
E'en at the moment when I gave the blow,
Butcher'd a fellow creature in the dark,
I had all good men's love. But my disgrace,
And my opponent's death, thus link'd with it,
Demanded notice of the magistracy.
They summon'd me, as friend would summon friend,
To acts of import, and communication.
We met: and 'twas resolv'd to stifle rumour,
To put me on my trial. No accuser,
No evidence appear'd, to urge it on.—
'Twas meant to clear my fame.—How clear it, then?
How cover it? you say.—Why, by a Lie:—
Guilt's offspring, and its guard. I taught this breast,

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Which Truth once made her throne, to forge a lie;
This tongue to utter it.---Rounded a tale,
Smooth as a Serapin's song from Satan's mouth;
So well compacted, that the o'er throng'd court
Disturb'd cool justice, in her judgment-seat,
By shouting "Innocence!" ere I had finish'd.
The Court enlarged me; and the rabble
Bore me, in triumph, home. Aye!---look upon me.---
I know thy sight aches at me!

Wil. Heaven forgive me!
I think I love you still:---but I am young;
I know not what to say:---it may be wrong.---
Indeed I pity you.

Mort. I disdain all pity.---
I ask no consolation. Idle boy!
Think'st thou that this compulsive confidence
Was given to move thy pity?---Love of Fame
(For still I cling to it) has urged me, thus,
To quash thy curious mischief in its birth.
Hurt honour, in an evil, cursed hour,
Drove me to murder---lying:---'twould again.
My honesty,---sweet peace of mind,---all, all!
Are barter'd for a name. I *will* maintain it.
Should slander whisper o'er my sepulchre,
And my soul's agency survive in death,
I could embody it with heaven's lightning,
And the hot shaft of my insulted spirit
Should strike the blaster of memory
Dead in the church-yard. Boy, I would not kill thee:
Thy rashness and discernment threaten'd danger:
To check them there was no way left but this:---
Save one---your death:---you shall not be my victim.

Wil. My death! What take my life?---My life! to prop

This empty honour.
Mort. Empty! Groveling fool!
Wil. I am your servant, Sir: child of your bounty;
And know my obligation. I have been
Too curious, haply; 'tis the fault of youth.
I ne'er meant injury: if it would serve you,
I would lay down my life; I'd give it freely:—
Could you, then, have the heart to rob me of it?
You could not;—should not.
Mort. How!
Wil. You dare not.
Mort. Dare not!
Wil. Some hours ago you durst not. Passion moved you;
Reflection interposed, and held your arm.
But, should reflection prompt you to attempt it,
My innocence would give me strength to struggle,
And rest the murderous weapon from your hand.
How would you look to find a peasant boy
Return the knife you levell'd at his heart;
And ask you which in heaven would shew the best,
A rich man's honour, or a poor man's honesty?
Mort. 'Tis plain I dare not take your life. To spare it,
I have endanger'd mine. But dread my power;—
You know not its extent. Be warn'd in time:
Trifle not with my feelings. Listen, Sir!
Myriads of engines, which my secret working
Can rouse to action, now encircle you.
I speak not vaguely. You have heard my principle;
Have heard, already, what it can effect:
Be cautious how you thwart it. Shun my brother;
Your ruin hangs upon a thread; Provoke me,
And it shall fall upon you. Dare to make
The slightest movement to awake my fears,

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And the gaunt criminal, naked and stake-tied,
Left on the heath to blister in the sun,
'Till lingering death shall end this agony,
Compar'd to thee, shall seem more enviable
Than Cherubs to the damn'd.
Wil. O, misery!
Discard me Sir! I must be hateful to you.
Banish me hence. I will be mute as death;
But let me quit your service.
Mort. Never.---Fool!
To buy this secret, you have sold yourself.
Your movements, eyes, and, most of all, your breath
From this time forth, are fetter'd to my will.
You have said, truly: you are hateful to me:—
Yet you shall feel my bounty:—that shall flow,
And swell your fortunes.
What I have just now given you in charge,
Be sure to keep fast lock'd. I shall be angry,—
Be very angry if I find you careless.

ECKHOF

THE GERMAN ROSICUS.

THIS sublime and inimitable actor was born at Hamburgh, in 1720, and appeared first at Luneburg in 1740; superiour talents added to severe study soon made him the first actor of Germany, and his excellence was equal in tragedy and comedy. He died the 16th of June, 1773. Melpomene, still deplores her three favourite sons, viz. Garrick, Le Kain, and Eckhof, who all died the same year. The honours that were rendered him, after his death,

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are a proof of the esteem in which men of talents are held in Germany; especially when, like Eckhof, they are men of virtue.

There was no theatrical performance till the 18th, when the whole company appeared in mourning on the stage of Gotha, which was hung with black. Mr. Bock, who was appointed director after the death of Eckhof, appeared at their head, and pronounced the following short oration, written by Mr. Reichard, author of the Theatrical Journal and Almanack:

"Patrons and Friends,

"A melancholy but sacred duty brings us, thus in a body, before you; it bids us weep for our comrade, our master and our father! Eckhof is no more. He is gone! He, who, in the the infancy of the German stage, when it but resembled a wandering tribe among the first races of men, beginning but in barbarity, subjected to the yoke of ancient prejudices; he, who taught order to rise out of this confusion, and led us into the path of glory! He it was who improved the talents of the old, formed those of the young, and gave encouragement to all, by offering in himself a model of such perfection! Eckhof is no more. He is gone, where probity and virtue receive their best reward! Of this probity, this virtue, here, on these boards, what energetick lessons did he nightly give! How did his private conduct still more divinely instruct!

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"He is now before the tribunal of posterity, by which severe and incorruptible judge his talents will be appreciated, and will be found as pure and unmixed as man may hope! To futurity his memory will be sacred. We come not here to repeat his eulogium: he wants it not. It is the prerogative of fine talents, and of estimable men, but to be named in order to make their loss felt. We come to render a publick and solemn testimony, the truth of which we have so lively a cause to feel, of the loss which the dramatick art, and the German stage, have suffered. The curtain will one day drop for each of us: the part of every man must end. May we all, not only as actors, but as citizens, men, and Christians, finish our career like the man we mourn."

After this discourse, mournful musick, composed by Mr. Schweitzer, was heard; and on the 19th he was interred, at the expence of the Free-masons' lodge *(Zum Rautenkranz)* of Gotha, the members of which had asked permission to bestow this honour on their deceased speaker and brother. The members of the lodge followed the coffin in procession.

DRAMATICK ANECDOTES.

A FEW years since, Mr. Waldron, manager of a theatre at Uxbridge, England, was standing at the door of his theatre in company with

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Benson of Drury-lane, and some others, when the Birmingham coach passed by. One of the passengers on the roof called out, 'How are you, O P and P S?' 'Who the devil would have supposed (said Waldron) that fellow should know any thing of O P and P S?' 'I wonder you are surprised at it, (replied Benson) is not he on the stage?'

Some strollers being lately taken before a magistrate in the country, one of the company named Kearns was first examined, and being asked his name, replied 'It was Bajaset last night.' 'And what is your profession?' interrogated the justice. 'I plays all the tyrants in tragedy.' 'And what do you get by that, friend?' 'Seven shillings a week, your honour, and finds my own jewels.'

An itinerant player, well known in the west of England, performed in one evening for his benefit, Boniface and Sir Charles Freeman in the Beaux Stratagem, between the acts of which he sung Dibdin's Jack the Guinea Pig, and danced a hornpipe; at the end of the play he recited Collins's Ode on the Passions, played Shift, Smirk and Mother Cole, in the Minor, and concluded with a poetical address to the audience!

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POETRY.

FOR THE POLYANTHOS.

THE WOUNDED SNOW BIRD.

An cruel man! how could'st thou wrang
This wee poor bird, whose artless sang,
Was pour'd the leafless trees amang,
With unco glee,
When Winter o'er our plains did gang,
Wi' ruthless ee.

Poor bird! 'twas ance you did na care
For nature's elemental war,
But when the cold snows fill'd the air,
Would fearless fly,
Whilst the chill northern blast, would bear
Thee thro' the sky.

Thou'rt a' that's left of simmer gay;
For they, which sported in her ray,
Scar'd at dread Winter's frown, away
Alas did flee;
All; like false friends in poortiths day,
Sweet bird, but thee.

Auld winter ca'd thee his dear child;
Wi' him thou rod'st the tempests wild,

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And he did ever treat thee mild,
And would na' wrang,
For you his weary hours beguil'd,
Wi' thy sweet sang.

But man's mare merciless than he,
There is no pity in his ee;
His heart is made of cruelty;
Which he maun shaw,
By giving death, poor bird, to thee,
Mang the cald snaw.

But oh! at ance he did na kill,
And life to thee remaineth still,
But life fast flows in purple rill,
And draps so sma'
Which from thy body doth distill,
And stain the snaw.

Where's now thy comfort to be found?
Poor birdie, grievous is the wound;
Thou canst na search for berries round,
But thou dost lie,
Cald, poor, and hungry on the ground,
And needs maun die.

I saw him writh'd by pains keen dart,
I strove my fostering aid t' impart,
I wish'd to cheer his fainting heart,
But 'twould na do;
For his poor soul would na my art,
And anguish'd flew.

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Knd so, when misery's storm doth lour,
As poortith pours the pitiless shower,
E'en Virtue sinks beneath its power,
And Hope away,
Fa's, like the wan scythe smitten flower,
To death a prey.

But he, who hears the good man's prayer,
To thy sma' cry shall bend his ear,
For thou wert aye beneath his care
And in his han',
And did his kind protection share,
As well as man!

BION.

REMONSTRANCE TO WINTER.

Ah! why, unfeeling Winter, why
Still flags thy torpid wing?
Fly, melancholy Season, fly—
And yield the year to Spring.

Spring,—the young cherubim of love,
An exile in disgrace,—
Flits o'er the scene, like Noah's dove,
Nor finds a resting place.

When on the mountain's azure peak,
Alights her fairy form,

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Cold blows the wind,—and dark and bleak,
Around her rolls the storm.

If to the valley she repair,
For shelter and defence,
Thy wrath pursues the mourner there,
And drives her, weeping, thence.

She seeks the brook—the faithless brook,
Of her unmindful grown,
Feels the chill magick of thy look,
And lingers into stone.

She woos her embryo-flowers, in vain,
To rear their infant heads;
—Deaf to her voice, her flowers remain
Enchanted in their beds.

In vain she bids the trees expand
Their green luxuriant charms;
—Bare in the wilderness they stand,
And stretch their withering arms.

Her favourite birds, in feeble notes,
Lament thy long delay;
And strain their little stammering throats,
To charm thy rage away.

Ah! why, usurping Winter, why
Still flags thy frozen wing?
Fly, unrelenting tyrant, fly—
And yield the year to Spring!

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TO A BUTTERFLY IN A WINDOW.

BY CHARLOTTE SMITH.

Escaped thy place of wintry rest,
And in the brightest colours dress'd,
Thy new-born wings prepar'd for flight,
Ah! do not, butterfly, in vain
Thus flutter on the crystal pane,
But go! and soar to life and light.

High in the buoyant summer gale,
Through cloudless ether thou may'st sail,
Or rest among the fairest flowers;
To meet thy winnowing friends may'st speed,
Or at thy choice luxurious feed—
In woodlands wild, or garden bowers.

Beneath some leaf of ample shade
Thy pearly eggs shall then be laid,
Small rudiments of many a fly;
Whilst thou, thy frail existence past,
Shalt shudder in the chilly blast,
And fold thy painted wings and die.

Soon fleets thy transient life away;
Yet, short as is thy vital day,
Like flowers that form thy fragrant food,
Thou, poor ephemeron, shalt have filled,
The little space thy Maker willed,
And all thou knowest of life be good.

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TO A REDBREAST,

THAT FLEW IN AT MY WINDOW.

By James Grahame.

FROM snowy plains, and icy sprays,
From moonless nights, and sunless days,
Welcome, poor bird! I'll cherish thee;
I love thee, for thou trustest me.
Thrice welcome, helpless, panting guest!
Fondly I'll warm thee in my breast:—
How quick thy little heart is beating!
As if its brother flutterer greeting.
Thou need'st not dread a captive's doom;
No! freely flutter round my room;
Perch on my lute's remaining string,
And sweetly of sweet summer sing,
That note, that summer note I know;
It wakes, at once, and soothes my woe,—
I see those woods, I see that stream,
I see,—ah, still prolong the dream!
Still, with thy song, those scenes renew,
Though through my tears they reach my view

No more now, at my lonely meal,
While thou art by, alone I'll feel;
For soon, devoid of all distrust,
Thou'lt, nibbling, share my humble crust;
Or on my finger, pert and spruce,
Thou'lt learn to sip the sparkling juice;
And when (our short collation o'er)

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Some favourite volume I explore,
Be't work of poet or of sage,
Safe thou shalt hop across the page,
Unchecked, shall flit o'er VIRGIL's groves,
Or flutter 'mid TIBULLUS' loves.
Thus, heedless of the raving blast,
Thou'lt dwell with me till winter's past;
And when the primrose tells, 'tis spring,
And when the Thrush begins to sing,
Soon as I hear the woodland song,
I'll set thee free to join the throng.

TO HIS MISTRESS.

[FROM POEMS BY JAMES SHIRLEY. 1546.]

I WOULD the God of Love would die,
And give his bow and shafts to me,
I ask no other legacy.

This happy fate I then would prove,
That since thy heart I cannot move,
I'd cure, and kill my own with love.

Yet why should I so cruel be,
To kill myself with loving thee,
And thou a tyrant still to me?

Perhaps could thou affection shew
To me, I should not love thee so,
And that would be my medicine too.

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Then choose to love me, or deny,
I will not be so fond to die
A martyr to thy cruelty:
If thou be'st weary of me, when
Thou art so wise to love again,
Command, and I'll forsake thee then.

UPON HIS MISTRESS DANCING.

BY THE SAME.

I stood, and saw my mistress dance,
Silent, and with so fix'd an eye,
Some might suppose me in a trance,
But being asked why,
By one that knew I was in love,
I could not but impart
My wonder, to behold her move
So nimbly with a marble heart.

EPITAPH ON COWPER.

BY J. H. L. HUNT.

Here, where thought no more devours,
Rests the Poet and the Man;
Life, with all its subtle powers,
Ending where it first began.

Stranger, if thou lov'st a tear,
Weep thee o'er his death awhile:
If thine eye would still be clear,
Think upon his life and smile.

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THEATRICAL RETROSPECT,

For January, 1807.

Sunt hic etiam sua præmia laudi...*Virg. Æn.* 1. *v.* 461.

BOSTON THEATRE.

Dec. 29.—THE *Provok'd Husband* was repeated by particular request, to a fashionable audience. The afterpiece was *The Critick* in which Messrs. Bernard and Dickenson, as *Puff* and *Sir Fretful Plagiary*, appeared with uncommon excellence. *Tilburina* by Mrs. Shaw was, as intended, a very good burlesque upon tragedy, but yet fell far short of her Lady Randolph, which is unquestionably the most successful attempt at tragedy-run-mad we ever witnessed.

Dec. 31.—*The Finger Post* and *Lodoiska*. We think The Finger Post might be cut down to a tolerable farce; it does not contain sufficient interest for a comedy of three acts. It depends principally for success on a few coarse jokes, which sometimes fail of their intended effect, and dwindle to insipidity.

We had not room in our last to notice the revival of *Lodoiska*, the cast of which in some respects is superiour to that of last season. It was unfortunate for Mr. Dykes to appear in *Varbel*, immediately after so popular a favourite and so excellent a comick singer as Mr. Twaits. Prejudice and prepossession were u-

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nited against him; but he successfully opposed both, and gained a considerable share of applause. *Risk* might perhaps display Mr. D's talents to advantage.

Floreski and *Kera Khan* are better than in the former cast. Fox, who personated the Tartar chief, now supplies the place of Darley in *Count Floreski*, though with less melody in singing, yet with more spirit in acting. Mr. Caulfield supports *Kera Khan* very respectably.

Jan. 2.—*The Finger Post* and *Blue Beard.*

Jan. 5.—*The Fair Penitent* and *Lodoiska.* It is truly lamentable to observe the mangled and imperfect state in which some excellent plays have been brought forward the present season. The audience that *endured* the representation of the Fair Penitent this evening ought certainly to have credit for bringing with them a large stock of good nature; for never was more horrid murder committed on blank-verse since the days of Peter Quince. Mr. Usher is a man of unremitting industry in his profession, and his *Sciolto* was the only part in the piece which had been maturely studied.

Jan. 7.—*The Miser*, *Lover's Jest*, and *The Sultan.* *Lovegold* and *Lappet* never had better representatives than Mr. Bernard and Mrs. Shaw. It is astonishing that Mrs. S. who can so justly command applause in low and middle comedy, should ever pant for the honours of the buskined heroine.

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Mrs. Stanley's *Rowaland*, in the farce, received loud and reiterated plaudits.

Jan. 9.—*School of Reform*, *The Purse*, and *Dermot and Kathleen*.

Jan. 12.—*The Stirret* and *Robin Hood*. It is but justice to Mr. Bernard to say that the comedy this evening received its principal support from his inimitable performance of *Old Lizard*! Mr. Caulfield in *Jack* had but little to say, and said it very well. We wish he might appear more frequently in light comedy.

Jan. 14.—*The Voice of Nature* and *The Maid of Hungary*, a pantomime by Mr Turnbull. If, as Mr. T. asserts, his pantomime was 'performed upwards of ninety nights in London with unbounded applause,' it must have been very GRATE-FUL to his feelings to see a theatre full of empty seats, on its first night in Boston. But there is no accounting for the capriciousness of taste!

Jan. 16.—*Which is the Man?* and *La Peyrouse*. Mrs. Stanley's *Lady Bell* was a fascinating performance, and added much to her increasing reputation as a votaress of the comick muse. Messrs. Fox and Usher were respectable.

In the pantomime, Mr. Caulfield as *La Peyrouse*, and Mrs. Stanley in *Umba*, displayed uncommon powers of acting without the aid of speech. Mr. and Mrs. Usher also gave perfect satisfaction. The scenery, which was entirely

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now, does honour to the talents and judgment of Mr. Milbourne.

Jan. 19.—*The Castle Spectre* and *La Peyrouse*. A gentleman of Boston made his first theatrical attempt in the difficult character of *Osmond*, and succeeded much beyond general expectation. By nature and education he has all the requisites for a first rate performer; and industry, with proper attention to dramatick authors, will soon bring him to a high degree of excellence in the histrionick art. It is unnecessary to analyse his performance, and point out the various defects of which he undoubtedly knows he was guilty; they can be corrected only by time and experience. We cannot withhold our approbation of Mrs. Powell's *Angela*, which was chaste and pathetick. Mr. Fox did justice to the part of *Hassan*, which for some seasons back has not had the support due to its consequence in the play. Mr. Turnbull in the fat monk was as devoid of life as of humour; it seemed as if he came to bring us 'the compliments of the sleeping season.' Mr. Dykes would have made the part more like what it ought to be.

Jan. 21.—*Hamlet* and *The Purse*. *Hamlet*, Mr. Cooper, his first appearance here this season; *Polonius*, Dickenson; *Ghost*, Usher; *Ophelia*, Mrs. Stanley.

Jan. 23.—*The Gamester* and *Shipwreck*. *Beverly*, Mr. Cooper; *Stukely*, Usher; *Lewson*, Fox; *Mrs. Beverly*, Mrs. Powell.

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Jan. 26.—*Macbeth* and *Dermot and Kathleen. Macbeth*, Mr. Cooper; *Lady Macbeth*, Mrs. Stanley.

Jan. 28. *Othello* and *Village Lawyer*. *Othello*, Mr. Cooper; *Iago*, Mr. Usher; *Desdemona*, Mrs. Powell.

CHARLESTON.

Most of the new plays produced last year in London have been performed at this theatre. Mr. Hatton, from the Haymarket theatre, is the first tragedian, and is very successful.

A new drama in five acts was performed for the first time, Dec. 26, called 'The Mysteries of the Castle, or the Victim of Revenge,' written by J. B. White, author of 'Foscari.' The Prologue and Epilogue, written by friends of the author, were spoken, the former by Mr. Young, the latter by Mr. Hatton.

PROLOGUE.

Is there a passion which exalts mankind,
And strongly marks the Heav'n descended mind?
Does any virtue more deserve the care
Of all the wise, the generous and the fair?
Is there a wish the noble soul displays?
It is the well directed love of praise.
Undaunted by the gloomy critick's frown,
An humble candidate for just renown;

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Again, with anxious breast, your youthful Bard,
Eager to please, solicits your regard:
Not more perturbed is the mother's heart,
When from her eldest darling she must part;
When the brave youth, with martial ardour glows,
To gain a name, and face his country's foes.
This night your tears are not required to flow,
Congenial with the simple tale of woe;
Our teeming scenes, embrace a wider range,
A Castle, Mystery, Victim, and Revenge.
Now terrour, wonder, equally command,
Arouse attention, and your thoughts demand.
Tho' these a sure engaging pleasure lend,
Our Bard does not on these alone depend;
If natural ideas are express'd
By nature's voice, in nature's language drest;
If moral truth, and pleasing fiction blend,
To charm the fancy, and the heart to mend,
Tho' faults appear, He fondly hopes to find,
His friends applauding, e'en the critick's kind.

EPILOGUE.

THE curtain drop't, the mystick tale is o'er,
'Tis done! the mimick Hero struts no more.
Now, lest assuming wits disdainful jeer,
And, without skill, pretended criticks sneer,
Ye wise, forgive, while boldly I explain
The moral lessons which our scenes contain:
Unhappy he, whom jealousy controls,
And through his breast its fatal poison rolls!

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The baleful passion o'er his reason sways,
Condemn'd to doubt, to love, to curse, to praise!
Estrang'd from ev'ry good, his manners change,
Within whose bosom lurks the fiend Revenge!
A thousand ruthless thoughts his mind deform,
He courts the gloom of night, and glories in the storm.

And ye, who led by ardent passions, stray,
With devious footsteps, far from virtue's way,
Learn from our scene—return—be wise, and trust,
That Heav'n, forever, will protect the just.

Such are the moral truths our author draws,
To win your gen'rous favour and applause,
One hour of social pleasure to impart,
And strike with Nature's force the feeling heart.
For you, he cheerful trimm'd the midnight oil,
To you he dedicates her future toil:
E'en now, with looks, that struggled to be gay,
He anxious seiz'd my hand, and bade me say:—
(And as he spoke, he check'd a rising sigh,
While the big tear stood trembling in his eye)
"May all who now behold our chequer'd scene
"With manly dignity and soul serene
"Safe from external and domestick strife,
"Glide calmly down the unruffled stream of life!
"May peace and virtue on your steps attend,
"And Liberty your sacred rights defend!

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"May genius joy beneath your cheering hand,
"And science shed her lustre o'er the land;
"May distant nations view your joys increase,
"And hail Columbia as the Land of Peace."

THEATRICAL CHIT-CHAT.

Mr. Fennel is performing at Philadelphia to overflowing houses.

The exchange made by Messrs. Bernard and Cooper gives great satisfaction to the people of New-York and Boston. Mr. B. made his first appearance on the New-York stage in his favourite character of Lord Ogleby.

EDITOR's NOTES.

The Biography of Mrs. Stanley could not be prepared in time for the present number—It shall appear next month.

A Portrait of Mrs. Powell of the Boston Theatre is in preparation for the Polyanthos.

Nancy Notional *shall receive all due attention from her cousin* Nehemiah.

We have received two poetical productions from Psyche, *both of which possess considerable merit. They however contain some* inadmissible *errours,*

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which we shall take the liberty to correct before they are published. We would suggest to PATCHE *the propriety of omitting for the present "Poetical characterizing"—Is it not a little out of season?*

We acknowledge with much pleasure a communication from a gentleman of Boston—one whose acquaintance we have frequently courted, whose favour we have often "strove to win"—but which we had long since given up as lost. He is requested to loan us the book he mentioned.

The gentleman at New York, who furnished the Theatrical Communication in No. 11, is respectfully requested to continue his correspondence.

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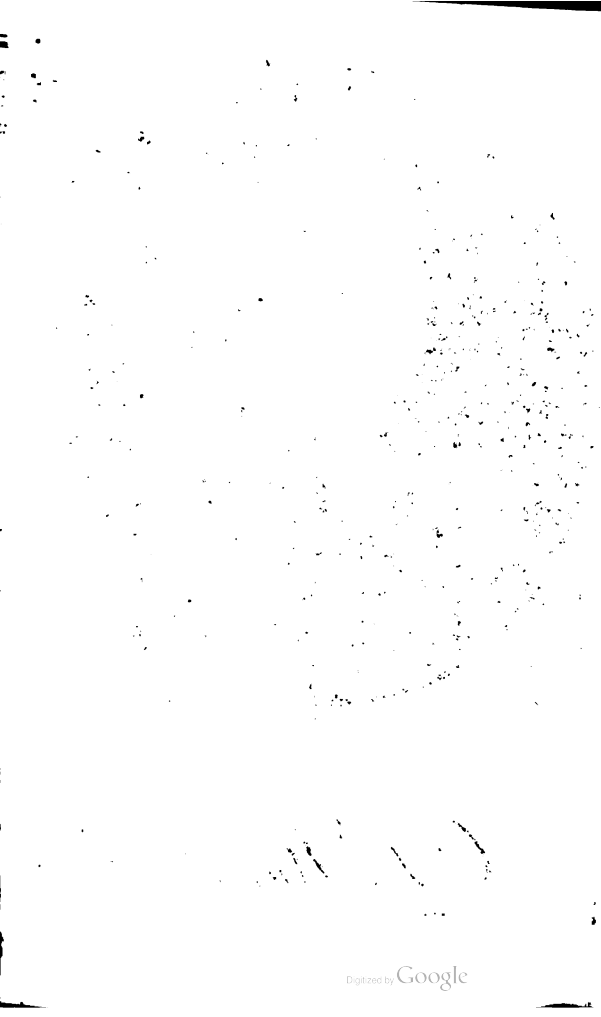
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D. Humphreys

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THE

POLYANTHOS.

FEBRUARY, 1807.

BIOGRAPHICAL OUTLINE OF *COLONEL DAVID HUMPHREYS,*

Late Minister Plenipotentiary of the United States at the Court of Spain.

While Freedom's cause his patriot bosom warms,
In lore of nations skilled, and brave in arms,
See Humphreys glorious from the field retire,
Sheathe the glad sword, and string the sounding lyre—
That lyre, which erst, in hours of dark despair,
Roused the sad realms to urge th' unfinished war.
O'er fallen friends, with all the strength of woe,
His heartfelt sighs in moving numbers flow.
His country's wrongs, her duties, dangers, praise,
Fire his full soul, and animate his lays.
Immortal Washington with joy shall own
So fond a favourite, and so great a son.

Barlow's Vision of Columbus.

TO gratify that laudable curiosity, predominating in the human mind, to know every thing relative to those who have com-

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tributed to our prosperity, happiness or amusement, was one of the principal objects for which this work was first intended When we have become acquainted with a man's publick character and conduct, we are solicitous to know what are his private pursuits, studies and humours. We would follow him to his closet, observe his domestick conduct, and learn his habits and manners when in the circle of his most intimate friends. The editor has to regret that difficulties almost insurmountable have frequently obstructed his progress, and prevented the attainment of this object. In the present case particularly he laments that more ample materials are not in his possession.*

'Whoever has been conversant with the history of literature cannot fail to have observed an uniform tendency in men of genius to associate and link themselves together in some strong community of study and of life. Point out to me a man distinguished in any of the walks of science, and I habitually inquire who are his companions. Authors will have persons of some congeniality of character or views, with whom to consult; and generally they will seek at least one or two on whose

* For those parts of this sketch marked as quotations, we are indebted to an unknown writer. The facts stated are however believed to be correct. They were first published in an English Magazine, and supposed to have been written by a native American....*Polyanthos.*

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judgment they dare rely, even if they envy his or their genius.

'The peculiar talents of Mr. Trumbull and Mr. Dwight, and the enthusiasm with which they cultivated the politer studies, attracted many elevated and amiable minds to their society. Among these, some were incited to similar pursuits; and among the first was the subject of the present article.

'DAVID HUMPHREYS was born at Derby, state of Connecticut, about the year 1752, was admitted into Yale College in 1767, and graduated 1771. Of the circumstances of his early education I am ignorant; nor is my information relative to his collegiate life sufficiently minute to render it interesting. That he formed his acquaintance, at this time, with the Muses, and with his friends Dwight and Trumbull, is certain; for, having entered the family of Col. Phillips, state of New-York, on leaving college, he addressed a poetical letter to the former, in which he displays, with great ease of narrative and minuteness of circumstance, his situations, plans, prospects and wishes. This epistle was never published, and perhaps is not now in existence. How long Mr. Humphreys continued in this situation, and at what time, and with what rank he entered the American army, my recollection does not now enable me to determine. But, as early as 1778 he was Aid-de-camp to General Putnam, with the rank of Major; and in 1780 he was

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promoted to be Aid-de-camp to the commander in chief, with the rank of Colonel. In the family of General Washington he continued till the end of the war; and after the resignation of his commission by the General, accompanied him to Virginia.'

Col. Humphreys signalized himself at the siege of York, as appears by the following Resolve of Congress:

By the United States in Congress assembled, November 7, 1781.

RESOLVED, That an elegant sword be presented, in the name of the United Staes in Congress assembled, to Colonel Humphreys, Aid-de-Camp to General Washington, to whose care the standards taken under the capitulation of York, were committed, as a testimony of their opinion of his fidelity and ability; and that the Board of War take order therein.

Charles Thomson, Sec'ry.

'On the appointment of Mr. Jefferson to succeed Dr. Franklin as ambassador to France, Col Humphreys was nominated as Secretary to the Legation; and he left his native country for the first time, and sailed for Europe, in company with his friend the celebrated and unfortunate Kosciusko, in the summer of 1784. This he pleasingly mentions in his epistle to Dr. Dwight, written on board of the Courier

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the l' Europe, the ship in which he left America.—

"Him first, whom once you knew in war so well,
Our Polish friend, whose name still sounds so hard,
To make it rhyme would puzzle any bard;
That youth whom bays and laurels early crowned,
In virtue, science, arts and arms renowned."

Col. Humphreys returned from Europe in 1786, and was almost immediately elected a representative from his native town to the Connecticut Legislature; a situation to which he was re-elected the following year, and in which he honourably acquitted himself. At this time Congress resolved on the levy of some additional regiments for the western service, and Col. Humphreys was appointed to the command of that which was raised in New-England. This appointment furnished him with employment till some time in 1788; when the occasion for which the levy had been made no longer existing, the corps was reduced, and his commission terminated. But during this command, his time was principally spent at Hartford, in company with Mr. Trumbull, Barlow, Hopkins, and others of his friends; poetry and politicks divided their attention; and the purposes of both were united and pursued in the publication of the *Anarchiad*, and the various pieces of wit and satire which distinguished that period.

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'After the reduction of his corps, Colonel Humphreys made a visit to his illustrious friend at Mount Vernon. There, honoured with the confidence of its possessor, he remained till the orgaization of the new government, and election of Mr. Washington to the Presidency. He then accompanied the President to New-York, and was a member of his family till his publick appointment to Portugal in 1790.'

Col. Humphreys was afterwards appointed Minister Plenipotentiary at Madrid; and resided in Europe till about the year 1802, when he returned to America, and took up his residence in Boston. For reasons not at present known, he disposed of his house and furniture last summer, and is now on a visit to Europe.

'As a poet and a man of letters, if estimated by that ideal standard of excellence which every critick forms in his own mind, and which is lofty in proportion as his own conceptions are elevated and magnificent, Col. Humphreys will not occupy a station in the first rank; but, if in judging of his literary character, we compare him with the mass of his cotemporaries, and consider the difficulties with which American genius had then, and even still has to struggle, we shall not hesitate to assign him a respectable place among the poets of the present day.

'What first drew the attention of his countrymen towards Col. Humphreys, as a poet, was his "Address to the Armies," at a time

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when, like Camden, "One hand the sword, and one the pen employed." Few publications, whatever may have been their subject or their merits, have gained for their author a more sudden and surprising reputation; and the popularity with which it was attended in America followed it to Europe. The Marquis de Chastellux honoured it by performing the office of its translator into French; and the English Journals boldly challenge the author as a native of Britain.'

The poetical works of Colonel Humphreys consist of

1. An Address to the Armies of the United States.
2. A Poem on the Happiness of America.
3. A Poem on the Future Glory of the United States.
4. A Poem on the Industry of the United States.
5. A Poem on the Love of Country.
6. A Poem on the Death of General Washington.
7. Occasional Poems, Epistles, Elegies, &c.
8. The Widow of Malabar, a Tragedy, translated from the French—first played at the Philadelphia theatre in May, and published in August, 1790.

Beside these he is the author of an Essay on the Life of General Putnam, several Political Tracts, and an Oration delivered before the

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Cincinnati of Connecticut, at the dissolution of their Society.

All the above-mentioned works, except The Widow of Malabar and the Oration, were collected and published in an octavo volume, by T. & J. Swords, New-York, 1804.

FOR THE POLYANTHOS.

ANALECTA....No. IV.

"Undique collatis membris."

SATIRISTS.

THE author of the Pursuits of Literature, speaking of the chief Satirists of ancient and modern fame, says, 'I may be singular perhaps; but if I except Lucilius, (who is known to us only by detached lines and short passages) in my opinion, the fulness of that glory never shone BUT ON SIX POETS. "Quos orbe sub omni Jam vix septenâ numerat sapientia famâ."

HORACE,

In the politest age, under the despotism of Augustus, insinuated himself into the graces of the emperour: yet he was peculiarly studious to mark the obnoxious, foolish, or wicked characters of his age. He was careful not to be misunderstood. He noted the name, the profession and the rank of those whom he devoted

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to undying ridicule, or consigned to the eternity of fame. Augustus and Mæcenas well knew the value of such a poet. They looked to the stability of government and the empire of good sense, and found them intimately connected with literature and poetry.

JUVENAL AND PERSIUS.

In the time of Nero and Trajan, Juvenal and Persius exerted a severity without playfulness, and veiled themselves in obscurity, yet without being misunderstood. They applied directly and irresistibly to the inmost feelings of the heart, callous and depraved as it was. The writers were either spared or neglected, but their works were admired and circulated.

BOILEAU.

An interval of ages passed, dark and barbarous. The power of Satire in its full and legitimate strength, was never again felt till the reign of Louis the Fourteenth of France. Then appeared a poet second to none of his predecessors. A philosopher without being wordy, the friend of sense and of virtue, a gentleman in principle, independent in spirit, and fearless of enemies, however powerful from their malignity, or formidable from their rank. This extraordinary man was BOILEAU. If I am not deceived, there is something in all his compositions so finished, so removed from conceit and forced thought; such an ardent zeal

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for propriety in sentiment and in expression; such a sense of the dignity of the human character, when undebased; such a hatred of hypocrisy; such a love of purity; such an abhorrence of all profaneness and indecency, and even of indelicacy; that I am not able to name a man whose works as a poet and a critick, may be read and studied with equal advantage. Even his compliments, though rather lofty, to Louis the Fourteenth are all conceived in the language of a gentleman and a man of genius, who feels that he is conferring honour, not receiving it. As a writer, I think him *original*. What he has borrowed, he almost seems to have restored to its proper place. He alternately assumes the characters of the three great Romans; and maintains an honourable contest for the mastery. Equal to either of them taken singly, and in the merit of composition, sometimes their superiour, he is their true and lawful brother. There is a fraternal league between them, which no friend to good literature, good poetry, and good manners will ever suffer to be broken.

DRYDEN.

Nearly at the same period, after some momentary gleams and strong flashes in the horizon, Satire arose in England. When I name Dryden, I comprehend every varied excellence of our poetry. In harmony, strength, modulation, rhythm, energy, he first displayed the

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full power of the English language. My business with him at present is only as a Satirist. I will be brief: I speak to the intelligent. He was the first poet who brought to perfection, what I would term, "the Allegory of Satire." Fables indeed, and apologues, and romances, have always been the most ancient modes of reproof and censure. It was the peculiar happiness of Dryden to give an eternal sense and interest to subjects which are transitory. He placed his scene on the ground of actual history. The reader of every age has an interest in the delineation of characters and names, which have been familiar to him from his earliest years. He is already prepared, and feels a predilection for the subject. This accommodation of ancient characters to existing persons has a peculiar force in the age to which it is addressed; and posterity reads with delight a poem founded on pristine story, and illustrated by the records of modern times. Dryden's power of Satire has been generally acknowledged in his Mac-Flecknoe; but his masterpiece is that wonderful and unequalled performance Absalom and Achitophel. He presents to us an heroick subject in heroick numbers, a well constructed allegory, and a forcible appeal to our best feelings and passions. He paints the horrours of anarchy, sedition, rebellion and democracy, with the pencil of Dante, or of Michael Angelo; and he gives the speeches of his heroes with the strength, pas-

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priety and correctness of Virgil. It is Satire in its highest form: but it is Satire addressed to the few. It is not adapted to the general effect of this species of poetry. In my opinion, Dryden has not the style and manner of Horace, or Juvenal, or Persius, or Boileau. Pope called him "unhappy," from the looseness of the age in which he lived. He has enthusiasm, majesty, seriousness, gravity, strength of conception, and boldness of imagery. But sprightliness, gaiety, and easy badinage, an occasional playfulness, so necessary to the general effect of satirical poetry, were all wanting to him. Perhaps his genius was too sublime. He could not, or he would not, descend to the minutiæ which are often required, the anecdotes, and the passing traits of the time. It was the strain of Archilochus sounding from the lyre of Alcæus.

POPE.

The Sixth and last of this immortal brotherhood, in the fulness of time, and in the maturity of poetical power, came Pope. All that was wanting to his illustrious predecessor found its consummation in the genius, knowledge, correct sense, and condensation of thought and expression, which distinguished this poet. The tenour of his life was peculiarly favourable to this office. He had *first* cultivated all the flowery grounds of poetry. He had excelled in description, in pastoral, in the pathetick, and

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in general criticism; and had given an English existence in perpetuity to the father of all poetry. Thus honoured, and with these pretensions, he left them all for that excellence, for which the maturity of his talents and judgment so eminently designed him Familiar with the great; intimate with the polite; graced by the attentions of *the fair*; admired by the learned; a favourite with the nation; independent in an acquired opulence, the honourable product of his genius and industry; the companion of persons distinguished for birth, high fashion, rank, wit, or virtue; resident in the centre of all publick information and intelligence; every avenue to knowledge and every mode of observation were open to his curious, prying, piercing, and unwearied intellect. His works are so generally read and studied, that I should not merely fatigue, but should almost insult the reader by such a needless disquisition.

COPIOUSNESS OF LANGUAGE.

THE *Alcoranish Arabick*, says Bishop Watson, so far excels other languages in copiousness, that the various appellations for one single thing, and their explanations, afford matter for a complete volume. It has *five hundred* names for a lion, *two hundred* for a serpent, *eighty* for honey, on which last Firauzabadius says that he had written a whole book. The

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same writer testifies, that the names for a sword are above *a thousand*, which he has enumerated in a work composed by him.

ONE CAUSE OF IGNORANCE IN THE DARK AGES.

AMONG the causes of that dreadful dearth of literature which cursed the world from the seventh to the tenth century, the excellent Robertson, in his Proofs and Illustrations, has assigned the want of papyrus. Cut off from their usual communication with Egypt by the Saracens, the Italians were obliged to write all their books upon parchment, and as the price of that was high, books became extremely rare and of great value. We may judge of the scarcity of the materials for writing them from one circumstance. There still remain several manuscripts of the eighth, ninth, and following centuries, written on parchment, from which some former writing had been erased, in order to substitute a new composition in its place. A book of Livy or of Tacitus might be erased, to make room for the legendary tale of a saint, or the superstitious prayers of a missal.

THE RESURRECTION.

THE following sublime and glowing description of an event recorded in sacred history is the production of James Grahame, author of

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The Sabbath, Birds of Scotland, &c. It discovers an imagination enthusiastick and poetical, and a heart warmed by the flame of pure devotion.

The setting orb of night her level ray
Spread o'er the land, and, on the dewy sward,
The lengthened shadows of the triple cross
Were laid far stretched—when in the east arose,
Fast of the stars, day's harbinger; No sound
Was heard, save of the watching soldier's foot;
Within the rock-barred sepulchre, the gloom
Of deepest midnight brooded o'er the dead.
The holy one; but lo! a radiance faint
Began to dawn around his sacred brow;
The linen vesture seemed a snowy wreath
Drifted by storms into a mountain cave;
Bright and more bright the circling halo beamed
Upon that face, clothed in a smile benign,
Though yet exanimate. Nor long the reign
Of death; the eyes, that wept for human griefs,
Unclose, and look around with conscious joy;
Yes, with returning life, the first emotion
That glowed in Jesus' breast of love, was joy,
At man's redemption now complete; at death
Disarmed; the grave transform'd into the couch
Of faith; the resurrection, and the life.
Majestical he rose; trembled the earth;
The ponderous gate of stone was rolled away;
The keepers fell; the angel, awe-struck, shrunk

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Into invisibility, while forth
The Saviour of the world walked, and stood
Before the sepulchre, and viewed the clouds
Empurpled glorious by the rising sun.

MRS. RADCLIFFE.

THE unhappy fate of this 'mighty magician of The Mysteries of Udolpho, bred and nourished by the Florentine Muses, in their sacred solitary caverns, amid the paler shrines of Gothick superstition, and in all the dreariness of enchantment,' has often drawn the sympathetick tear from the eye of sensibility. The following little Poem, published about a year since in the Boston Magazine, was occasioned by reading in the newspapers an account of her insanity. It has been republished in most of the American periodical works, and has lately found its way into several English papers. The author, who was probably known to but few, was a youth of about sixteen, at that time an apprentice to a printer in this town. The fastidious critick may perhaps turn up his nose with a sneer, but to the admirers of Mrs. Radcliffe or the friends of juvenile poets, its introduction here will require no apology.

The Wreck of Reason.

Would your imagination stray;
To scenes of horrour make its way;
Would it from folly take its flight;
From scenes of pleasure, to affright;

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Would it, reluctant, slowly creep,
And o'er the *wreck of reason* weep;
—Hither come, ye blithe and gay,
Come, and throw your mirth away.
Weeping beauty, hither hie,
And o'er the ruin breathe a sigh;
Come and see, ye giddy vain,
A sadder sight than 'crazy Jane.'
The tender heart, the liberal mind,
The soul by sentiment refined,
The modest mein, the graceful air,
Are gone and all is ruin there;
The matchless whole, divinely graced,
Is changed into chaotick waste;
The timid mind, with terrour sated,
Starts at the phantoms it created.
—See the maniack's ghastly stare!
See her loose dishevelled hair!
See her wildly rolling eyes,
Distorted form, and piercing cries!
See she trembles, writhes and groans,
And fills the air with piteous moans!
—O Radcliffe, this at last thy fate,
To sink to such a dreadful state!—
See she shudders, starts, and raves
Of grinning ghosts and gaping graves,
Of antique arms and haunted halls,
Of tottering turrets, mouldering walls.—
The fulgent cross, the monkish cowl,

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The raven's flap, the boding owl,
The warning knell, the mystick roll,
With horrour strike her frenzied soul.
The murky vault's terrifick gloom,
The echoes from the dismal tomb,
The quivering pall, the crimsoned knife,
All gory with the blood of life,
The secret cell, the glimmering light,
The putrid corse, the flitting sprite,
The pendent chain, the magick chest,
With terrour fill her frantick breast.

No more she'll pen the fairy dream,
The awful, yet the pleasing theme;
No more portray with matchless art,
To frighten, yet delight the heart;
Genius in her has left the throne,
And madness now usurps alone.
Let frozen souls, precise and nice,
Call her the native child of vice;
Let torpid spirits, dry and stale,
Affect to startle and bewail,
A potent reason all may bring,
They in her *moral* find a *sting*.
E'en savage minds to feeling dead,
And icy hearts *by virtue led*,
When pitying death relieves her woe,
And lays the hapless victim low,
Might come, and on the *maniack's* bier,
Shed pensive *pity's* softest tear.

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CONJUGAL FELICITY.

Doctor Johnson, in one of his letters to Mrs. Thrale upon the subject of marriage, says, "that he believes there would be fewer unhappy ones, if the Lord Chancellor had the power of uniting each pair according to their characters and circumstances, without either being permitted to have a choice of their own." As far as character and circumstances depend, the Doctor's opinion is incontrovertible; though I believe few men would be inclined to cherish an affection for women who were forced into their arms. For compulsion of every kind is so obnoxious to human nature, that from mere opposition each party would rebel.

A custom formerly prevailed in one part of England of presenting a flitch of bacon to the happy pair, who could make oath that they had lived in perfect harmony for a twelve-month and a day, which was presented to them by the Lord of the Manor of Little Dunmow in Essex, in the abbey church. In what year this ceremony was originally instituted appears not to be accurately known; but Fitz-Walter was the name of the first donor of the Bacon; and the persons who received it were to take the following oath, kneeling upon two sharp stones.

I swear, by the custom of our confession,
That I never made a nuptial transgression;
Nor, since we were made man and wife;
By household brawls, or contentious strife,

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Otherwise in bed or board,
Offended each other, in deed, or in word;
Or since the parish clerk said, amen,
Have wished ourselves *unmarried* again;
And for a twelvemonth and a day,
Repented not in thought or way;
But continued true in our desire,
As when we joined hands in the holy choir.
And to these conditions, without all fear,
Of our own accord we freely swear,
That we have a right the bacon to receive,
And will bear it hence, with your love, and good leave.

Previous however to this singular oath being taken, a jury of six men and six maidens assembled in the abbey church, for the purpose of hearing, from the friends of the parties, whether they really deserved the reward. If, from the accounts they received, the happy pair were thought worthy of this honour, they were then chaired in the true electioneering style, preceded by the clergyman, the Lord of the Manor, &c. &c. and the reward of conjugal felicity borne before them upon a high pole.

The first claim which was made upon the Lord of the Manor of Dunmow was in the twenty-sixth year of Henry the Sixth's reign; and the last who received it was a woolcomber of the name of Shakeshanks, in 1751.

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THE *mouth* of a beautiful woman is thus described by one of the most gallant noblemen, and elegant poets, of the age in which he lived :

Her mouth so small, when she does speak,
Thou'dst swear her words her teeth did break,
That they might passage get ;
But she so handled still the matter,
They came as good as ours, or better,
And are not spent a whit.

I HAVE SEEN.

I HAVE seen many things which I pretended not to see. I have often smiled and frolicked with those whom I disliked. I have experienced ingratitude in serving men who were reckoned virtuous, and I have seen the most stupid and empty babblers succeed greatly beyond their deserts.

I have seen women sacrifice the honour of their husbands to the most unprincipled gallants. I have seen miserable fribbles obtain from them favours which they refused to men of genuine merit and delicacy. I have seen many men squander their fortune, and ruin themselves for women, who laughed at them, and gave themselves to their rivals for nothing.

I have seen delicacy of sentiment prove mischievous, and treachery be of great avail. I have seen that, in love, folly is more advantageous than reason.

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I have seen ladies attach guilt to men who were innocent, and load with their favours those who had wronged them. In short, I have seen so many things contradictory to good sense, and I am so much convinced that the most cruel sufferings often proceed from the most noble desires, that my angry heart no longer inspires any strains but those which are bitter as the recollections with which it is filled.

FOR THE POLYANTHOS.

Lucubrations of Nehemiah Nonnak.

N°. IV.

As I care little what others think of men and things, if I am pleased with my own notions, I shall proceed in my literary journey as *I* please, change my direction when I please, loiter when I please, stop when I please, and travel as slow or as fast as I please: or, to speak more poetically,

As the various fits
Of humour seize me, from philosophy
To fable shift; from serious Antonine
To Rabelais' ravings, and from prose to song.

It is however a matter of exceeding great grief to me, that any of my brethren of the

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quill, those all-learned gentlemen styled criticks, *should* chance to prick their acute noses while sagaciously employed in rooting up my poor productions, and *then* say *I* concealed the thorn on purpose to wound them. I assure these gentlemen it is far from being the case; that I am a harmless man, and intend injury to no one; but if a man is knocked down by running against my post in the dark, I see no reason why he should blame me for planting it.

It is my serious intention to oblige the world with a long, elaborate, learned, critical and curious lucubration or work, upon the art of *teeth-shewing*—the origin of teeth shewing, its progress from the time of Adam to Noah, from Noah to the establishment of the Roman Empire, from that period to the dark ages, and from thence to modern times, when it has arrived to such a high pitch of refinement. To which is to be added by way of appendix a Philosophical Disquisition upon teeth shewing, as practised by the inhabitants of Africa. As this treatise would however ask a Folio to do it justice, and require such labour of research, such industry, such penetration and sagacity, I must lay it by for the present, and content myself with giving a few outlines and making a few superficial remarks. If the publick however, (the ladies in particular and those animals of the butterfly genus termed *fops* and *beaux*) would but extend their patronage that I may be enabled *tot adire labores*, to undergo such mighty

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hardships, it is with pleasure I inform them that subscription papers will soon be issued, and if five hundred subscribers are procured it will be commenced immediately, and is to be printed on *foals-cap*, bound in *calf*: and if our patrons extend to *six* hundred, *gilt edged*.

The following is an analysis of the work. And to begin with the title page I must inform the reader, of my most elegant and appropriate classical motto, "*Retidet usquequaque*" which is to be interpreted "always on the grin."—The work is to be divided into books, the books into chapters, the chapters into sections &c. &c. &c. making in the whole nine hundred and ninety nine divisions, not including the appended treatise.

There are four ways of teeth shewing, viz. by the *simper*, by the *smile*, by the *laugh*, and by the *grin*; the latter I would observe by the way is not the most elegant, yet has of late acquired an ascendant, and stands a chance of carrying away the palm. These four constitute the subject of the books; now these books are divided as I said before into chapters; as for instance, the book entitled *simper* has four chapters; they are the *sim*, *simp*, *simpe*, and *simper*; of the smiles there are an infinite number, of laughs not quite so many, but as to the grin, many a time, *sudavi & alsi, ex fumo dare lucum*, have I laboured unceasingly to draw something out of nothing. I have succeeded however in making a few sections and chapters, although it required the critical acumen of an Euclid to distinguish se-

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curately between one grin and another.—What I have said is sufficient to show the great merit of my work. As to method,

Primo ne medium, medio ne discrepet imum,

has been my rule; I have a beginning, middle and end, and therefore have no doubt that I shall please the critics; but if they should chance to disapprove the addenda to the work, as in the least altering that method, it shall be published by itself in a separate quarto volume.

I shall conclude, as our divines say, with a few general observations and an application of the subject. Simpering, smiling, laughing, and grinning are sure indications of pleasure. For we observe, if a man be ill-humoured or cross, he closes his mouth and it is impossible to get a single glimpse of any thing like a tooth. But observe, should any occurrence intervene to occasion pleasure, immediately his features are relaxed, then he simpers, then smiles, then laughs, and finely stretches his mouth upon the grin, from ear to ear. So fashionable has this art become that no time, labour, or expense, are omitted in order to polish the enamel of the teeth to that glossy whiteness necessary for an elegant *grin*. And how delightful is it to look around a ball room or tea party and see the beaux and belles showing each other their white teeth, and vying in their superiour number, or whiteness. So high indeed has this art arisen, that I have known a good set of teeth, displayed with

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artfulness and dexterity, do more execution than the finest pair of black or blue eyes the world can boast. Upon this subject the candid reader will excuse me if, as a specimen of the elegance of style and beauty of description with which my work abounds, I make an extract from the second division of the fifth section of the fourteenth chapter of the fourth book.—

"Reader, give full scope to thy ardent fancy, let her with the colours of the rainbow depict on thy glowing imagination, a woman as beautiful as Beauty, and as graceful as the Graces.—See her enter the room while sylphs and sylphids seem to hover through her ringlets, adding grace to her form and elegance to her movements. Yet alas! what is the humid light of her azure eye, the roses of her cheeks, or the lillies of her bosom, till she disparts her cherry lips, and displays to our ardent gaze those teeth which rival in whiteness the snow of mount Chimborazzo; then, O then, is she killing; and who can avoid exclaiming, in phrase poetical,

O hide, sweet nymph, hide from our raptur'd sight
Those lovely dimples and those teeth so white;
Oh grant our prayers, Lo! at your feet we fall,
For those sweet teeth will sure devour us all."

Some of our beaux I confess have not cultivated this art with the assiduity and attention they ought to have done. And with some of them, grinning has become so habitual that I never see them but they put me in mind of a

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countryman facing a snow storm, and showing his teeth as though wroth at the bitterness of the cold. In fine, I may say in imitation of a most learned statesmen of ours, that even were old Solomon to be called from the vasty deep, he would, beside the alteration he mentioned, have added another item to his catalogue of times, and would have said "there is a time to grin."

I shall finish this lucubration with a most exquisite morceau of antiquity, which, thanks to Poggio, escaped the clutches of oblivion. As it is in Latin however I will give the reader the English of it by an anonymous translator, else he may grin at me through maliciousness for the loss of so much excellence, elegance, and instruction.

Egnatius, quod candidos habet dentes,
Renidet usquequaque: &c. &c.

Because Egnatius' teeth are nicely white,
To grin and shew them is his sole delight;
If happily at a trial he appear,
Where eloquence commands the gushing tear;
He grins.—If at the pile her duteous son
The childless mother weeps, forever gone;
He grins—In short, whate'er the time or place,
Do as he may, the grin still marks his face;
'Tis his disease; and speaking as I feel,
We cannot call it decent or genteel.

* * * * *

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E'en then that careless ill tim'd grin forego;
A silly laugh's the silliest thing I know.

* * * * * *

That those who are skilled in Latin may take the full force of the last line, I give it as it stands in the original :—

Nam risu inepto, res ineptior nulla est.

NEHEMIAH NOTIONAL.

CHARACTER OF GEN. WARREN.

Extract from an Oration delivered at Philadelphia, soon after the death of General Warren, 1775.

—— "SUCH were our feelings upon hearing of the death of the illustrious Warren who fell at the head of a detachment of the American troops on Bunker's Hill.

It is impossible to do justice to his full-orbed character. He filled each of his important departments of life so well, that he seemed born for no others. He displayed, in the course of three and thirty years, all the talents and the virtues of the Man, the Patriot, the Senator, and the Hero. He was unlike the Spartan general only, in not expiring in the arms of victory; but even in this unfortunate event he has served his country; for he has taught the sons of freedom in America that the laurel may be ingrafted on the cypress, and that true

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glory may be acquired not only in the arms of victory, but in the arms of death.

If our pleasures were exalted in proportion to the extent and degree of our benevolence, how shall we describe those pleasures which the hero feels, who performs the highest act of benevolence to mankind, by dying in defence of his country! He enjoys a prelibation the most like the joys of heaven, that mortals can taste upon earth; he partakes of the nature and happiness of God.

Say, illustrious shade! what new resentments kindle in thy bosom at the prospect of executing vengeance upon the foes of liberty! Say, what were the transports of thy mind, when the twice repulsed enemy fled before thy powerful arms! But alas, when borne down with numbers thou wast forced to retreat, and Death showed his commission to the ball that pierced thy bosom, say, what joy thrilled after it, at the prospect of having thy brows encircled with the patriot's crown of martyrdom!

Tell me, ye brave Americans, who beheld our hero fall, did he not in his last moments pour forth his usual expressions of loyalty to the crown of Britain, and his wonted prayer for the welfare of his country? Did he not in faultering accents call upon his fellow soldiers to forget his death, and avenge his country's wrongs alone?—Ah, he breathes his last!—Crowd not too close on his shade, ye holy ministers of heaven! make room for yonder spit-

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it! it is the illustrious Hampden, who flies to embrace him, and pointing to the wounds that deprived him of life above an hundred years ago in a conflict with arbitrary power, he claims the honour of conducting Warren to the regions of perfect liberty and happiness.

What a noble spectacle is the body of a hero who has offered up his life as a ransom for his country! Come hither, ye vindictive ministers, and behold the first fruits of your bloody edicts. What atonement can ye make his children for the loss of such a father,—to the king for the loss of such a subject,—to your country for the loss of such a member of society! You may now recal your military executioners. Here you may satiate your lust for arbitrary power—you have slain its most implacable enemy."

SHAKESPEARE AND GARRICK.

[*The following is a correct copy of the grand panegyrical Oration, delivered by Mr. Garrick, at the Apotheosis of Shakespeare, at the Stratford Jubilee, in the composition of which Mr. G. is said to have been assisted by the late Earl of Chatham and Lord Lyttleton.*]

"THE only science of mankind is man!"—This is the aphorism of an author, who has been equally admired as a philosopher and a poet;

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and, as it is allowed that man is the fittest object of our studies, the drama, which exhibits the passions and pursuits of man, stands in the first class of literary composition.

Shakespeare is, above all others, allowed to be the poet of nature; and therefore, as an author, stands highest in the highest class. The beings exhibited by the poet of nature, are men. They are creatures of the imagination, acting from principles by which human actions were never produced, and suffering distresses which human beings never suffered; but partakers of the same nature with ourselves, to whose hearts our own sensations are a clue; beings of the like passions, impelled by the same hopes and fears, and sacrificing virtue to interest, and interest to virtue, as circumstances occur with dispositions, and opinions connect present and immediate good and evil with future, either by natural consequences, or through judicial determination.

But the contemplation of man, as exhibited by the poet upon the stage, is of more advantage than as passing before us in the scenes of life. In the world we see only the actions of mankind; and before we can infer any useful knowledge from them, we must investigate their motives, and often suspend our judgments of the consequences, till they appear in a distant event; but in the scenes where men are exhibited by the poet, we see at once their action and its secret springs, which being thus connect-

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ed as to effect and cause, we are afterwards able to refer conduct into passions and principles; we see also upon the stage, the final events, in which the whole concatenation of motion and action terminates which enables us to look through life with a kind of intuitive sagacity, and discover the effects of human action in their causes.

But Shakspeare does not only teach us what is most our interest to know; by the very manner in which he conveys the most important knowledge, he gives us the most rational, exquisite, and refined delight. He has not delineated a chart, but paints a picture. He shews us the path of life, not by geometrical lines, but by perspective and elevation. He does not personify human passions, and exhibit them, either separate or combined, as they would appear abstracted from the modes of life; he "catches the manners living as they rise;" he paints characters, not merely as resulting from different turns of disposition, or degrees of understanding, but from situation and habits; their passions and principles are indeed general, but they act and speak with the peculiarities of a class, though not of an individual. Shallow and Falstaff differ as much in consequence of circumstances that made one a justice, and the other a soldier, as of any radical turn of mind; they are originals of nature, from which the portraits are as well known now, as they were then; the difference which custom has produ-

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ceed in the language, is but like different dresses, in which the same air and features will always be distinguished. Justice Shallow is still to be found, though he has changed his coat; and he still boasts of wenching, though prostitutes are no longer called *bona roba's*; of midnight frolicks though it is not now the custom of rakes to sleep in the windmill, in St. George's Fields; and of familiarity with the great, though there is no object of puny ambition, called John of Guant.

We get knowledge from Shakspeare, not with painful labour, as we dig gold from the mine, but at leisure, and with delight, as we gain health and vigour from the sports of the field.

A picture frequently pleases which represents an object in itself disgustful. Teniers represents a number of Dutch boors, drunk, and carousing in a wretched hovel, and we admire the piece for a kind of relative beauty, as a just imitation of life and nature. Whenever, accordingly, we are struck in Shakspeare, we know his original, and contemplate the truth of his copy with delight.

It was happy for Shakspeare, and for us, that in his time, there was no example, by the imitation of which he might hope to be improved. He paints from nature as she appeared to his own eye, and not from a transcript of what was seen in nature by another! The genius looks not upon nature, but through it; not at the out-

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line only, but the different size and intervening points within it, as all that the variation of tints, and the endless combination of light and shade can express. So it was with Shakspeare, he penetrated at one glance, and intuitively comprehended all the inexhaustible varieties of life. To copy only what another designs, is to use the superiour perspicacity in vain; and neither the poet nor the painter can hope to excel, who is contented to reflect, or to seek for nothing in nature which others have not found.

But there are beauties in Shakspeare, not relative, powers that he did not imagine, but create. He was another nature. He represents not only actions that were not performed, but beings that did not exist. Yet to those beings he assigns not only faculty, but characters; he gives them not only peculiar dispositions, but characteristick modes of expressing them; they have character, not merely from the passions, and understanding, but from situation, and habit. Caliban and Ariel, like Shallow and Falstaff, are not more strongly distinguished in consequence of different natures, than of different circumstances.

As there was no poet to seduce Shakspeare to imitation, there was no critick to restrain his extravagancies; yet we find the force of his own judgment sufficient to rein his imagination, and to reduce to a system the world he had made.

Does any one now inquire, whether Shakspeare were learned? Do they mean whether

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he know how to call the same thing by several names? For learning, with respect to language, teaches no more. Learning, in its best sense, is only nature at the rebound! It is only the discovery of what it is; and who looks upon nature with a penetrating eye, derives learning from its source; rules of poetry have been deducted from examples, and not examples from rules. As a poet, therefore, Shakspeare did not need books; and in no instance, where he needed them as a philosopher or an historian, does he appear ignorant of what they teach.

His language, like his conception, is strongly marked with the characters of nature: it is bold, figurative, significant; his terms, rather than his sentences, are metaphorical; he calls an endless multitude, a sea, by a happy allusion of the perpetual succession of wave to wave; and he immediately expresses opposition, by taking up arms! His language will be found that in which a figurative and rapid conception will always be expressed. In a word, the language both of the prophet and the poet—of native eloquence, and of divine inspiration!

It has been objected to Shakspeare, that he wrote without any moral purpose; but I boldly reply, that he has effected a thousand! He did not, indeed, always contrive a series of events, from the whole of which some moral purpose may be inferred; but he has observed some rule of conduct, some principle of truth

ledge, not only in every speech of his dialogue, but in every incident, character and event.

Thus great was Shakspeare, as he appears in his works. But in himself he was greater still. The genius in every art has an idea of perfection, which he cannot attain. This idea, beyond what others feel, and a perpetual effort to reach it, produced that excellence which distinguishes his works. But Shakespeare appears to have despised his performances, when he compared them, not only with his ideas, but with his powers: for how else can we account for his taking no care to collect them? When he saw part of them most unfaithfully published by others, he neither amended the faults nor secured the rest from the same injury. It appears, therefore, "that he judged those works unworthy of being preserved, by restoring and explaining which, the critics of succeeding ages were to contend for fame!"

"Thus, without the incentive of future reputation, without any other exertion of his powers, than what would satisfy an audience, wholly unacquainted with the rules of the drama, he has excited universal admiration, as the sun becomes glorious, by the spontaneous effusion of his rays!

Is there any here, whose attention has been fixed, whose imagination filled; and whose passions moved by other scenes, as they have been fixed, moved and filled by the scenes of Shakespeare? If there be any, speak! for him have I offended.

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To feel the powers of Shakspeare, is at once pleasure and praise. When we express these sensibly, therefore, by an act of homage to his memory, we erect a monument of honour to to ourselves. To ourselves indeed, and to posterity. To posterity, whom we stimulate to excellence by the hope of fame, all that we offer to the *manes* of Shakspeare, must eventually relate. In these fields, where we are pleased with the notion of doing him honor, he is mouldering into dust!

'Deaf the prais'd ear, and mute the tuneful tongue.'

How awful is the thought! If I speak, it must be in my own character and in yours. We are men; and we know that the hour approaches with silent and irresistible rapidity, when we also shall be dust! We are now in health and at ease; but the hour approaches when we shall be sensible only to sickness and to pain; when we shall perceive the world gradually to fade from our sight, and to close our eyes in perpetual darkness. These truths we know to be indubitable and important, yet they are sometimes forgotten, and, stranger still, are sometimes remembered with indifference! Let one, by whom the poet of Avon has so often touched the heart with imaginary woe, be now forgotten, if, unassisted by his language or his thoughts, I have tried the force of reality and truth. If, at this moment, we not only know, but feel, that where Shakspeare

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is, we shortly shall be, let us preserve that sacred sensibility which will never embitter the enjoyments of life, if it effectually remind us of its use!

MEMOIRS OF MRS. CHAPONE.

Written by Mrs. Barbauld.

So may some gentle Muse,
With lucky words favour my destined urn,
And as he passes turn,
And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud.

Mrs. Chapone, who died, December 25th, 1801, in her 75th year, has long been known to the publick, as an elegant and highly moral writer. The first productions of hers which were given to the world, were the interesting story of *Fidelia* in the *Adventurer*, and a Poem, prefixed to her friend Mrs. Carter's translation of *Epictetus*; but her name only became known on the publication of a deservedly popular work, *Letters on the Improvement of the Mind, addressed to a Young Lady*. This was printed in 1773, and will long, it is to be hoped, maintain its place in the library of young women. It is distinguished by sound sense, a liberal, as well as a warm, spirit of piety, and a philosophy applied to its best use, the culture of the heart and

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affections. It has no shining eccentricities of thought, no peculiarities of system; it follows experience as its guide, and is content to produce effects of acknowledged utility, by known and approved means. On these accounts, it is perhaps the most unexceptionable treatise, that can be put into the hands of female youth. These letters are particularly excellent, in what relates to regulating the temper and feelings. Their style is pure and unaffected, and the manner grave and impressive. Those who choose to compare them in this respect with another widely circulated publication, addressed about the same time to young women, (Dr. Fordyce's Sermons) will probably be of opinion that the dignified simplicity of the female writer is much more consonant to true taste, than the affected prettiness and constant glitter of the preacher. Mrs. Chapone soon after published a volume of Miscellanies, containing one or two moral essays, and some elegant poems. The poems, which have the merit of many beautiful thoughts, and some original images, seem not to have been sufficiently appreciated by the publick; for they were not greatly noticed, owing perhaps to the mode of their publication. It was not then so common as it has been since, to mix new matter with old.

Mrs. Chapone's maiden name was Mulso: her family was a respectable one, in Northamptonshire. Her married life was short, and not very happy. She probably alluded to her own

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nuptial choice, when she speaks in one of her poems of

"Prudence slow, that ever comes too late."

When left a widow, her very limited circumstances prevented her not from enjoying a large acquaintance among the first circles of society, who admired her for her talents, and respected her for her virtues.

She understood and relished conversation. Her discourse was seasoned occasionally with a vein of humour; and having the advantage (for it is an advantage) of associating in early life with the best company, the ease and polish of the gentlewoman accompanied the talents of the writer. Her person was plain: but in her youth she had a fine voice, and always had a strong taste for musick. Mrs. Chapone was one of those women who have shewn that it is possible to attain a correct and elegant style, without an acquaintance with the classicks. The French and Italian she understood; and from the latter she made some translations. Mrs. Chapone, Mrs. Montague, and another lady, who stands confessedly at the summit of female literature, and upon a par with the most distinguished scholars of the other sex, were friends and intimates: the two former have left the stage; but their venerable senior still survives to receive the homage of another century. Mrs. Chapone had been declining in health for many years. The loss of a beloved

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niece, the lady to whom the letters were addressed, and of a more beloved brother to whom she was united in affection and similarity of taste, hastened the infirmities of age; and for some time before her death, she was laid aside from society. It is not unusual for those, who in some period of their lives have filled a certain space in the eye of the publick, if they have been sometime withdrawn from it, to glide silently out of life unnoticed, except by the attendants at their bedside; so was it with Mrs. Chapone —But if there are those of her sex, now happy wives and mothers, who have in any measure been formed to those characters by the early impressions they may have received from her writings, they will drop a grateful tear to the memory of their benefactor, and rank her among those who, in the French phrase, "have deserved well of their country."

BEAUTIES OF THE DRAMA.

SCENE *from a Comick Opera called The Blind Girl, by T. Morton, Esq.*

Sliga. Is it done, I wonder? Hist! Don Valentia! Not here—Then I suppose the job is settled—Faith considering this Don Valentia is the son in law of his Excellency Don Gallardo, viceroy of Peru, he has but paltry notions of

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matters.—Now, first, to fall in love with the daughter of an Apothecary; why that's unlike a gentleman; and then, to carry her away from her father's by force;—faith, I've a notion that's very unlike a gentleman.—Hold, I must not go too near her father's old Bonito's—And this is the place her maid, Viletta, was to meet me in. Poor Viletta! what, between her conscience on one hand, her love for me on the other, and a purse of gold on the other, the poor girl's quite bother'd—Now, I'm a man of accuracy—I calculate every thing. I say, injury to conscience, twenty pistoles;—received for a secret service thirty;—balance, fifteen.

Vil. (without) Signor! signor!

Sligo. That's Viletta's voice.

Enter VILETTA.

Vil. Oh, Mr. Sligo, I'm so terrified, I can't speak—I can't speak indeed.

Sligo. So I hear—Come, try again.

Vil. They have carried off my mistress. Oh dear, Oh dear! what a wicked man Don Valentia must be! and so must you, to persuade me to consent to it. You think I have no conscience?

Sligo. Oh, no; I sincerely hope you have—For Don Valentia order'd me to give you part of the contents of this purse; so, the more conscience you have, the more will remain for me. *(she snatches the purse)* What, all! Faith, and

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you have a very tender conscience, and be damn'd to it.

Vil. But, now, are you sure Don Valentia intends marrying my mistress.

Sligo. Quite certain. He gave me his honour upon that; or the devil a lift would he have had from Sligo.—No, not for both the Indies, and Limerick. Well, now go home, and swear to her father that you know nothing of the matter; for I must be after attending the viceroy in his grand entry into the city of Lima.

Vil. You attend him—What, have you a place?

Sligo. A place! No, no; I am too cunning for that.—For by an appointment I could not expect more than 500 pistoles a year; instead of which, by having no place at all, I get 5000. For when any thing is to be done out of the usual rotine of office, who is the man to do it? Who, but Mr. Sligo?—If a bit of a bribe is to be conveyed to a great gentleman, it's where's Mr. Sligo? If an amorous billet is to be slipt into a gallant's hand, the sweet creature cries out, "And where's Mr. Sligo?" So, you see my pet, that, without having any place at all, I am a kind of master of the miscellanies, overseer of the odds and ends, and grand controller of this, that and t'other

Vil. Hush! Who are these?

Sligo. A tribe of Indians, descended from the ancient sovereigns of Peru. That young man is the Ynca—You must know that when a vice-

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roy enters the city of Lima, it is the custom for him to do homage to the representative of the ancient Kings.

Vil. Is he then a great man?

Sligo. A great man! he's drest up now for the occasion; but he's as poor, as our forefather's were rich—So, that between ourselves, this homage is little better than what I call a bit of an insult.—For, put the case now as to myself, I am, as all the world knows, descended from the ancient Kings of Ireland.

Vil. Indeed!

Sligo. The family tree is straight as a Shelali, without one left-handed twig, or a simple zig-zag any how in the whole pedigree. And only fancy the lord lieutenant coming to my mud cabin, to ax my leave to rule over Ireland. Why you know it would be all humbug and botheration. Well, good bye, Viletta—And I say, my jewel, be sure you keep your tender conscience warm and comfortable—Ha, ha, ha.

Exeunt.

* * * * * *

Fred. Thank heaven, we behold the famed city of Lima. Having reached the habitations of men, I hope you will be more cheerful Splash.

Splash. Quite the contrary master, unless you can get something to eat. In the forest, where all we met, were as hollow eyed, and famished as ourselves, hunger was bearable; but now, when I smell savory steams from every kitchen, it is not to be endured.

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Fred. Don't think of it, Splash.

Splash. Well, sir, I'll try.

Fred. Observe the magnificence of that palace.

Splash. Ah, there dwells luxury.

Fred. And here dwells misery

Splash. And at the next door on your left hand dwells famine! Oh! what business had I to follow a man of genius, when it is well known it cannot support itself, much less an attendant genius. I, that bid so fair to thrive in the world? I, that, thank heaven, can neither read nor write? I, that never knew what it was to shed a tear, except when I was cutting an onion into an Irish stew. Oh, lord, I'm worse! I hope this, sir, will be a lesson to you, not to run about the world, exploring nature's secrets, as you call it. I'm sure she has proved to us, she thinks it damn'd impertinent to take such indecent liberties with her. She spit at us with her rain, hissed us with her winds, singed us with her lightning, bullied us with her thunder. Oh, Splash! Splash! what had you to do a shipboard.

SONG.

1. Cease, thou gnawing, grumbling railer
List, kind master unto me,
Hear a poor fresh water Sailor,
Curse the hour he went to sea.
A Tar all pitch did hoarsely bawl, sir,
"All hands aloft"—sweet sir, not I,

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Tho' drowning I don't fear at all, sir,
I dread a rope exceedingly.

2. Good eating none has a better hand at,
But little practice had I here,
The Madeira's we could not land at,
Nor the turtle shore come near;
At length the sailor's cry'd "we spy land,"
I then for goodly cheer did look,
For I heard it was a Sandwich island,
And discover'd by a Cook.

3. But Yams and Nuts did not hit my notion,
And fate had other woes in store;
From storms in the Pacifick Ocean,
Bump'd me on this cursed shore.
But let me reach a place in my land,
I'll not heed what India yields,
It is called Porridge Island,
In Saint Martin's in the fields.

DRAMATICK ANECDOTES.

When the late Lord Orrery and Mr. Garrick were discoursing upon theatrical subjects, the peer took occasion to mention Mr. Mossop as the greatest tragedian of the age, excepting Mr. Garrick himself:—"By no means," said the player, "as it is well known that his voice

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is coarse and unharmonious."—Well, but excepting his *voice*, you'll allow him to have all the other requisites of a great tragedian ?"—"No ; his *action* has a feature of sameness in it that must ever destroy the necessary delusion of the scene."—"Well, but Garrick, excepting his *voice* and *action*, you'll allow him to have all the other requisites of a great tragedian ?"—No ; his *conceptions* are not governed by truth. —"Well, well, but Garrick, excepting his *voice*, *action*, and *conception*, you'll allow him, I hope, to have all the other requisites of a great tragedian ?"—No ; his *person* is to the last degree ungraceful.—"Well, well, my friend Davy, (to be sure I don't understand these matters so well as you), but the devil's in it if you won't allow, excepting his *voice*, *action*, *conception*, and *person*, that he has all the other requisites of a great tragedian ?" "Yes, yes, my Lord, allow me those four trifling impediments, and I will give you full credit for your encomium on Mr. Mossop."

CHARLES BANNISTER being caught one day in a shower of rain, went for shelter into a comb-maker's shop, where an old man was at work. I am sorry—said Bannister to the man—that a person at your time of life should have so much pain. Pain, I have no pain, thank God,—exclaimed the man.—Yes, you must, are you not cutting your teeth ?

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DIGNUM and Moses Kean the mimick were both tailors and intimate friends. Charles Bannister met them under the piazza in Covent Garden arm in arm: 'I never see those men together,' said he, 'but they remind me of one of Shakespeare's comedies.' But which of them, Bannister? 'Why Measure for Measure.'

The following Anecdotes concerning farces are taken from a French author, and relate only to the French stage.

IT is not here intended to give a history of ancient farces, which were almost numberless; for, according to Du Verdier, every person of wit formerly was a writer of them; and even in time the company called *Les Enfants sans Souci* continued to recite, and perform them; for adds he, the farce was but of one act, and was the more esteemed for being short.

It cannot but be owned that the first authors of this exhibition made great approaches to true comedy. It may be added, that they were entirely original; their authors could not imitate the Greek and Latin, with which they were unacquainted.

From these ancient farces the poets of the last age formed many of their pieces in one act. It would be difficult precisely to mark the time when farces first appeared, but we know of none till toward the end of the fifteenth century.

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The authors who wrote for the theatres at that period composed pieces which were not published till long afterward, except those performed by *Les Confrères de la Passion, Les Enfans sans Souci, Les Histrions* and *Les Clercs de la Bazoche**. Our fathers greatly esteemed the farce of *Pathelin*. Among the most known are those of *Taberin, Turlupin, Gaultier Garguille, Gros-Guillaume*, and *Guillot Gorju*†.

Gaultier Garguille, Gros-Guillaume, and *Turlupin*, were journeymen bakers in the fauxbourg St. Laurent at Paris. They were friends, and, taking a fancy to perform comedy, they composed pieces, or rather comick fragments, which have since been named *Turlupinades*.—They assumed dresses, such as their characters demanded.

Gaultier Garguille usually performed the Schoolmaster, or the Doctor, with a book of songs which he had written and which he sold; and sometimes the master of a family, according to the subject of the piece. *Gros-Guillaume* adopted the character of a sententious person.

The demure *Turlupin* at some times was a valet and at others a cut-purse fellow of intrigue. He performed with great animation, and with him witty replies were not wanting.

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* The Fraternity of the Passions; The Merry Blades; The Historians, or Story-tellers; and the Clerks of *La Bazoche*.

† All proper names.

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They hired a small tennis-court, near the *Porte Saint-Jacques*, which is at present the entrance to the *Fosse de-L'Estrapade*: they had a portable theatre, and painted sail-cloth by the way of decoration.

Their performance was from one to two, especially for school-boys, and was repeated in the evening. The price of entrance was two *sous* six *deniers*, or about five farthings each.

The comedians of the Hotel *de Bourgogne* made complaints to Cardinal *de Richelieu* that three *Bateleurs* encroached upon their rights, and his eminence thought proper to judge of the affair himself. The *Bateleurs* were sent for to the *Palais Royal*, at that time called *Le Palais Cardinal*, and were ordered to perform under an alcove.

They chose one of their famous scenes, in which *Gros-Guillaume*, disguised like a woman melting in tears, endeavoured to appease the wrath of *Turlupin*, her husband, who would not listen to her, but threatened every instant to cut off her head with his sabre. This continued a full hour, the pretended wife being sometimes standing, sometimes kneeling, uttering a thousand whimsical things, endeavouring to move him in vain. His anger, on the contrary, did but increase. "You are an old hag," said he, "and I won't hear a word; I must and will kill you."—'Oh, dear husband,' answered she, 'I conjure you by the excellent cabbage-soup which but yesterday I made for your din-

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ner, and which you thought so nice, spare me!' At these words the husband melts, the sabre drops from his hands, and exclaims—"Oh the jade! She knows my weak side. I can't live without my cabbage-soup; my mouth waters at the thought," &c.

In another of their scenes, Gaultier Garguille utters a thousand curses against maid-servants, adding that he was obliged to change them every week; and having recounted all their faults, finished with their dirtiness, twenty times repeating that he had found them combing their heads in the frying pan and the porridge pot, and that he was no longer surprised to find hairs in his omelet and soup.—'Oh,' answered Turlupin 'I have found the phenix of servant-maids; you shall meet with no more hairs in your soup, for she always combs her head into the wine vat!'

Rude as these farces were, they pleased the cardinal, who, sending for the comedians, reproached them because their pieces were too dull, and ordered them to receive these comick actors into their company.

Gros-Guillaume had an extremely large belly which inconvenience greatly contributed to his pleasantry. He wore two girdles on the stage, the one low and the other high; the effect of which was so whimsical, that he might have been taken for a hogshead, and his girdles for hoops. He wore no mask, but covered his face with flour, which he could manage so a-

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droitly as, by the motion of his lips, to throw it over those to whom he spoke.

He was much afflicted with the stone, and often, when about to go on the theatre, felt such severe pain as to make him cry. Still he would persist; and, while he performed his part with a sorrowful face, and his eyes swimming in tears, he excited as much laughter as if his mind and body had been at ease.

Afflicting as this complaint was, he lived to the age of eighty, and it was even then supposed that his death was occasioned by an accident. He had the effrontery to mimick, so as not to be mistaken, a magistrate who habitually made grimaces, for which sentence was pronouuced against him and his two companions. They fled; but *Gros-Guillaume* was thrown into prison, which brought on a fit that occasioned his death. *Gaultier Garguille* and *Turlupin* were so much afflicted that they both died in the same week.

The following story will give the reader some idea of the nature of the ancient farce. "In the month of August, 1550, an advocate "fell into such melancholy and alienation of "mind that he affirmed and believed himself "to be dead. For this reason, he would neith-"er speak, laugh, eat, nor walk, but continued "in bed.

"He became at last so weak that it was ev-"ery hour expected he would expire, when a "nephew of his wife happened to arrive, who,

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" having ineffectually endeavoured to per-
" suade his uncle to eat, began to think of ef-
" fecting a cure by artifice.

" With this intent he caused himself to be
" clothed in a winding sheet, in the manner of
" bodies about to be buried, except that his
" face was uncovered, and to be carried and
" placed on a table with four lighted wax can-
" dles around him, in the chamber where his
" uncle was lying.

" Every thing was so well imitated, that no
" one who saw him could refrain from laugh-
" ter; not even the very nurse of the sick ad-
" vocate, afflicted as she was, nor the nephew
" himself, could forbear, he being moved by
" the strange grimaces of the persons around
" him endeavouring to contain themselves.

" The patient, for whom all this was done,
" asked his wife who was that upon the table?
" and she answered, " It is the corpse of your
" deceased nephew." 'Nay,' answered the sick
" man, 'how can he be dead, since I have just
" seen him laugh till his sides ached;' to which
" the wife answered, that the dead laughed.

" The advocate was desirous of making the
" experiment upon himself, ordered them to
" bring a looking glass, and tried whether he
" could laugh. Finding the thing very pos-
" sible, he was persuaded that the dead had
" that faculty, and with this his cure began.

" The nephew, after having continued lying
" upon the table about three hours, asked for

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" something good, that he might eat. A ca-
" pon was presently brought to him, which he
" devoured, and likewise a pint of wine.

" Seeing this the advocate asked whether the
" dead could eat? And being assured they
" could and did, he then demanded some food,
" which was brought to him, and he eat with
" a good appetite. From this time he contin-
" ed to perform the actions of a man of sound
" understanding, and his melancholy was
" gradually removed. This history was made
" into a farce, then printed, and often played
" before his majesty, Charles IX. I being
" present."

SELECT SENTENCES.

POVERTY and riches are the names of want and sufficiency: he who wants any thing ought not to be called rich, and he who wants nothing, poor.

HE who would lead a quiet and secure life, must not engage himself in many things, either publick or private; nor attempt any thing above his own ability and nature; but have such a regard to himself, as to decline any exuberance of fortune that is offered him, assuming no more than he is able to bear; for the convenience of what we enjoy is more excellent than the largeness of it.

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POETRY.

FOR THE POLYANTHOS.

MY EDWIN.

WHO taught me love's extatick glow,
Whence all the joys of mortals flow,
And fill'd my heart with pleasing woe?
My Edwin.

With woe at first, because I fear'd,
Some happier maid his heart endear'd,
And naught but misery then appear'd,
My Edwin.

His melting voice dispell'd those fears,
Drove back my sighs and dry'd my tears,
And lovlier far than e'er appears
My Edwin.

When first he own'd the thrilling pow'r,
And ask'd my heart, my only dow'r,
Heav'n smil'd and bless'd the happy hour,
My Edwin.

And well he knew 'twas all his own,
My eyes, a thousand times had shewn
That there, his image reign'd alone,
My Edwin.

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For ah! how vain is ev'ry art,
To hide the trembling maiden's heart,
Who feels of love the torturing smart,
My Edwin.

Who's now my guide in virtue's way,
Who is my leading star by day,
And in my nightly visions play?
My Edwin.

Who bids the tear spontaneous flow,
At every tale of others' woe?
And who'll to misery aid bestow?
My Edwin.

Who, when I fly with wild alarms,
From pending clouds and threatning storms,
Will shelter me within his arms?
My Edwin.

Who oft at twilight's pensive hour,
Would wander with me in the bow'r,
And cull for me the fairest flow'r?
My Edwin.

Who'd pleasure with instruction blend,
Who strove my wayward heart to mend,
And prov'd the father, lover, friend?
My Edwin.

EMMA.

Dorchester, Jan. 6, 1807.

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FOR THE POLYANTHOS.

FASHION.

The following lines were caused by the author's being called a Cynick for some observations he had made on Fashion.

I SEVERE? I a Cynick? good heaven forbid
I rail'd at the fair;—but grant that I did,
When truth is a libel I'll give up my cause,
And, world-ruling fashion, I'll bow to thy laws.
Cease, cease, cried an angry toned voice in my ear,
(I shrunk into silence, appalled by my fear)
'Twas Fashion herself in her glory array'd,
All her jewels, her gems, and her beauty display'd;
Her hair artificial, in negligent fold
A gem bedecked comb, placed obliquely, did hold;
Her forehead's fair curls her mild eyes scarcely shew,
Her bosom expos'd, rose soft throbbing to view;
Her arms, as they floated sublime on the air [bare,
To shew their sweet form, to the shoulders were
And her robe, thin and small, her fair form gave to sight,
That show'd through its folds a purpureal light.
Cease, traitor! she cried, nor my power disallow,
I rule all the world from the throne to the plough;
But chief o'er the fairest extends my domain,
There unbounded, adored, despotick I reign;
I teach them to dress, and to sing, and to dance,
Send them waltzes so chaste, and cotillions from France.

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Their minutes, swift flying, I crowd with delight,
Turn winter to summer, and day into night;
O my dearest delights! my visits, my calls
My parties, my dinners, assemblies, and balls,
And 'mong my attendants, I'm sure I ne'er had
Or Prudence, or Wisdom, or Religion, so sad.

But why should I name my delights as they rise,
My rites, never seen by your cynical eyes?
Our new modes of dress, and the colours we wear,
Thy dictates, Simplicity, ever held dear,
For to make our dress simple as grand-mother Eve's,
Instead of our muslin we only want leaves.

As to you, Mr. Cynick, I sincerely advise
That you strive little more in our favour to rise
You must leave off your silence, your awkwardness, gloom,
And deck yourself out in Fashion's full bloom.
Learn to talk about nothing, be witty on weather,
And praise a new bonnet, admire a new feather;
And lastly, to gain the sure praise of the fair,
Learn to dress, lie, and flatter, dance waltzes and swear.

FOR THE POLYANTHOS.

SONG.

I saw a flower, fair, newly blown,
And thought to make its sweets my own:
But O! within its downy breast
It fondly lull'd a Bee to rest.

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A truant bee who left his hive,
With her in sweets and love to live,
Shook from his roseate couch of bliss,
The flower's soft breast and honied kiss.
On me he flew with angry wing,
And anguish tells how keen his sting.

'Tis thus with beauty—fair it blows,
As fair and sweet as Persia's rose;
But wouldst thou seek it, O beware,
For *love* the *bee* doth nestle there.

BION.

FOR THE POLYANTHOS.

Pure as the snow-drop bending in the vale,
O'er whose soft bosom floats the vernal gale;
Where'er she moves a heavenly radiance plays,
Enchanting beauty chains the raptur'd gaze:
Let 'plauding seraphs waft her matchless fame,
Live in her praise, and die upon her name.

ROSINA.

STANZAS ON MR. GARRICK.

By Wm. Julius Mickle.

Fair was the graceful form Prometheus made,
Its front the image of the God display'd;
All heaven approv'd it e'er Minerva stole
The fire of Jove, and kindled up the soul.

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So Shakespeare's page, the flower of poesy,
Ere Garrick rose had charms for every eye,
'Twas nature's genuine image, wild and grand,
The strong mark'd picture of a master's hand.

But when his Garrick, nature's Pallas, came,
The bard's bold painting burst into a flame;
Each part new force and vital warmth receiv'd,
As touch'd by Heaven—and all the picture liv'd.

SONNET,

By Wm. Drummond.—1616.

Trust not, sweet soul, those curled waves of gold,
With gentle tides that on your temples flow,
Nor temples spread with flakes of virgin snow,
Nor snow of cheeks with Tyrian grain enroll'd.

Trust not those shining lights which wrought my woe,
When first I did their azure rays behold,
Nor vice, whose sounds more strange effects do show,
Than of the Thracian harper hath been told.

Look at this dying lily, fading rose,
Dark hyacinth, of late whose blushing beams
Made all the neighbouring herbs and grass rejoice,
And think how little is 'twixt life's extremes;
The cruel tyrant that did kill these flowers,
Shall once, ah me, not spare that spring of yours.

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THE SERAPH.

AN ODE.

When Nature bursts the gelid spell,
Prepar'd in Winter's polar dell,
Where shades unblest for ever moan
Around the tyrant's ice-pil'd throne,
To the pure spirit of the Spring
I ope the portals of the skies,
While, from her sun-illumin'd wing
She waves the gales of Paradise;
Her beaming eye, of azure hue,
Shines thro' the dim receding storm,
While clouds, fill'd with ambrosial dew,
Serenely float around her form!

My breath expands the new-sprung flowers
That scent the breeze in myrtle bowers,
As wide I spread my guardian wing
To shield the infancy of Spring.
In blushing wreaths, for Nature's brow,
The olive and the rose I weave;
While, on each zephyr-shaken bough,
The moon beam lights the tears of eve.
I guide thro' the etherial maze,
From spheres of pure eternal light,
Yon star, whose trembling lustre plays
Thro' the dim shadowy form of night.

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I hover o'er the twilight dell,
Near Contemplation's mossy cell,
To pour upon the rising winds
The hymns that charm seraphick minds.
When Genius sheds her kindling beam,
To wake the ardent soul of fire,
I aid the young enthusiast's dream,
Lur'd from above by Fancy's lyre.
While Hope for him unfolds her bower,
My warblings fill the blest abode;
Pure as the transports of the hour
When infant spirits hail their God.

I guard the hallow'd turf-built dome,
The cottager's sequester'd home;
Where pure Religion holds her reign,
Nor dreams of Superstition's chain.
When grateful vespers float on high,
Rais'd o'er the altar of the Even,
I smite my harp in ecstasy,
To hear on earth the songs of heaven.
When artless bosoms own the fire,
That burns on rapt Devotion's shrine,
I list, while Mercy's golden lyre
Awakes the energies divine.

Borne on the pinions of the gale,
That breath'd delight thro' Eden's vale,
I watch'd at eve the sacred grove,
Far from my seraph throne above:

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But when the reign of terrour came,
Shrieking I fled the scenes below,
While Nature, thro' her mighty frame,
Trembled in convulsive woe.
And when the erring wanderers fled
O'er many a tempest-shaken hill,
I pour'd my wild notes o'er their head,
They smil'd and thought it Eden still.

But now, while storm-vext surges roar,
And dash their proud heads on the shore,
As ruthless demons madly tear
The chaplet from the ripening year;
From earth I wing my rapid flight
O'er Ruin's time-defying tower,
To bask in silver rays of light,
O'ershaded by some lunar bower.
And there I sweep the trembling string,
Responsive to the songs sublime,
My kindred spirits love to sing,
Soothing the aged breast of Time.

ZEPHYR.

BY C. LEFTLY, ESQ.

ZEPHYR! whither are you straying,
Tell me where?
With prankish girls in gardens playing,
False as fair?

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A butterfly's light back bestriding,
Queen-bees to honey-suckles guiding,
Or in a swinging hare bell riding,
Free from care?

Before Aurora's car you amble
High in air;
At noon, when Neptune's sea nymphs gambol,
Braid their hair;
When on the tumbling billows rolling,
Or on the smooth sands idly strolling,
Or in cool grottoes they lie lolling,
You sport there.

To chase the moon-beams up the mountains
You prepare;
Or dance with elves on brinks of fountains,
Mirth to share;
Now seen with love-lorn lillies weeping,
Now with a blushing rose-bud sleeping,
While fays from forth their chambers peeping,
Cry, O rare!

ODE ON TIME.

By Miss Seward.

O'ER him, by health and fortune crowned,
Time steals with step so light,
Scarce are his faint impressions found
On the gay forehead's open round,
Or shining orb of sight.

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Smooth as the young Camilla, borne
With printless step and fleet,
O'er plenteous fields of ripened corn,
Whose bending stalks the gales of morn
Bow on the passing feet.

But o'er the dim Form, pressed by woes,
He treads with heavy pace,
Sweeps his broad scythe, and as he goes,
Down falls the summer pride, and shows
Worn Nature's furrowed face.

TO HOPE.

Ah, woe is me! from day to day
I drag a life of pain and sorrow;
Yet still, sweet Hope, I hear thee say
'Be calm, thine ills will end tomorrow.'

The morrow comes, but brings to me
No charm disease or grief relieving!
And am I ever doomed to see,
Sweet Hope, thy promises deceiving!

Yet false and cruel as thou art,
Thy dear delusions will I cherish;
I cannot, dare not with thee part,
Since *I*, alas! with *thee* must perish.

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THE DRAMA.

THEATRICAL RETROSPECT,

For February, 1807.

BOSTON THEATRE.

FEB. 3.—*Venice Preserved* and *Patie and Peggy*.

Of Mr. Cooper's *Jaffier* we cannot speak otherwise than in terms of the highest approbation; for of all the characters he has personated on our stage we do not remember one which has so unexceptionable a claim to critical applause. Mrs. Stanley's *Belvidera*, too, was truly excellent; and in the several scenes with *Jaffier* displayed uncommon powers to 'harrow up the soul.'

With fluttering pulse,
With eye bedewed, and sorrow-troubled breast,

a house, overflowing in every part, testified their approbation.

Pierre was performed by Mr. Morse, a gentleman of Massachusetts who has been for a few weeks under the tuition of Mr. Cooper. He was well received; and excepting a few instances of misplaced emphasis, he acquitted himself respectably. With such a man as Mr. C. for his tutor, he cannot fail of attaining superiour excellence and high professional rank.

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Feb. 4.—*Rule a Wife and have a Wife* and *The Turnpike Gate*, for the benefit of Mr. Cooper. We believe this the only play of Beaumont and Fletcher that has ever visited the American stage. Mrs. Inchbald has prefixed to her edition of it the following remarks—

"The fifty-three plays which are published as the joint works of Beaumont and Fletcher, do not give them more reputation as poets, than their steady friendship confers honour upon them as men.

"To the querulous and the vain it must be a subject of astonishment, how two persons could derive fame so directly from the same source, as writing plays together, without contending which had the strongest claim to that general admiration, which their productions excited. To female authors, of all others, this long mental union must be matter of amazement! With them such a conjunction of efforts had been intolerable as soon as praise became the reward; each would then have demanded the largest share, prompted by the conscientious scruples of justice.

"There is one failing, notwithstanding their stable friendship, which likens these poets to the female sex—they did not write perfect grammar. It was the fashion of the times to be incorrect; and ease is the parent of genius. Shakespeare, who wrote at the same time, might have been restrained in many of his sublimest flights, by the dread of a modern Review.

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"These allied dramatists wanted, however, neither learning nor the most refined society of the period in which they wrote, to qualify them for the task they fulfilled. They were both educated at Cambridge; and the father of Beaumont was one of the judges of the Court of Common Pleas, whilst Fletcher was son to the Bishop of London.

"Rule a Wife and have a Wife, as altered by Garrick, ranks foremost among the selected plays of these united authors, that are now performed; and though it has an unpleasing fable, with female characters perfectly detestable, yet is constituted with parts so ably written, so forcible in sentiment and humour, that actors of a certain class of excellence must ever give it powerful effect in the exhibition. But to preserve its fame on the stage, no common performers can be entrusted with the charge."

Mr. Cooper's Leon is a masterpiece of acting throughout the whole play; but if any scene can be selected as superiour to the rest, it is that at the close of the third act, where he is so wonderfully metamorphosed from an idiot to a polished gentleman. He gives the following passage with remarkable spirit and energy—

I stand upon the ground of mine own honour,
And will maintain it; you shall know me now
To be an understanding, feeling man,
And sensible of what a woman aims at.

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I cast my cloud off, and appear myself,
The master of this little piece of mischief.

In this also his emphasis and gestures are peculiarly forcible, and justly excite admiration—

He that dares strike against the husband's freedom,
The husband's curse stick to him, a tamed cuckold,
His wife be fair and young, but most dishonest,
Most impudent, and he have no feeling of it;
Let her lie by him like a flattering ruin,
And at one instant kill both name and honour;
Let him be lost, no eye to weep his end,
Nor find no earth that's base enough to cover him.

Feb. 9.—*The Secret* and *The Four Seasons*. Mr. Bernard, after an absence of some weeks, appeared in the character of *Old Lizard*. He is the life of every play in which he sustains a part, and without him *The Secret* would have been insupportable.

Feb. 11.—*The Castle Spectre* and *Jew and Doctor*. *Osmond*, second time, by a gentleman of Boston. It would have been more favourable for this noviciate, had he chosen some other character for his second attempt. As the theatre was crowded on his first night, and novelty being the rage of the day, his repetition of the part excited but little curiosity.

Mrs. Powell was the *Angela* of the evening, and whether an "original" or a "representative," many parts of her performance were very pleasing; particularly the description of her last interview with Edwy, and of the evening, 'sweet and tranquil as the loves of angels.'

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Mr. Bernard excited laughter in the knavish *Motley*, without having recourse to the old stale trick of stopping the mouth of *Alice* with his hands.

Feb. 13.—*Alexander the Great* and *La Peyrouse*. *Alexander* and *Clytus* were taken by Messrs. Usher and Dickenson, at very short notice; much of the dialogue was of course necessarily cut out. Mr. Usher's person is not such as will impart much dignity and effect to the characters of heroes and demi-gods; but his reading is generally unexceptionable. *Roxana* and *Statira*, by Mrs. Powell and Mrs. Stanley, received frequent applause. The other parts had little to recommend them to attention and still less to remembrance.

Feb. 18.—*The Revenge* and *Raising the Wind*. Mr. Fennel made his first appearance in Boston this evening, in the character of *Zanga*. Not having had the pleasure of seeing Mr. Fennel's representation of Zanga, we are unable to speak of it from our own knowledge; but critical judges have pronounced it "the best which has ever been seen in Boston."

Feb. 20.—*Macbeth* and *High Life below Stairs*. Our expectations were highly raised to witness Mr. Fennel's personation of Macbeth, and they were in general amply fulfilled. Mr. F. possesses a good person and genteel carriage. He speaks correctly and with energy; and gives to many obscure passages of the text that peculiar tone and emphasis, which conveys their meaning to every understanding. With many

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parts of his performance we were not merely pleased, but delighted; and we recollect with pleasure his first soliloquy—

Two truths are told,
As happy prologues to the swelling act, &c.

The next soliloquy—

If 'twere done, &c.

had many prominent beauties.

This is a sorry sight,

was spoken with most eloquent and pathetick gesture, and made a strong impression. It was the language of a man who deeply felt the "compunctious visitings of nature." In short, we may truly say, that in Mr. Fennel's Macbeth we saw very little to censure and much to admire. If he did not always discover so much spirit, feeling, and enthusiasm as we could have wished, he never disgusted with "inexplicable dumb show and noise."

Mrs. Stanley shared our approbation with Mr. Fennel. Her Lady Macbeth was very excellent, and among many other superlative beauties we remember the inimitable expression of countenance and action, which she displayed in the delivery of her soliloquy after reading the letter.

Where, in the name of wonder, could our managers find so many stupid supernumeraries? From what wild flock of cream-faced loons with goose looks, could they catch all the lily-livered patches, which fill up the *bleeding captains, messengers*, &c.

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THEATRICAL CHIT-CHAT.

THE Boston theatre was crowded every night of Mr. Cooper's performance. Mr. C. received for his share of the profits upwards of 2000 dollars—A handsome reward for the services of nine evenings.

Mr. Bernard played at New-York to almost empty boxes. The theatre is almost deserted by the higher classes of people, for balls and assemblies.

Mr. Cooper, to add to the attractions of his theatre, has engaged Mrs. Warren for a few nights. She made her first appearance in Calista—Lothario by Mr. Cooper—Horatio, Mr. Morse.

EDITOR'S NOTES.

THE gentleman who sent us an original 'Elegy,' and several selected pieces, is requested to accept our thanks for the kind intentions expressed in his letter. To his selections we have no objection, except their frequent publication in other works. The Elegy, we presume, is the emanation of sympathetick friendship, but was never inspired by the Muses. It may please those who think a jingle of words constitutes the essence of Poetry; but we cannot consent to its publication, till the author's unpardonable violations of ntax *are corrected. Beside, such rhymes as* v'd, food, *are not exactly to our taste.*

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M. Fennell

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THE

POLYANTHOS.

MARCH, 1807.

MEMOIRS OF MR. FENNELL.

'Speak of me as I am.'

THE Drama, from its first institution to the present time, though generally allowed to be favourable to the interests of literature and morality, has had to encounter the ignorance of some, the superstitious bigotry of others, and the violent prejudice of a large portion of mankind. No class of men has suffered so much from the poisoned tongues of envy, malice, and detraction, as its followers. Though Roscius and Cicero were intimate friends, and Garrick enjoyed the caresses of the nobility; yet a majority of the world has ever been disposed to consider them as a class of beings, who live for no other purpose than to amuse their fellows; to strut an hour upon the stage merely to afford a transitory pastime;

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but has never been willing to admit them to the privileges of social intercourse or the endearments of private friendship. Society, however, begins to assume more liberality of sentiment; and seems willing to allow that an actor may have natural and moral feelings similar to other men. The torrent of prejudice is subsiding, and the followers of Thespis are not so frequently accosted with *Come not near me, I am holier than thou.* The American stage can proudly boast of votaries who are entitled to private esteem as well as publick approbation.

JAMES FENNELL was born in London, Dec. 11, 1766. His father, who is still living, is in the Navy Pay-Office. He received the first rudiments of his education under the Rev. Mr. French, at Bow, near London. He was afterwards placed at Eton College, and from thence removed to Trinity College, Cambridge.

Mr. Fennell was intended by his parents for the church, and not for the profession of the law, as been often erroneously stated. When he had completed his studies at Cambridge, being too young to take orders, he was placed at Lincoln's Inn, to receive the last polish of his education.

During his residence here he conceived an aversion to theological pursuits, and began to think of studying the law. This idea however was soon abandoned. A serious dispute arose between him and his father, respecting his expenses, which his father thought too extrava-

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gant. The result was, Mr. Fennell abruptly left London and went to Edinburgh, early in the summer of 1787.

While at Edinburgh he formed an acquaintance with Mr. Jackson, manager of the theatre; and, having frequently performed with applause at private theatres, he agreed to perform a few nights with his company. After this he attended Mr. Jackson to Glasgow, where he also played a short time, and returned to London. As this was done merely for recreation, he neither asked nor received any compensation for his services.

On his arrival in London he found his relations so much incensed at his irregular conduct, that they refused to see him. After some time spent in fruitless in endeavours to reconcile them, he then, and not till then, began to think seriously of becoming an actor by profession. Mr. Jackson soon after came to London to engage performers for his winter campaign at Edinburgh, and made very advantageous offers to Mr. Fennell, requesting the fulfilment of a conditional engagement previously made with him,---That if he should determine to follow the profession, he would enlist under Mr. Jackson in preference to any other manager.

The flattering reception Mr. Fennell had met at Edinburgh and Glasgow induced him to hope for approbation from a London audience. He waited on Mr. Harris, about the

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opening of Covent-Garden theatre, in September, 1787, and without any kind of introduction, explained the object of his visit. Mr. Harris listened to a few short recitations, with which he was so well pleased that a night was immediately fixed on for his appearance. He selected the character of Othello for his first attempt, and his success was so great as to induce the manager to request a repetition of it the next night. The tragedy of Alexander was then brought up in great splendour, and Mr. Fennell appeared twice in the Macedonian Hero. He afterwards played Jaffier. Respect for the feelings of his relations had hitherto induced him to perform under the assumed name of Cambray.

Having obtained a considerable degree of celebrity as an actor, and seeing no probability of a reconciliation with his friends, Mr. Fennell determined to fulfil his conditional contract with Mr. Jackson. Mr. Harris offered to pay Mr. Jackson the forfeiture of that engagement, and any further sum he might think he should lose, to relinquish Mr. Fennell, which was refused. The temptation was then held out to Mr. Fennell, who perhaps might have yielded to it, but for the advice of a friend, Mr. Smith of Covent-Garden theatre. This gentleman, on being consulted by Mr. Fennell, replied, "Never embark in any enterprise, however advantageous, by a breach of faith."

Mr. Fennell joined the Edinburgh company at the opening of the theatre in December,

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1787. He continued to perform there, with uniform approbation, till he was forced to retire from the theatre, by one of the most arbitrary and disgraceful proceedings recorded in the history of the stage.

In the summer of 1787, and during the engagement of Mrs. Siddons, *Venice Preserved* was advertised for representation. Mr. Fennell was put into the character of *Jaffier*, and *Pierre* was given to a Mr. Woods, who for several years before Mr. Fennell's visit to Edinburgh had been the *Jaffier* of the company. Chagrined and mortified at the increasing reputation of his rival, Mr. Woods determined to revenge himself for the supposed injustice done to him by the cast of characters. He represented his grievance in a most pitiful manner, to several young lawyers, his particular friends, who it seems resolved to reinstate him in the character by opposing Mr. Fennell.

A few hours previous to the play, the manager received an anonymous letter, threatening a riot if the cast was not altered, but of which he thought proper to take no other notice than to show it to Mr. Fennell. When Mr. Fennell appeared he was greeted with a loud hiss from the pit, which increased as he came forward to address the audience. When he obtained silence, he made the following speech—'I am not surprised that some persons are averse to my addressing the audience in general; because they must be conscious that from my speaking

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a scene of villany will be unfolded, in which, I fear, they will find themselves too deeply interested.' His observation not being generally understood, he was called upon to make an explanation. He then produced the anonymous letter to the manager, which he read; and added further, that he had received information that a party of lawyers' clerks had formed a coalition to oppose him. After considerable altercation, in which Mr. Fennell, Mr. Jackson, Mr. Woods, the boxes, and the pit were all concerned, the play was suffered to proceed.

The next day a report was spread through the town that Mr. Fennell had said *every lawyer was a villain*, and a combination more formidable than the other was made to force from him a humiliating apology. At night he came out to speak the prologue to *The Italian Lovers*, when the same scene of confusion again commenced; *an apology* was loudly called for by the pit, while *no apology* was as loudly reiterated from the boxes. The play at length proceeded.

There were at that time about twenty young Americans, students in medicine, at the college at Edinburgh, with whom Mr. Fennell was in habits of intimacy and friendship. They resolved not to see their favourite treated with so much insult and opprobrium, and on the third evening went to the theatre armed with cudgels, and planted themselves on the back seat in the pit. When the hissing commenced as usual, one of them loudly vociferated, 'Will you hear

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Mr. Fennell ?' The cry of 'Off, off,' continuing, the American exclaimed, 'If you will not hear him, you shall hear me !' and calling to his companions to follow his example, they, aided by a few gentlemen from the boxes, drove the rioters from the house.

Mr. Jackson received the next morning a letter, signed by *one hundred and sixty-three* lawyers, stating that if Mr. Fennell did not make the apology demanded, they should withdraw their patronage and support from the theatre. As the manager knew that Mr. Fennell had done nothing wrong, and as he persisted in not making any apology, it was mutually agreed between them, that he should retire from the company.

Mr. Fennell accordingly left the theatre, and published a pamphlet, containing an accurate account of these unjust proceedings, which soon spread through the kingdom. The unprejudiced inhabitants of Edinburgh thought him shamefully injured ; the conduct of the lawyers was universally reprobated ; every one sympathised with Mr. Fennell, and wished to see his wrongs redressed.

Convinced that he had justice on his side, and finding he had many friends, he determined to bring an action against the lawyers for depriving him of his livelihood. But he soon felt himself awkwardly situated, for no person could be found to undertake his cause ; he applied to the Lord President of the Sessions for

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the appointment of counsel, and on being ordered to attend the court, to exhibit his complaint, he appeared at the bar alone. Mr. Charles Hope, now Lord Hopetoun, and Mr. Abercrombie, brother to the General of that name, volunteered their services, and were appointed by the Justices to carry on the suit for the plaintiff. Mr. Lewis Grant, now Lord Grant, afterwards requested and obtained permission to open the cause, which he did in a masterly and eloquent style.

After prosecuting his action for more than twelve months, Mr. Fennell still found himself far from redress. Mr. Abercrombie informed him that the lawyers would give him five hundred pounds, would publickly erase their names from the letter, invite him to return to the stage, and insure him a benefit at five hundred pounds, provided he would drop the prosecution. After consulting his friends, Mr. Fennell accepted the proposal, and resumed his situation in the theatre.*

* It is said in 'The Secret History of the Green Room,' that Mr. Fennell 'consented to apologize on the publick stage, and acknowledge himself in the wrong, though every one present knew that he had not done wrong till that moment.' We have good authority for saying this was not the fact, nor did he make any apology. He determined not to perform till he had assurances that EVERY auditor was in his favour. For this purpose, before he dressed for the character he was to play, he came for-

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He soon after left Edinburgh, and played three nights at York. In the winter of 1789 and 1790 he performed a few nights at Covent-Garden.

In 1790 Mr. Fennell was engaged for a few nights at Richmond, where he produced the comedy of *Lindor and Clara*, which was played for three successive benefits, and was printed in London during the winter, and afterwards performed with success at the provincial theatres.

In the winter of 1790 and 1791 we find Mr. Fennell again on the London boards, during which time he produced a farce called *The Advertisement, or a new way to get married*, which was performed at the Haymarket theatre, and at Dublin, with considerable applause. A disagreement taking place between the manager and the performers, on account of the introduction of all the first performers into a pantomimical or melo-dramatick exhibition called the *Picture of Paris*, Mr. Fennell quitted the

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ward and addressed the audience in these words:—'Is it the pleasure of this audience that I should perform the character for which I am advertised?'—Being answered by a unanimous peal of applause, he proceeded—'I have only one feeling of regret, which is, that I should ever have been supposed capable of offering an insult to an audience from whom I have received such repeated marks of favour and approbation.'—*Polyanthos*.

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theatre, and edited a weekly paper called *The Theatrical Guardian*. This however he continued only a few weeks, and retired into the country to engage in literary pursuits. In his retirement he translated *Marmontel's Incas*, and planned therefrom the bases of several plays and tragedies, which, during the winter following, he read at Mr. Holman's chambers, in presence of Mr. Morton, Mr. Reynolds, and other literary characters. He afterwards presented the fruits of his labours to his friend, Mr. Morton, who soon after produced, probably from those materials, the celebrated play of *Columbus*. These sketches and outlines by Mr. Fennell have also furnished incidents and plots for other celebrated plays which have since appeared.

In May, 1792, Mr. Fennell married the second daughter of the Rev. Dr. Porter, and soon after took her with him to Paris, where they remained during that memorable summer. The events of the 10th of August and succeeding days having rendered it dangerous for Englishmen to continue there, he, after much difficulty, obtained his passports and returned to England. He immediately published a *Review of the Proceedings at Paris*, which was highly spoken of by the Reviewers. It also recommended him to the notice of several influential characters, with whom he joined to form the celebrated association at the Crown and Anchor, for the support of the king and

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constitution, and for the purpose of awakening the common people to a sense of their true interest. The internal situation of England was at this moment alarming; French politicks and French emissaries pervaded its inmost recesses, and Government felt itself weakened in its main pillar, the attachment of its subjects. But in consequence of the exertions of this association, assisted by similar ones founded in different parts of the kingdom, addresses were presented, assuring the king of the support of his subjects, in defence of the existing constitution.

The exertions of Mr. Fennell on this occasion procured him the promise of a permanent establishment; but previous to the execution of it, he had repeated applications from Mr. Wignell of the Philadelphia theatre; and as he probably knew that "*to promise is most courtly and fashionable---performance is a kind of will or testament, which argues a great sickness in his judgment that makes it*;" he was at last induced to engage with Mr. Wignell. He arrived at Philadelphia in the beginning of August, 1793.

The father of Mrs. Fennell it seems had his prejudices against the stage, and would not probably have consented to her marriage, had there been a prospect of Mr. Fennell's resuming the buskin, as appears from the following incident. While Mr. Wignell was in London, a paragraph appeared in one of the papers men-

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tioning the names of the performers who were going with him to America, and among others that of Mr. Fennell. Immediately on reading this, Mr. Porter made inquiry, and being satisfied of its truth, sent for a Notary to alter his Will, in which he bequeathed to Mrs. Fennell *One Shilling!* What renders this circumstance still more singular is, that, though in usual health, he died suddenly two hours after the alteration of the Will.

[*To be continued.*]

FOR THE POLYANTHOS.

ANALECTA....No. V.

"Undique collatis membris."

WILLIAM ROBERTS, ESQ.

THIS gentleman was one of the principal writers and publishers of *The Looker-On.* Very few indeed—says an anonymous author—are in our opinion the instances, which the English language affords, of such finished specimens of essay-writing, as are to be found in the Looker-On. The taste, knowledge, and ingenuity, the sterling wit, the happy raillery, and elegance of style with which these papers are conceived and written, must ever characterize them as very first rate performances of their

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kind; and if the urbanity of criticism, the elegance of morality, and the playfulness of allusion which so remarkably distinguish the Spectator, be any where to be looked for in these days, it must be in the lucubrations of Simon Olive-Branch.

EDUCATION.

A HUMANE and judicious master will be very careful not to exercise severity on minds eager for literary distinction. Infant emulation is a delicate and tender plant, which must be protected with equal solicitude from the chilness of neglect and the inclemency of rebuke. Fruits worthy of paradise may be intercepted in the blossom; nay, the tree itself may be checked in its growth, and, from the flights of repeated churlishness wither away forever.

PRIESTCRAFT.

IT was related, says Boccaccio, to a certain Inquisitor—who was such rather after those who had full purses than those who held heterodox opinions,—that one well stored with money, being unluckily overheated with liquor, was heard to say, that he had better wine than Christ himself had ever drank. This being a crime most flagrant in the eye of the most holy church, the inquisitor commenced a process against him, but however not so much with a design of amending him in matters of faith,

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as to ease him of a part of his money. The man being brought before him, he enquired whether that was true which had been alleged against him. He answered, it was. What, replied the holy inquisitor, (being devoted to St. John with the golden beard) dost thou make Christ a drunkard, and curious in the choice of wines, and wouldst thou excuse it as a small matter? And so it may seem to thee; but I tell thee, should I proceed with the rigour of justice, thou wouldst be burnt alive for it. No recourse, says the author, now remained, but to apply a little of St. John's golden grease—(a most sovereign remedy against the pestilential avarice of the clergy, especially of the lesser friars, who are forbidden the use of money, although it be not mentioned by Galen in his book of medicines) with which he anointed his hands to such purpose, that the fire and faggots he had been threatened with, were changed into a cross, which being yellow and black, seemed like a banner designed for the holy land.

FEMININE ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

THAT virtue which adorned the minds of women in former times, says an old satirist, is passed in our days into the ornaments of the body; and she whose habit is most gaudy, and set off with embroideries and fantastick ornaments, is most esteemed; not considering

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that were you to load an ass with finery, it would be able to carry more than any one of them.

LOCAL ATTACHMENT.

It is comfortable, says Dr. Franklin in one of his letters to Mr. Whatley, to have a good opinion of one's self, and every thing about us; to think one's own religion, king and wife, the best of all possible wives, kings and religions. I remember three Greenlanders, who had travelled two years in Europe, under the care of some Moravian missionaries, and had visited Germany, Denmark, Holland and England. When I asked them at Philadelphia (when they were on their way home) whether, now they had seen how much more commodiously the white people lived by the help of the arts, they would not choose to remain amongst us—their answer was, that they were pleased with having an opportunity of seeing so many fine things, *but they chose to live in their own country*; which country by the way consisted only of rocks, for the Moravians were obliged to carry *earth* in their ship from New-York, for the purpose of making a cabbage garden.

The following elegant description by Mr. Polwhele is so appropriate to the above anecdote, that I cannot avoid quoting it.

Yes, Home still charms; and he who clad in fur,
His rapid rein-deer drives o'er plains of snow,

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Would rather to the same wild tracts recur,
That various life had marked with joy or woe,
Than wander where the spicy breezes blow
To kiss the hyacinths of Azza's hair—
Rather, than where luxuriant summers glow,
To the white mosses of his hills repair,
And bid his antler train their simple banquet share,
All love their native spot; whether beside
Their ice-ribbed mountains through a waste of night
They catch the frost gales from the stormy tide,
And shiver to the boreal flashes bright;
Or if the sun vouchsafe a noon-day light,
Hail from the crags his faint reflected beams,
And slide o'er mouldering bridge from height to height,
Where pine, or ebony, or benreed gleams,
To float their huge hewn planks along the gulfy streams.

CAPACITY OF EXPRESSION.

Capacity of expression, the indication of a mind susceptible of great or of tender emotions, has a great share in human beauty, whether in a living countenance, or in that which the pencil presents. How different is the tame regularity of a merely placid countenance from what strikes the spectator when he beholds the indications of a great mind in that

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susceptibility of emotion and energy, which marks the brow and animates the eye of the hero, even in the calmest scenes of life! How fascinating, when compared with the insipid prettiness and regular features of an inanimate beauty, is that susceptibility which lightens up the countenance and plays upon the features of a woman when she is unmoved by any particular affection! The full clear eye; the arched and moveable eye-brow; the smooth and polished forehead, as indicating this kind of capacity, this susceptibility of emotion and power of expression, are grand features of human character and beauty. And the perfection of their beauty is found, whenever the spectator is made sensible of this inherent, this latent power of expression, while no prevailing passion gives a cast to the features.

CHIVALRY.

By William Julius Mickle.

FROM Taurus' rugged steep,
And Caucasus, far round with headlong sweep,
As wolves wild howling from their famished den,
Rushed the devouring bands of Saracen,
Trampling with sullen joy on human kind.
* * * *
In awful waste the fairest cities moaned,
And human liberty expiring groaned,

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When Chivalry arose :—Her ardent eye
Sublime, that fondly mingled with the sky,
Where patience watched, and stedfast purpose
frowned,
Mixed with devotion's fire, she darted round,
Stern and indignant; on her glittering shield
The cross she bore, and proudly to the field
High plumed she rushed; by honours dazzling
fired,
Conscious of Heaven's own cause, and all-inspired
By holy vows, as on the frowning tower
The lightning vollies, on the crested power
Of Saracen she winged her javelin's way,
And the wide-wasting giant prostrate lay.

HOMER.

HOMER is the prince of poets and of poetry. His Iliad is a diamond which has a thousand sides, and all of them equally brilliant and solid. It is an inexhaustible mine of riches; and Virgil and Tasso are but successful plunderers. In it are found the sources of every species of beauty and of grace. In it are to be found the majestick, the terrible, the pathetick, and the sublime. Homer is the sun; Virgil shines with a mild, (I had almost said) pale light, which he borrows from him. Homer is a model of eloquence; every one knows how much Cicero studied him. Homer has created painters and

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sculptors; and one of the finest ornaments of the Vatican, the Jupiter of Phidias, is of his invention. But why speak the praises of Homer? Horace has praised him; Boileau has praised him: the Æneid, and the Jerusalem Delivered, praise him from beginning to end.

Some criticks condemn him because they say he wants sense and reason; and he appears to them to want reason and sense, because they do not know that the Greek allegories (which they call chimæras and marvellous) were all founded upon reason and truth; and that they contained the finest morality, which made Horace say, that Homer taught philosophy better than many others who were philosophers by profession.

TASTE.

I HAVE looked for ideas for many years on the subject of taste, but never could find any satisfactory, either in conversation or in books. M. de Voltaire has said in his *Temple du Gout*,

Je vis ce Dieu qu'en vain j' implore,
Ce Dieu charmant que l'on ignore
Quand on cherche à le définir.

I have the greatest respect for the opinion of M. de Voltaire in matters of taste; but with all the deference that I owe him, I believe a man's not being able to define a thing, is but a bad sort of proof than he understands it. I should

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even be tempted to believe the contrary; and I should consider a person's showing that he was able to analyze a subject, as a strong presumption that he understood that subject. I conceive beforehand that all men think they have taste, and that all those who do not know how to define it will be of M. de Voltaire's opinion.

The term *taste* is a metaphor taken from the *palate*. A good partridge is served up to three men: one finds it good; another finds it bad; the third neither finds it good nor bad. The third is a man without taste; the second man's taste is bad; the first man has a good taste. Bring a German grenadier to see the Belvedere Apollo, he will neither find it beautiful nor ugly; this is a man without taste: show this statue to a Dutch Burgo, he will find it two light, he would wish it a little heavier; this is a man of a perfidious taste: show it afterwards to ten Italians, ten Frenchmen, and ten Englishmen, they will all find it beautiful, and yet each of them may have a different taste.

Jean Jaques Rousseau says, "*Le gout est le microscope du jugement;*" and in another place he says, "*il sert de lunettes à la raison.*" In these two expressions the idea is the same, and the idea is false; and the reason why Rousseau mistook is the same that has misled all the men who have written upon taste. They thought it a simple idea, and it is a complex one. The cause of their errour is this: taste, in its literal sense, is a simple idea; in its metaphorical

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sense, it is a compounded idea. I explain myself by an example. The piece of pheasant that I eat is addressed to a single sense, to my palate, which decides upon it. To what is the *qu'il mourût* addressed? To my judgment. Is it fine? I answer, that it is. Have I then taste? No; I have only judgment: but after having passed through my judgment, it has still another address: where? to my feeling. Do I *feel* then the beauty of this *qu'il mourût?* Yes; then I have taste; and this taste is a compound idea, and compounded of these two parts, judgment and feeling.

The degrees of judgment are extremely varied in men; the degrees of feeling are not less so; the combinations of these two parts are therefore infinitely diversified; and hence arises that astonishing variety of tastes that we meet in the world. Of those thirty men of good taste who found the Apollo beautiful, I said, perhaps each of them had a different taste; for even supposing the judgments of all equal, it is more than probable that each of them felt differently the beauties of this work; and in that case each of them had a different taste. The three greatest criticks that ever existed were Boileau, Horace, and Longinus. Show a sublime beauty to these criticks; the taste of the three was good; they would all agree, but their taste was not the same; the faculty of judging was equal in all, but their feelings were different, and they would not feel this beauty

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equally ; Boileau would feel it as a hundred ; Horace as a hundred ; Longinus as a thousand.

I am sure that these ideas upon taste are new ; I am not sure that they are just. If they are not, I have no taste ; if they are, I have ; for I drew them from myself.

ANCIENT ENGLISH POETS.

ROBERT GREEN

Was born at Norwich, about the middle of the sixteenth century. He was educated at Cambridge, and on leaving that university made the tour of Europe. In this tour he is said to have learned that debauchery which characterized the greater part of his life, and embittered his latter days. After having resided some years in London, he took his degree in arts at Cambridge, and was incorporated at Oxford in the year 1588. He was married to a very amiable woman, by whom he had one son. But this lady he quitted in the year 1586, being offended at her having given him good advice. He then lived with a prostitute, wrote obscene pamphlets for his support, and fully exemplified by his manners, the doctrines that he taught. Towards the latter end of his life, however, he appears to have repented sincerely. A letter,

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which he addressed to his wife, discovers a great degree of contrition. He died in the year 1592 of a surfeit, occasioned by eating pickled herrings and drinking rhenish wine. The pamphlets of Green are numerous, but now very scarce. He is said to have been the first author who wrote for bread.

AN ODE

From Green's 'Never too late.'

Downe the valley gan he tracke,
Bagge and bottle at his backe,
In a surcoate all of gray,
Such were Palmers on the way;
When with scrip and staffe they see,
Jesus grave on Calverie;
A hat of straw like a swaine,
Shelter for the sun and raine,
With a scallop shell before:
Sandals on his feete he wore:
Legs were bare, armes vnclad:
Such attire the Palmer had.
His face faire like Titans shine,
Gray and buxome were his eyne,
Whereout dropt pearles of sorrow,
Such sweet teares love doth borrow,
When in outward dewes he plaines
Harts distresse that lovers paines:
Rubie lips, cherrie cheekes,
Such rare mixture Venus seekes,

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When to keepe her damsels quiet,
Beautie sets them downe their diet.
Adon was not thought more faire ;
Curled locks of amber hair :
Locks where Love did sit and twine
Nets, to snare the gazers eine :
Such a Palmer ne'er was seene,
'Lesse Love himself had Palmer beene.
Yet for all he was so quaint,
Sorrow did his visage taint.
Midst the riches of his face,
Griefe deciphred high disgrace ;
Every step strained a teare,
Suddaine sighes showed his feare ;
And yet his feare by his sight,
Ended in a strange delight :
That his passions did approve,
Weedes and sorrow were for Love.

COL. RICHARD LOVELACE,

Son of Sir Richard Lovelace, of Bethersden, in Kent, was born 1618, and educated at the Charter-house, and at Oxford, from whence he attended the Court. The beauty of his person and elegance of his manners made him a great favourite of the ladies. He afterwards retired to his seat in the country, whence he was deputed to carry the Kentish Petition to the House of Commons, for which he was committed to the Gate-house at Westminster. Here he

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wrote his famous song "Stone walls do not a prison make." After Oxford garrison surrendered, 1646, he formed a regiment for the service of the French king, and was wounded at Dunkirk. In 1648 he returned to England, and was committed a prisoner to Peter-house, in London, where he published his poems, entitled, "Lucasta," 1649. After he was set at liberty, "he grew melancholy," says Wood, "became very poor in body and purse, was the object of charity, went in ragged cloaths, (whereas when he was in his glory, he wore cloaths of gold and silver) lodged in obscure and dirty places, more befitting the worst of beggars, and poorest of servants," &c. After his death, his brother Dudley Posthumous Lovelace published another volume of his poems, in 1659. There is great elegance, and a very brilliant fancy, mixed with some quaintness, throughout the poems of Lovelace.

LOVE CONQUERED,

A Song by Lovelace, 1649.

THE childish God of Love did swear
Thus; by my awful bow and quiver,
Yon weeping, kissing, smiling pair,
I'll scatter all their vows in th' air,
And their knit embraces shiver.

Up then to th' head with his best art,
Full of spite and envy blown,
At her constant marble heart

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He draws his swiftest, surest dart,
Which bounded back, and hit his own.

Now the Prince of fires burns!
Flames in the lustre of her eyes!
Triumphant, she refuses, scorns;
He submits, adores, and mourns,
And is his votress' sacrifice.

Foolish boy! Resolve me now
What 'tis to sigh and not be heard!
He, weeping, kneel'd, and made a vow,
The world shall love, as yon fast two:
So on his sing'd wings up he steer'd.

AFFECTING NARRATIVE.

From Sherlock's Letters from Berlin.

THE Count de Peltzer, an officer in the Prussian service, was the only son of a widow near sixty years old, He was handsome, brave to excess, and deeply in love with Mademoiselle de Benskow. She was in her eighteenth year, gentle, pretty, and born with an extreme sensibility. Her lover, just turned of twenty, was loved with a passion equal to his own, and the day was fixed to make them happy. It was the 20th of June, 1778.

The Prussian troops are always ready to take the field; and the seventeenth of June, at ten

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o'clock at night, the count's regiment received orders to march at midnight for Silesia. He was at Berlin, and his mistress at a country house four leagues from the town. He set off consequently without seeing her; and he wrote to her from the first place where he stopped, that it was impossible for him to live without her; that it was essential to his happiness that she should follow him immediately, and that they should be married at Silesia. He wrote at the same time to her brother, who was his most intimate friend, to plead his cause with her parents. She set out then accompanied by this brother, and by her lover's mother. Never did the sands of Brandenbourgh appear so heavy as to this charming girl; but at length the journey ended and she arrived at the town of Herstadt; and "Never," said her brother to me, "did my eyes see a woman lovelier than my sister: the exercise of the journey had added to her bloom, and her eyes painted what passed in her heart." But, O human prospects! how deceitful are you! How near often is the moment of wretchedness to the moment of felicity! The carriage is stopped to let pass some soldiers, who, advancing with slow steps, bore in their arms a wounded officer. The tender heart of the young lady was affected at the sight: she little suspected that it was her lover.

Some Austrian foragers had approached this town, and the young Count went out to repulse

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natural or acquired, my MUSICAL TOUR. In In which I have had opportunity, at different times, to laugh, to deplore, to pity, and applaud—it has excited, in some instances, my astonishment; in others, my indifference; it has called forth my warmest gratitude, and moved my ineffable contempt.

The provocation of these different feelings, of course, had its rise from my different publick and individual reception. I have been lost in admiration at the benignant liberality of one man in power, and obliged to shelter myself under a sort of contemptuous compassion at the ignorant importance of another. I have been charmed to wonder at professional candour, and I have smiled, unmoved, at professional envy. I have warmed to delight at instances of private friendship, and have beheld with unhappiness, and forgiven, wanton attempts to do me private injuries.

As for my publick reception, it has been flattering in the extreme, as far as it relates to applause. I wish I could say the same as to profit. One advantage I have certainly reaped from it—my country experience has given me a more competent view of popular opinion than all I had before done. I believe it may be owing to my having conversed with my audience, and taken them at the moment I made them feel. Among the number, however, who have attended me, I shall not easily forget the few who are firmly convinced I am a most impu-

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dent impostor—for that Mr. Dibdin amassed so large a fortune by the *Padlock* and the *Jubilee* as to be perfectly independent; whereas I stroll about the country; that I am a stout, jolly young man, in my own hair, whereas Mr. Dibdin is a tall, thin man, and wears a wig.* On this subject I have a large stock of anecdotes, which you will get in their place.

This Tour also will, as far as opportunity has permitted me, give the publick some useful hints relative to inns, manufactories, natural and artificial curiosties, the state of the country as to cultivation, and such other particulars as have cursorily struck me—and, really, Mr. Paterson ought to subscribe handsomely for I shall be able to improve his road book, which, in some instances, is very erroneous. Having also had many opportunities of conversing with

* Nothing can be more curious than popular prejudices. I know a clergyman who, having enjoyed for several years the world's good opinion, was turned off, through a ridiculous pique, by a young nobleman to whom he was preceptor. After his disgrace every vice and folly that could taint a man's character was attributed to him. He drank, wenched, and was so complete a gambler, that, had he kept his old situation much longer, he would have ruined the principles of his pupil. I know him well—and am convinced he is free from all these vices, and in particular as to play.—I declare I once saw him, in a single game at whist, *revoke five times*.

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men of genius, I shall communicate my remarks on those conversations; in which, in particular, will be comprised my sentiments on *Musick* in all its points of view; for, to tell you a secret, while I merely considered myself as a publick man, I held up disdain as a shield to ward off the shafts of envy, and conceived myself under no obligation to blunt that malignity which neither gave me pain, nor injured me in the opinions of the candid and liberal. Having, however, made my election to cramp myself no more in the trammels of publick drudgery, I mean, without favour or affection, honestly to point out, that musick neither is, nor ought to be, what it is represented; that a knowledge of it, sufficiently competent for all common purposes, is to be easily attained; and, in short, to show the world how to beware of counterfeits, for such are abroad—and, as I pledge myself to do this fully and fairly, I have no fear of succeeding to the discomfiture of all such as have maintained that I am no musician, that I do not know the nature of harmony, a single method in modulation, or a rule in composition. Another object which peculiarly demands my attention, is the *Theatre*. Nor will a fair exposition of its arcana come by any means improperly through the medium of this publication. An account of the motives which induce me to quit my native country are a part of my compact with the publick, and they cannot be enumerated without relating many the-

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atrical transactions—besides, a recent correspondence with Mr. Harris actually comes within the meaning of the Tour, and as I consider myself under an examination—and, what ought to be serious indeed, a self-examination would it not be unpardonable to conceal any part of the truth? which, for my comfort, will infallibly be credited; because, ceasing to be a publick man, I cannot be supposed to have any interest in what I do.

These matters, together with a prodigious number of observations, both of my own and others, on all subjects—anecdotes, and the essence of what I have delivered, at different places, under the title of *Readings* and *Musick*, will make up a series of letters which, as they are to contain the remarks of a man long in the habit of administering to the pleasure of the publick, will, I trust, with the advantage of your sentiments on each separate letter, be found to excite and satisfy publick curiosity. Thus, you see, like Othello, I could take a hint—no sooner had you signified a wish that I should address these letters to you, than I plumed myself upon that opportunity of introducing them eligibly to the world, and I hope you will sustain no disgrace in this liberty taken by,

Dear Sir,

Yours, &c.

C. DIBDIN.

* * * *

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Written to prove that Profit is a better thing than Fame.

" Who would fardels bear,
" And sweat and groan under a load of life ?"

A MEASURE, without a motive, is a superstructure without a foundation. There has been as much speculation on my becoming an itinerant, as might, in France, have procured me the honour of a *lettre de cachet*. Vainly I say, at the bottom of my bills, that, having received a long and liberal patronage from the publick, I come to thank that body for having amply requited my services. Say the cavillers, ' your argument makes against you. Had you drawn so much money as you report, the present measure would not have been worth your while ; and if you are such a favourite, why not continue in a service that has procured you such reputation ?' Some few I have set right in these particulars—the rest are referred to this very letter, which shall " a round, unvarnished tale unfold."—

First then—I certainly have received more publick applause than any English composer, except ARNE ; nor was it least when I could boast of that glorious competitor's friendship. Can any other than myself count upwards of ninety songs of his own composition, that have been encored ? and yet I never in my life wrote a single puff on my own account—but, on the contrary, constantly reprobated that contempti-

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ble support of imbecility, and rotten prop of debilitated reputation. Out of nearly sixty pieces which I have written and composed, and which, before I have done, I will enumerate, no one has been actually damned—three only have been withdrawn—*The Shepherdess of the Alps*, which was miserably performed—*The Chelsea Pensioner*, which was actually so successful as to have four songs encored on the last night it was represented—and *Amphytrion*, which I was compelled to write on a plan I never approved. Many of the remainder have been performed more than thirty nights, some more than sixty, in the first season—not to mention those which constantly keep the stage, and are favourites all over the kingdom; and yet, among these, I have not included the *Padlock*, the *Jubilee*, nor any of those pieces which, though composed by me, are not of my writing. A reception like this is evidently a liberal one, and must have brought an immense sum of money—but to whom? To the managers of the theatre—who have constantly the oyster, while the poet and composer divide the shells. Thus, uniting both these characters in myself, I have been encumbered with two shells instead of one—for fame, after all, like a theatrical banquet, though very *fine*, is not *eatable*. These reasons, which, I trust, bear no marks of vanity, since they are plain facts, I offer them only in my vindication, will show that, though I have been handsomely paid, yet it has been in a coin advantageous

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to no other being than a camelion; and, as I am no air eater, but, on the contrary, love, as well as any body, the good things of this world, my intention is certainly to go where I am informed they are to be found.

Thus, you see, I have made the matter fairly demonstrable, without the smallest depreciation of the publick liberality. *They* gave the money, and *I* the pleasure; and, therefore, I have not the least doubt but they had rather I had received the profit

* * * * *

More reasons for preferring the Substance to the Shadow.

"Nothing extenuate—
"Nor set down ought in malice."

As Tristram Shandy was a long while employed on writing his history before he was born, so I shall be some time getting on with my Musical Tour before I set out. My motive, which I talked of in the last letter, is like a quantity of vivid quicksilver, which, being touched, separates into a number of small globules. These, in order to go on with precision, it must be my task to sweep again into the original mass—or, to speak less circularly—it will be proper to touch on all that train of subordinate events which indu ed me to muster up the *absolutely* necessary resolution of roving into foreign parts. To do this without a retrograde motion, for I hate every thing ungraceful, I

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shall not go regularly back, but at once skip to that period when, in consequence of a difference of opinion with Mr. Harris, about the mode of altering *Amphytrion*—which, being done his way, was, as I predicted, performed without success—that gentleman and I separated. At that time I applied to a friend of mine to enter into some scheme with me, who prevailed on several other gentlemen to join him in building the Circus. The history of that place—the infamy of its present occupier—the blindness of the Surry magistrates—the ill treatment of the proprietors—and my incorrigible weakness and folly in tamely suffering so many impositions, would make up matter for a much larger work than this I am writing—but, as I will not pay your patience so ill a compliment as to require that you should rake in a jakes, and as also I mean, in my publick decease, to die in peace with all men, I shall only say that, having laboured four times more during three years than any other man ever did, I found I had nothing for it but to regain the theatres. This was certainly a forlorn hope, and I struggled with it as long as I could. In particular, I had the pleasure of kicking down about 290*l.* by building a castle in the air near Pancras, by virtue of an agreement with the famous—I had almost added another syllable—Jacob Leroux, Esq. architect, brick-maker, and trading-justice in the district of Clerkenwell. This gentleman, with a dastardly speciousness for which a Hye-

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na might envy him, promised me a license in the name of several magistrates *who opposed the motion*, and knowing, I suppose, the actual value of the protestations he had made, erected the skeleton of a building, which was blown down by the first high wind after the license was refused.

Foiled thus in every attempt at independency, I did my utmost to get reconnected with the theatres, but to no purpose. One manœuvre, which I practised to accomplish this, deserves notice. I got a friend to present a comedy to *Drury-lane*, without naming the author, who had so much interest, that Mr. Sheridan himself read about half a dozen pages, and praised them. The rest of the piece was read by Mrs. Sheridan, who liked it very much. It was then referred to Mr. Tickel, who referred it to Mrs. Tickel, who read and approved it. After this, Mr. Tickel pronounced that, with a few alterations, it would do; and something was in agitation, though never completed, concerning an accommodation for 100*l.* till the piece should make its appearance. My friend is since gone abroad—and seeing I had nothing else for it, I wrote to Mr. Tickel, setting him right concerning the author of the comedy, and desiring to have it returned. Though I took a great deal of pains to get an answer to the letter, I have never yet received one, and the piece of course remains in their hands. As I shall certainly, throughout the whole of this work, be very

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tenacious of advancing what I do not positively, and from my own conviction, know to be fact, I shall remark upon the above—that, as I had no communication whatever with Mr. Tickel concerning this same comedy, I could come at what I have related through my friend's account only. I have a pretty strong *presumptive* proof, however, that it is literally true; for, during the transaction, to clench the business, which the readers see it did with a vengeance, a near relation of Mr. Tickel had a curacy given him of two livings, not an hundred miles from *Bedford*, by the very gentleman who presented the comedy. Another friend, in the same manner, sent an afterpiece to Mr. Harris, who returned it, saying, "though it had great theatrical merit, it would not do on the stage." —Hear this, ye would-be-witlings, and rejoice! theatrical merit is no longer a dramatick requisite! This piece is now in the hands of Mr. Colman, who, by agreement, was to have performed it during his late season—but, whether he did not wish to risk the principal character with any body but Mr. Palmer, which is the reason he assigned to me, adding, that the piece was so well written it deserved good actors, for that it was in the style of the *Guardians*, but more delicate—or, whether he was shocked at the cruel and inhuman murder of *Harvest Home*—or, in short, whatever may be his reasons, it still lies in his hands. I even, to leave nothing untried, made an agreement with Mr. Daly, the

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Irish manager, which, after being broken, on his side, three times, yielded me, in three years, about 120*l.*—whereas, had it been properly kept, I must have received six times that sum.

Finding myself therefore in the state of Adam, with all the world before me, where to choose—for I have pretty well proved that the theatrical paradise was shut against me—it struck me that the warm and fostering climate of Asia might revive a drooping plant that had been neglected in its native soil; but then, as Mr. Bays says, came in the *Quomodo*—how to procure the ways and means. I had never travelled much in England, and I thought it would be no bad thing to pay my personal respects to my old patrons, to thank them for their liberality, and at the same time present them with such an entertainment as should not only insure me their good wishes and interest them for my prosperity, but supply me with the means to accomplish my design.

Determined however to make sure of every thing in my power, I wrote to Mr. Harris, telling him my intention, and offering to sale such materials as I conceived might be useful to him. I received a letter encouraging me to furnish him with pieces of any description; and I have actually from that time to this, at my leisure, been hard at work for him.

But I know not how it is—my mind misgives me on this subject. I have since seen Mr. Harris at Bristol, and heard from him at York.

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However, I shall anticipate nothing—all matters shall come in their proper order—and, if you have the patience I wish you—for patience you must have if you jog on with me through my Tour—indeed, if I were to follow the examples of some musical travellers, I should exercise no other virtue in you—you will permit me to place the banquet I have invited you to, in what manner I please. Interest forbid, having such work for my own imagination, I should not leave the reader as much room as possible for the workings of his. It has been affirmed that the pleasures we fancy, are completer than those we enjoy; and, if this position be well founded, who knows but, by constantly keeping curiosity on tiptoe, I shall receive credit for having furnished a good feast, even though half the merit lay in exciting the appetite. There is more art, say the painters, in concealing than showing. Would any one read an epigram if the last line were taken away? Not to gratify, would be to make a *Tantalus* of the reader; but still let us remember that *possession*, easily attained, is but another word for *satiety*.

Thus, having, by a regular gradation, with a few shirts and books in a trunk, a well digested plan in my head, and a letter from Dr. Arnold to Dr. Hayes, in my pocket, seated myself in the Oxford stage-coach, my next letter will, of course, contain what happened to me at that *confusion of tongues*. In the prosecution of which, as well as of all the rest of my adventures,

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though no more than Othello would I have any thing extenuated, or ought set down in malice; yet, like Dick, in *The Miller of Mansfield*, I shall certainly speak *truth*, and if that happens to be *satire*, I cannot help it.

BEAR HUNTING IN FINLAND.

THE favourite weapon of the Finlander, in hunting the bear, is an iron lance fixed at the end of a pole. At about the distance of a foot from the point of the lance is fixed a cross-bar, which prevents the instrument from penetrating too far into the body of the bear, or passing through both sides. When the Finlander has discovered where the bear has taken up his winter quarters, he goes to the place and makes a noise at the entrance of his den, by which he endeavours to irritate and provoke him to quit his strong hold. The bear hesitates and seems unwilling to come out; but continuing to be molested by the hunter, and perhaps by the barking of his dog, he at length gets up and rushes in fury from his cavern. The moment he sees the peasant, he rears himself upon his two hind legs ready to tear him to pieces. The Finlander instantly puts himself in the attitude of defence; that is to say, he brings back the iron lance close to his breast, concealing from the bear the length of the pole, in order that he

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may not have time to be upon his guard, and consequently to parry with his paws the mortal blow which the hunter means to aim at his vitals. The Finlander then advances boldly towards the bear, nor does he strike the blow till they are so near each other, that the animal stretches out his paws to tear his antagonist limb from limb. At that instant the peasant pierces his heart with the lance, which, but for the cross-bar, would come out at the shoulder; nor could he otherwise prevent the bear from falling upon him, an accident which might be highly dangerous. By means of the cross-bar the animal is kept upright, and ultimately thrown upon his back; but what may seem to some very extraordinary, is, the bear, feeling himself wounded, instead of attempting with his paws to pull out the lance, holds it fast, and presses it more deeply into the wound. When the bear, after rolling upon the snow, ceases from the last struggles of death, the Finlander lays hold of him, and calls for the assistance of his friends, who drag the carcase to his hut; and this triumph terminates in a sort of festival where the poet assists, and sings the exploits of the hunter.

PICTURESQUE VIEW OF LONDON.

Smoke, so great an enemy to all prospects, is the everlasting companion of this great city;

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yet it is the smoke of London, emblematick of of its magnificence.

At times when the wind changing from the west to the east, rolls the vast volumes of sulphur towards each other, columns ascend to a great height, in some parts bearing a blue tinge, in others a flame colour, and in a third, accumulated and dense, they darken portions of the city, till the back rooms require candles. A resident in London cannot form an idea of the grand and gloomy scene—it must be viewed from the environs.

In the spring, before fires are discontinued, during a calm day, Vesuvius itself can scarcely exceed this display of smoke. It is pleasing to observe the black streams which issue from the different manufactories; sometimes darting upwards, while every trifling current gives graceful undulation; at others rolling with low movements, blending with the common air; when the dreary season of November arrives, and the atmosphere is dark and damp, a change in the wind produces an effect dismal and depressing. The smoke sometimes mixes with the clouds, and then they assume an electrick appearance. When the sun breaks through this veil during the summer, its beams have a wonderful effect on the trees and grass; the green is brightened inconceivably beautiful

London is not without attraction on a dark evening; chiefly so in winter, when a strong wind prevails. It is then that the innumerable

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lights in the shops and streets send their rays towards heaven; but meeting with the smoke, depressed by a wet air, they are reflected and multiplied, making an arch of splendour, against which the houses and steeples appear in strong outlines. I have found the reflection so powerful as to dazzle my sight, and make the path dark and dangerous. A general illumination occasions great brilliancy.

Let us now view our subject from the surrounding country; and this should be done on a summer morning, before the industrious inhabitants begin their labours. The most perfect and delightful prospect is from Hamstead Heath, when the wind blows strong from the east. Then it is that the clear bright field of ground, broken into a thousand grotesque shapes, gives lustre to the projecting front of Highgate, topped with verdure, and serving as a first distance, from which in gradual undulation the fields retire, till lost in a blue horizon. Hence, spread before you, are numberless objects to please the most difficult. The suburbs, like advanced guards, meet the eye in all directions, contracting their fawn-coloured sides with the neighbouring trees. Beyond them reposes in full majesty the main body, with its mighty queen, whose lofty cupola overlooks her phalanx of children, crowned with spires of various sizes and beauty, protected on the south by a chain of hills.

Much of the external splendour of London, I conceive must have been lost on the suppres-

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sion of religious houses. Numerous towers and spires were destroyed, and those of the most venerable character. Several attempts to preserve St. John's, Clerkenwell, and St. Augustine's, were without success.

LAUGHABLE ANECDOTES
OF IGNORANCE AND CREDULITY.

THE late empress of Russia, the patroness of real learning and of arts, having been informed that there were many incompetent French Tutors in her dominions, nothing unusual in other countries perhaps, issued an order, that all masters of the French language and tutors in private families, should present themselves before a commission, which she named for the purpose of examination.

Among the thousands of *ignoramuses* that appeared before this tribunal, there were two who astonished the commissioners by their gross stupidity. One of those *able* preceptors being examined on the *modes* of the French verbs, answered with much *sang froid*, "that, as he left Paris fifteen years ago, he could say nothing about the actual *modes*, which were changing every day."

The other was not only ignorant, but an impostor. He was a native of Livonia, had nev-

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er seen France; and had been teaching the gibberish of his native province for two years to the daughter of a Russian nobleman, for the true Parisian dialect!

SELECT SENTENCES.

THINK not those faithful who praise all thy words and actions, but those who reprove thy faults.

It is more desirable to distribute the fruits of one's own industry, than to reap the benefit of other people's.

Men are more mindful of wrongs than of benefits, and it is but just that it should be so; as he who restores a deposite deserves no commendation; but he who detains, blame and punishment.

Such as have virtue always in their mouths, and neglect it in practice, are like a harp which emits a sound pleasing to others, while itself is insensible of the musick.

It is the only wisdom of man not to think he understands those things which he does not understand.

It is the part of a wise man to prevent inconvenience; of a valiant man, to order it aright when it comes.

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POETRY.

FOR THE POLYANTHOS.

TO PSYCHE.

SWEET warbling minstrel of poetick art,
Whose tuneful numbers tranquillize the heart;
Thy rich full notes float on th' enraptured ear,
Soft as thyself, as crystal streamlets clear.
Why does thy lyre its dulcet strains deny,
To soothe the soul, to dry the humid eye?
Say; is it pendant in the envious glade,
To pour its whisperings to the silent shade?
Oh! let this supplicating sigh entreat,
Thou 'dst sing again, once more thy song repeat.
The blooming verdure of thy cultured mind,
Must not so soon t' oblivion be consigned,
But wave its foilage o'er thy native soil,
While all shall hail thee with a rapturous smile.

Oh! would to heaven, thou matchless maid,
In more than mortal charms arrayed,
Thou'd to thy votary lend
One chord, her tuneless harp t' adorn,
I'd breathe thy name each rising morn,
And praises to thee send.

EMMA.

Dorchester, March 8, 1807.

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FOR THE POLYANTHOS.

EFFUSION OF A MELANCHOLY HOUR.

Fly swifter on, ye lingering hours,
  Ye tardy moments fly ;
For nought but misery's phantom lowers,
  To check the bursting sigh.

To others ye bring sweet delight,
  To me, alas ! denied,
For sorrow dims my aching sight,
  And well its spring's supplied.

My mind I'll lave in musick's fount,
  I'll catch a spark divine,
And on the wings of fancy, mount
  The muses' hallowed shrine.

And should the tuneful sisters deign
  Upon my lip to smile,
My harp I'd sweep in pensive strain,
  And one sad hour beguile.

I'd pour along the liquid air,
  The sorrows of my heart,
I'd sing the pathos of despair,
  With wildness' thrilling art.

Perhaps some child of mental wo,
  A prey to love's disease,
Shall catch the murmurs as they flow,
  Meandering on the breeze.

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Perhaps sweet Pity's tear shall beam
Upon this wasted form,
I'll cherish fond the pleasing gleam,
This hapless breast 'twill warm.

The rays that beam in her soft face
Are richer far to me,
Than all the gems that Peru grace,
Or glitter in the sea.

For though but twice-ten Springs have bloomed
For me their sweets around,
I've felt the soul, desponding, gloomed
With scorn's deep-rankling wound.

EMMA.

Dorchester, March 4, 1807.

THE SMILE.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF CHIABRERA.

BEAUTEOUS Roses, not with Morn
From the thorn
Scattering sweet but transient pleasures;
You, whom, round the lips display'd,
Love has made
Guardians of his pearly treasures!

Dear to Love, sweet Roses! tell
If I dwell
Fondly those bright eyes beholding,

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As I gaze, and gazing sigh,
Tell me why
You expand in smiles unfolding?

Conscious, I could ill sustain
Your disdain,
Seek you thus my life to cherish?
Is it, that you feel delight
In the sight
Of the pangs by which I perish?

Beauteous Roses, be your joy
To destroy
Or to save, since thus you show it,
Still will I in novel lays
Sing your praise,
But O smile upon your Poet!

If, at day-spring as we pass
Through the grass,
Murmur rills and whisper breezes;
If, with flowers the mead looks gay,
Sooth'd we say,
How the smiling landscape pleases!

When his foot blythe Zephyr laves
In the waves,
That with gently gliding motion
Hardly rippling on the sand,
Kiss the strand;
See, we cry, how smiles old Ocean!

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Veil'd in gold, and round her hair
Lilies there,
Here each blushing blossom piling,
If, on wheels of sapphire drawn,
Mounts the Dawn;
Lo! we say, the Sky how smiling!

True, in mighty Nature's mirth,
Heaven and Earth
Deck with smiles their jocund faces:
True, they smile; but smiling, so
Cannot show
Half your soul-enchanting graces!

THE FROWN.

BY THE SAME.

When with soft and winning air,
Comes my fair
By her guard of Loves surrounded;
And a smile, benignly bright,
Beams delight
On the heart which they have wounded;

Such the charms which she displays,
All who gaze
Wish her ever thus alluring;
Nor again dare hope to meet
Sight so sweet
Spite of love himself assuring,

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But the pearls whose lucid hue
Wonder drew,
If in serious mood she closes;
And the look, that gaily glanc'd,
As entranc'd
In reflected thought, composes;

Suddenly behold we now
On her brow
Pride enthroned in awful beauty.
Pride? ah no!—but where my Muse,
Wilt thou chuse
Words to satisfy thy duty?

When abroad on orient wings
Eurus springs
O'er the summer seas to revel;
And his feet in rapid race
Print their trace,
Where he skims the watery level;

Curling waves with murmuring sound
Foam around:
Yet no storm of wrath collected
Speaks that sound; the sign but shows,
Ocean knows
How to make his power respected!

Thus we on that brow discern,
Sweetly stern,
Terrours which no pain occasion:

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'Tis not anger that is shown;
'Tis alone
Beauty daunting bold invasion;
And that gentle look severe
Charms endear
So transporting to the lover,
Not one thought he more employs
On the joys,
Which her beauteous smiles discover!

DEATH'S FINAL CONQUEST.

[*These fine moral Stanzas were originally intended for a solemn funeral song in a play of James Shirley's, intitled "The Contention of Ajax and Ulysses," no date. This little poem is said to have been a favourite song with King Charles II.*—Percy.]

THE glories of our blood and state
Are shadows, not substantial things;
There is no armour against fate:
Death lays his icy hands on kings;
Sceptre and crown
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.
Some men with swords may reap the field,
And plant fresh laurels where they kill;
But their strong nerves at last must yield,
They tame but one another still.

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Early or late
They stoop to fate,
And must give up their murmuring breath,
When they pale captives creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow,
Then boast no more your mighty deeds,
Upon death's purple altar now
See where the victor victim bleeds:
All heads must come
To the cold tomb,
Only the actions of the just,
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust.

SONG.

BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

CRABBED Age and Youth
Cannot live together;
Youth is full of pleasance,
Age is full of care:
Youth like summer morn,
Age like winter weather,
Youth like summer brave,
Age like winter bare:
Youth is full of sport,
Age's breath is short;
Youth is nimble, age is lame:
Youth is hot and bold,
Age is weak and cold:
Youth is wild, and Age is tame.

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Age, I do abhor thee,
Youth I do adore thee,
O, my love, my love is young :
Age, I do defie thee ;
O, sweet shepherd, hie thee,
For methinks thou stayst too long.

ADDRESS TO WINTER.

WINTER ! I hail thy empire drear,
And see thee with a sigh depart ;
Others may deem thy frown severe,
I love thee, clouded as thou art !

For what if Summer shall afford
Repose in evening's twilight hour,
'Tis thine to crown the social board,
Nor less to cheer the lonely hour.

My study closed, and stirred my fire,
Hence be the threatening tempest hurled ;
Within myself I can retire,
My shutters have shut out the world.

EPILOGUE TO THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL,

With alterations and additions, as spoken by Mrs. Stanley of the Boston Theatre, at her benefit, February 16.

A SCHOOL for scandal ! tell me, I beseech you,
Needs there a school this modish art to teach you ?

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No need of lessons now—the *knowing* think
We might as well be taught to eat and drink.
Caus'd by a dearth of scandal—should the vapours
Distress our fair ones—let them read the papers;
Their powerful mixtures all disorders hit,
Crave what they will, there's *quantum sufficit!*

Lord! (cries my Lady Wormwood, who loves prattle,
And puts much salt and pepper in her tattle,)
Give me the papers, Lisp—how bold and free!
Last night, Lord L— was caught with Lady D—
If Mrs. A. will still continue flirting,
We hope she'll *draw*, or we'll *undraw* the curtain.
Fine satire, poz!—in publick all abuse it,
Yet by ourselves our praise we can't refuse it.
Lisp, now read you, there at that dash and star—
Yes Ma'am—a certain Lord had best beware,
Who lives not twenty miles from Grosv'ner Square.
For should he Lady W. find willing—
Wormwood is bitter—Oh! that's me—the villain!
Throw it behind the fire, and never more
Let that vile paper come within my door!

Thus at our friends we laugh, who feel the dart—
To reach our feelings, we ourselves must smart!
To staunch the wound when *Reputation* bleeds,
What hand will aid you, though an Angel pleads?
What wight presumptuous will advance his pen
To gore the Hydra-Scandal in his den?

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So strong, so swift, the monster there's no gagging.
Cut Scandal's head off—still the tongue is wagging!
Then who so bold, though mad as Quixote be,
To grasp the subtle folds of *Calumny*!
The venomed Snake at envy's call awakes.
And like 'the worm of Nile,' his cave forsakes;
Curled round his prey, the poisonous reptile clings,
And *truth* is strangled by a *serpent's stings*!
In Scandal's field, when once the horn resounds,
Who 'scapes the *shot*, must perish by the *hounds*;
The tube once levelled all pursue the game,
'Tis glorious sport to chase a hunted name.
'The cry is up,' who will not *bravely* dare,
When the poor victim—is a *trembling Hare*!
Cowards have souls to act th' assassin's part,
And heroes strut—*who never felt a heart*!

Old bachelors who marry smart young wives,
Learn from our play to regulate your lives.
I, who was late so volatile and gay,
Like a trade-wind must now blow all one way,
Bend all my cares, my studies and my vows
To one old rusty weathercock—my spouse!
And say, ye fair, was ever lively wife,
Born with a genius for the highest life,
Like me untimely blasted in her bloom,
Like me condemned to such a dismal doom?
So wills our bond; and yet I much deplore
That the gay scene of dissipation's o'er.
Must *I* then watch the early crowing cock,
The melancholy ticking of a clock?

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With humble curates must I now retire,
Whilst good Sir Peter boozes with the squire,
And at back-gammon mortify my soul,
That pants for Loo, and flutters at a *Vole ?*
The transient hour of fashion too soon spent,
Farewell the tranquil mind, farewell content,
Farewell the plumed head, the squeezing rout,
Where all, by one consent, move in and out.
And you, ye knockers, that with brazen throat
The welcome visitor's approach denote,
Farewell! your revels I partake no more,
For Lady Teazle's occupation's o'er.

The scenick fiction dropped, let *me* impart
The kindling sense that warms this flattered heart,
Me, now retired from *fashion* and from *Court*,
The grateful being whom your smiles support,
Th' *adventurous wanderer* whom your patron-praise
Deigns to adopt, to cherish, and to raise!

Lured by ambition, to your shores I came,
(A little *feather* on the tide of Fame)
By *hope* elated, yet by *fear* depressed,
What strong emotions filled this anxious breast!
Your *liberal hearts* the trembling guest received,
Her *hopes* you flattered, and her *fears* relieved;
Beneath this hospitable roof she roved,
Cheered by your favour, by your taste improved,
And blest the hour when destined here to roam,
The *Stranger* found a *welcome* and a *home!*

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A home thrice happy! be it long my pride
To move in scenes where taste and you reside.
My *noblest meed* is your applause to gain,
My first *ambition*, in your hearts to reign;
Still to *exist* where your affections move,
'For even *Scandal* dies, if you approve.'

PROLOGUE

To the new Farce called "Mr. H."

If we have sinn'd in paring down a name,
All civil well-bred authors do the same.
Survey the columns of our daily writers—
You'll find that some Initials are great fighters—
How fierce the shock, how fatal is the jar,
When Ensign W. meets Lieutenant R.
With two stout seconds, just of their own gizzard,
Cross Captain X. and rough old General Izzard!
Letter to letter spreads the dire alarms,
Till half the Alphabet is up in arms:
Nor with less lustre have Initials shone,
That grace the gentler annals of Crim. Con.
Where the dispensers of the publick lash
Soft penance give; a letter and a dash—
Where vice, reduced in size, shrinks to a failing,
And loses half its grossness by curtailing;
Faux pas are told us in a modest way—
The affair of Colonel B. *with Mrs.* A.
You must excuse them—for what is there, say,

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Which such a pliant vowel must not grant,
To such a very pressing consonant?
Or who Poetick justice dares dispute,
When, mildly melting at a lover's suit,
The wife's a *liquid*—her good man a *mute*?
Even in the homelier scenes of honest life,
The coarse-spun intercourse of man and wife,
Initials I am told have taken place
Of Deary, Spouse, and that old-fashion'd race:
And Cabbage, ask'd by brother Snip to tea,
Replies, "I'll come—but it don't rest with me—
"I always leaves them things to Mrs. C."
Oh should this mincing fashion ever spread
From names of living heroes to the dead,
How would ambition sigh and hang her head,
As each lov'd syllable should melt away,
Her Alexander turn'd into Great A——
A single C her Cæsar to express——
Her Scipio shortened to a Roman S.
And nick'd and dock'd to these new modes of speech,
Great Hannibal himself a Mr. H.

ON A FOP TURNED EPICURE.

Saving, you say, Jack Spendthrift grows,
Because he's seen in shabbier clothes,
But you mistake, I tell ye:—
A selfish spendthrift still is Jack,
And that which lately vamped his back,
Now goes to gorge his belly.

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THE DRAMA.

Still pleased to praise, but not afraid to blame.

BOSTON THEATRE.

THE amateurs of the theatre have been gratified this season with the performances of the two greatest tragedians in America, Messrs. Cooper and Fennell. They are both favourites and deservedly rank high in publick estimation. It was unfortunate for Mr. Fennell to appear in the same walk of the drama, almost immediately upon the recess of Mr. Cooper, as the popular opinion was not then in his favour. Some of his first characters were played to very indifferent houses.

Feb. 23.—*Othello* and *The Jew and Doctor.*

In the personation of *Othello* Mr. Fennell displayed much excellent acting; we cannot however bestow on it unqualified praise, for he appeared at times cold and unempassioned, when we thought fire and pathos were necessary. He conducted the business of the last act in a manner somewhat different, and we think more natural, than has been customary on our stage.

Mr. Usher deserves credit for his exertions in *Iago*, but he *has* played it better. His utterance was sometimes so rapid, that his sentences near the close were not distinctly heard. Mr.

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Fox in *Cassio* was more successful than we have ever before seen him in the same character, Mr. Downie's *Roderigo* was tolerable.

Feb. 25.—*Hamlet* and *The Poor Soldier*.

Mr. Fennell's *Hamlet* pronounces him at once a gentleman and a scholar. He portrayed the strong and impetuous, yet noble and generous passions of the young prince with great truth and beauty. The eye was pleased with his countenance and person, with his dignified and manly deportment, and the ear charmed with his eloquence; while the mind was gratified with his correct and classical reading.

Mr. Usher we think throws too much action into his representation of the *Ghost*. His motions and gait are too rapid, and want dignity, to impress the mind with a suitable idea of the "majesty of buried Denmark." Horatio, in relating to Hamlet the appearance of the ghost to Bernardo and Marcellus, says—

> A figure like your father
> Appears before them, and with solemn march,
> Goes slow and stately by them.

We know a *hint* is sufficient for Mr. Usher; his own judgment will tell him that a little more solemnity of deportment is necessary, to give the proper effect to this aerial visitor.

We repeat the approbation so frequently bestowed on Mr. Dickenson's *Polonius*.

While we pass over unnoticed the *King* and *Queen*, and are sparing of the lash to the cour-

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tiers, we dare not withhold a petition to the shade of Shakespeare—

O pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,
That I am meek and gentle with thy butchers!

Feb. 27.—*Earl of Essex* and *Paul and Virginia*. *Essex*, Mr. Fennell; *Southampton*, Fox; *Queen Elizabeth*, Mrs. Shaw; *Countess of Rutland*, Mrs. Powell.

March 2.—*George Barnwell* and *Robin Hood*.

The two principal characters in this tragedy, we are told, are generally performed in London by Kemble and Mrs. Siddons. Whether they are of less importance on this side of the Atlantick, or whether certain performers hold them by right of possession, we know not; but we have been accustomed to see them in the hands of actors, to say the least, of very moderate capacities. *Milwood* by Mrs. Shaw was not entirely without merit, and in some parts her conception of the character was undoubtedly correct. As we we understand this is one of the characters Mrs. Shaw claims as her property by contract, we take the liberty to notice a few instances of false grammar and pronunciation, which occurred in one short scene, requesting her to correct them by the author before a repetition of the play—

'His bloody hands *shows* he has done the deed, but *shows* he wants the prudence to conceal it.'

'What gold, what *trinkets*, or what else of value have you brought me?'

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Dr. Johnson's definition of *trinket* is, *a thing of no value, a toy.*

'Nature's first, last, dear *pur*rogative.'

'That imaginary being is an *emblum* of thy cursed sex collected; a mirror, wherein each particular man may see his own likeness, and that of all *mankind's.*'

From Mr. Poe's *Barnwell* we expected little satisfaction, and of course were not disappointed.

March 4.—*The Rivals* and *Spoiled Child.*

This play, by the united exertions of the company, was rendered very pleasing. Mr. Bernard afforded the audience a hearty laugh by his whimsical performance of *Acres.* Messrs. Dickenson and Fox, as *Sir Anthony* and *Captain Absolute,* played with much spirit and vivacity. Mr. Caulfield gave us the Irish baronet in a superiour style. This gentleman has of late become almost a stranger on the boards. He is always welcomed by the smiles if not by the hands of the audience. Mr. Barnes's *David* was good.

We are pleased to have an opportunity of bestowing applause on Mrs. Shaw; she was quite at home in the character of *Mrs. Malaprop,* and used every exertion to merit applause. Mrs. Stanley's *Lydia* was well. It is not a character which will set off her talents to advantage.

Little Pickle, by Mrs. Poe, if we may be allowed the use of a pun, was a very *green Li*

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Pickle. We never knew before that the *Spoiled Child* belonged to that class of beings termed *hermaphroditical*, as the uncouthness of his costume seemed to indicate.

March 6.—*Venice Preserved* and *Sixty Third Letter.*

Jaffier, a gentleman of Boston, his third appearance; *Pierre*, Mr. Caulfield; *Belvidera*, Mrs. Stanley. With the exception of the two last mentioned characters, the play was stale and flat; it was unprofitable in the most extensive signification of the word.

March 9.—*The Beaux Stratagem* and *Lying Valet.* Mr. C. S. Powell, formerly manager of the Boston, and now of the Halifax theatre, played *Scrub* and *Sharp.* His performance was highly gratifying.

March 11.—*King Lear* and *Spoiled Child.*

The representation of *Lear*, which had been some time deferred on account of Mr. Fennell's indisposition, excited great expectation. The critical auditories which attended his previous performances have pronounced high encomiums on his merits; his personation of *Lear* will in no wise lessen or disparage his well-earned laurels. It was embellished with nice discrimination, which secured the approbation of the scholar, and a pathos which found immediate access to the heart. His imprecations on *Goneril* and *Regan* exhibited a fine picture of the contending passions which agonized

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him even to madness; and his pathetick appeal to their feelings,

O gods! I gave you all, &c.

evinced his power to move the sympathetick sensations of the heart. He strikingly embodied the feelings of the soul in his exclamation to Edgar—

Didst thou give all to thy daughters?

and again in this—

Off, off, you lendings. Come, unbutton here.

But Mr. Fennell's powers were not all displayed in the scenes we have mentioned; he very judiciously reserved some nice touches, to give embellishment to his scene with *Gloucester* and *Edgar*, which undoubtedly required the greatest exertion of talent. To counterfeit

Matter and impertinency mixt—
Reason in madness,

is not within the power of every actor. Mr. Fennel was every inch a maniack and a king.

Next to *Lear*, *Edgar* by Mr. Caulfield merits notice, and it gives us great pleasure to repeat the universal sentiment of approbation which he so deservedly received.

Mr. Usher happily portrayed the rough honesty of *Kent*. He paid uncommon attention to the bye-play when disguised as *Caius*.

Through the inattention of some of the performers, or the unaccountable caprice of the managers, there is in most of our theatrical en-

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tertainments some draw-back on the satisfaction of the audience. The last scene of the fourth act was rendered ridiculous by Mr. Downie's not having the letter to *Edmund* in his pocket.

We know not which is most laughable, the absurd, preposterous conduct of the managers in excluding both Mrs. Powell and Mrs. Stanley from the play, and giving the character of *Cordelia* to a lady who is so totally inadequate to its representation; or the ridiculous vanity which prompted her to accept it. We commend the lady however for omitting the following speech, which she probably knew she could make nothing of—

O for an arm
Like the fierce thunderer's, when the earth-born sons
Stormed heaven, to fight this injured father's battles!
That I could shift my sex, and dye me deep
In his opposers' blood! but as I may
With women's weapons, piety and prayers,
I'll aid his cause.---You never erring gods,
Fight on his side, and thunder on his foes
Such tempests as his poor aged head sustained.
Your image suffers when a monarch bleeds.
'Tis your own cause, for that your succours bring,
Revenge yourselves, and right an injured king.

Such right noble dukes as the *princely Burgundy*, and *my Lord of Cornwall*,

Created only to make bows and cringe,
To carry in a dish, or shift a trencher,

are entitled to the most sarcastick sneers of 'in-

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effable contempt.' The scene in which *Cornwall* and his servant kill each other we hope will long remain without a parallel—

The last of murders, a it was the worst.

The catastrophe of this tragedy, as performed on the modern stage, is totally different from the *Lear* of Shakespeare, though we never could discover any plausible reason for its alteration. If the design of tragedy be "to improve our virtuous sensibility" by exciting pity for suffering virtue, and indignation at vice and depravity, the acting edition of *Lear* is deficient, and nearly all the fifth act is superfluous. Except the combat between *Edgar* and *Edmund* it is uninteresting to the feelings, and excites no sympathy. Dr. Blair says, "The catastrophe of a tragedy ought to be the reign of pure sentiment and passion. In proportion as it approaches, every thing should warm and glow. No long discourses; no cold reasonings; no parade of genius, in the midst of those solemn and awful events, that close some of the great revolutions of human fortune. There, if any where, the poet must be simple, serious, pathetick, and speak no language but that of nature." Such was Shakepeare's tragedy of *Lear*; and the following speech of *Lear* over the dead body of *Cordelia* outweighs all that has been accomplished by the alterations of Messrs. Tate, Garrick and Kemble.

Howl, howl, howl, howl,—O you are men of stones.
Had I your tongues and eyes, I'd use them so

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That heaven's vault should crack ;—O she is gone
forever ;
I know when one is dead, and when one lives ;
She's dead as earth—Lend me a looking-glass,
If that her breath will mist or stain the stone,
Why then she lives—

* * * * *

And my poor fool is hanged. No, no, no life.
Why should a dog, a horse, a rat have life,
And thou no breath at all? O thou wilt come no
more,
Never, never, never, never, never!
Pray you, undo this button. Thank you, sir.
Do you see this? Look on her, look on her lips,
Look there, look there.— [*Dies.*]

Nothing could excite more sympathy than such an exclamation of a father over a darling child, on whose lips he is still intent, and dying gradually away while searching there for life. The Rev. Dr. Warton observes, that the swelling and heaving of the heart is feelingly described by that most expressive request, *Pray you, undo this button.*

March 13.—*King John* and *Highland Reel*, for the benefit of Mr. Fennell. *King John*, Mr. Fennell; *Faulconbridge*, Caulfield; *Constance*, Mrs. Powell.

March 16.—*King Lear* and *Sixty-third Letter.*

March 18.—*The Natural Son* and *The Padlock.*

Mr. C. Powell made his second appearance in *Ruefull*, which he sustained with credit to himself and satisfaction to a brilliant audience. In the last act Mr. P's performance was remarkably chaste and pathetick.

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Mr. Dykes in *Sir Jeffrey* was above mediocrity.

Major O'Flaherty by Mr. Bernard fell short of reasonable expectation. We see no reason why an officer should be "stiff and starch," or why an Irish major should wear a queue reaching below his middle. We think, on the contrary, an officer's appearance should be characterised by ease and elegance.

Dumps by Mr. Dickenson created considerable mirth. *Blushenly* was far more *dumpish*.

Lady Paragon by Mrs. Stanley—"a paragon indeed."

Mrs. Shaw's *Mrs. Phebe* was good—we had almost said, superiour to any of her former efforts in comedy.

March 20.—*The Foundling* and *Wags of Windsor*. *Faddle* and *Caleb Quotem* by Mr. C. Powell, to whose benefit the profits of the house were appropriated.

March 23.—*The Voice of Nature* and *La Peyrouse*. The profits of this evening were appropriated to the benevolent purpose of founding a Hospital for the reception of Lunaticks.

THEATRICAL CHIT-CHAT.

We are willing to allow (say the editors of the New-York *Weekly Miscellany*,) that the city assemblies were in some degree the cause why the performances of Mr. Bernard were not more generally attended. But we think his abilities

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are not so highly estimated here, as at Boston. We saw Mr. B. but in one part, *Dennis Brulgruddery;* and decidedly give the preference to Mr. Harwood's personation of that character.

The same paper says,—Mrs. Warren closed her engagement on Friday evening the 6th instant, in the character of *Elvira*, which she sustained in that exalted style which distinguishes most of her performances. Neither *balls* nor *assemblies* had charms to divert the fashionable part of society from attending her chaste representations. So great was the publick anxiety to witness the splendid abilities of this lady, that the boxes were generally engaged a day or two previous to those on which she performed.

Shakespeare's tragedies of *Julius Cæsar* and *King Henry the Fifth* we understand are to be revived at our theatre during Mr. Fennell's engagement.

Mr. J. Bernard, jun. will shortly make his first attempt on the stage, in the character of *Osman*, in Hill's celebrated tragedy of Zara.

EDITOR'S NOTES.

A Portrait of the late Rev. Dr. STILLMAN will be given in the next Polyanthos.

"Trash, No 3" *was received too late for insertion this month.*

We have altered one stanza in Emma's "Effusion of a melancholy hour," *the necessity of which we think she will immediately observe, and of course pardon the liberty we have taken.*

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